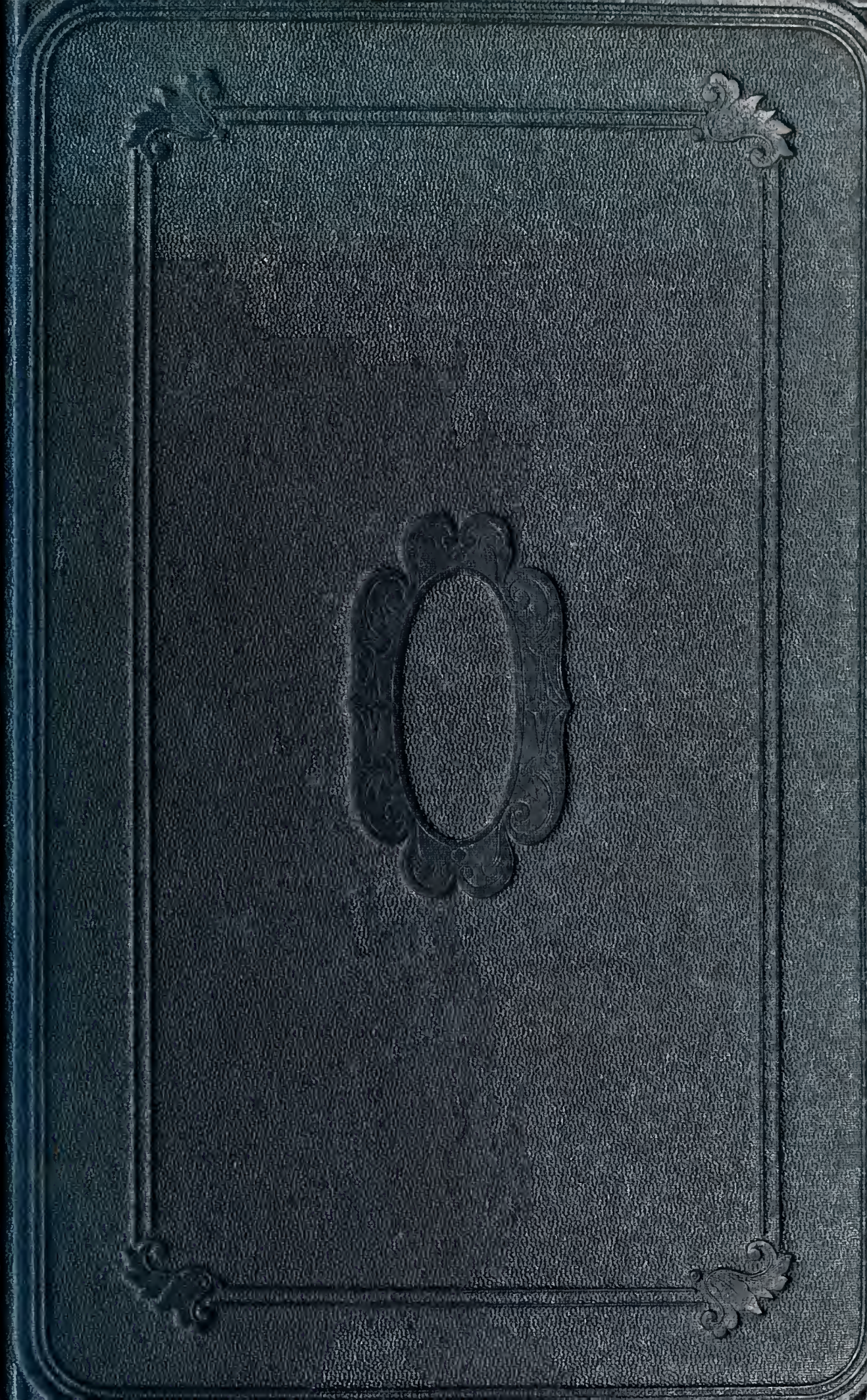






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U. S. Grant

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ULYSSES S. GRANT,

General U. S. Army



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HARTFORD,

1868.

THE LIFE
OF
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

BY
Langdon
HENRY C. DEMING.



HARTFORD:
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Eleanor Wyllys Allen

June 21, 1938

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE,

"THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE,"

THE ARDENT ADMIRER OF THE SUBJECT,

THE GENEROUS FRIEND OF THE BIOGRAPHER.

When, in the Thirty-ninth Congress,

YOU GAVE YOUR RIGHT HAND IN SUPPORT TO THE ONE,

AND YOUR LEFT IN CONFIDENCE TO THE OTHER,

THE AUTHOR WAS FIRST UNITED WITH

THE THEME.



INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume was undertaken at the solicitation of the publishers, who wished a life of General Grant for the people.

There is no authority for the youth and childhood of Grant but his father: the son never consents to indulge in reminiscence respecting his early years, and uniformly refers biographers to the record for his career during manhood. In regard to the Mexican War, I have been favored with some material by Hon. Mr. Washburne, who has also furnished me with data respecting Grant's life on the frontiers. In the campaigns from Belmont to Chattanooga, I have followed, upon all disputable points, the authority of Gen. Adam Badeau, in his "Military History of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant." I have frequently in the text expressed my obligations to the careful researches of this gentleman; and I repeat my acknowledgments in this introduction. The telegrams, despatches, letters, of Gen. Grant, which have been for the first time given to the public by this accomplished historian, I have freely used; because I have regarded them as Gen. Grant's own commentaries upon his own campaigns, written, like Cæsar's, in the field. In the Wilderness campaign I have relied upon manuscript

reports, which were furnished me at headquarters, when I was investigating a question of legislation, by authority of the House of Representatives. I have also to express my acknowledgments to Charles J. Hoadly, Esq., of the State Library, for genealogical material ; to Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, Curator of the Watkinson Library, for facilitating my researches ; to William N. Matson, Esq., for daily encouragement and aid ; and to three steadfast assistants (whom I am only permitted to indicate), I am immeasurably indebted for lightening my labors and expediting my volume.

I make no professions to acquaintance with military science. I can only see such system and methods in battles and campaigns, and of course can only describe such, as a civilian, who has only studied war in history, biography, and in Jomini's analysis of the campaigns of Napoleon and Frederick, may be permitted to discern. A full detail of all the military movements of Grant was incompatible with the limits of my volume ; and I have selected for full description those which best served to illustrate his character as a general. I have, moreover, attempted to avoid cumulative illustration. In the chapter devoted to "Administrative Experience," my authority has been the official reports.

HARTFORD, April 28, 1868.

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LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH. — PARENTAGE. — CHILDHOOD.

[1822—1838.]

THE life of the man who saved the nation's life by vanquishing rebellion and destroying a rival confederacy will never lose its hold upon the attention and interest of his countrymen. Where was he born? what were his childhood and youth? how was he educated? what previous military discipline and experience prepared him for the task? what did he actually do in the civil war?—are questions upon the lips of all men. These questions I shall attempt to answer. His personal characteristics, bearing, look, and habits, his moral principles and practice, his mental capacity and accomplishments, will be themes of speculation and inquiry by future generations, as by the present. This curiosity I will endeavor to satisfy.

We profess here to despise blood and lineage; but no aristocracy is more inquisitive respecting the pedi-

gree of its distinguished men. Matthew Grant emigrated from the county of Devon, in England, to Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, and removed therefrom, in 1635, to Windsor, Conn. He was one of the earliest inhabitants, the second town-clerk, and the chief surveyor, of that ancient settlement.¹ Jesse Root Grant is the seventh in lineal descent from this forefather.²

The intermediate progenitors of Gen. Grant were

¹ Matthew Grant married Priscilla —, Nov. 16, 1625; and among other issue had Samuel, born Nov. 12, 1631, who married Mary Porter, May 27, 1658; and among other issue had Samuel, born April 20, 1659, and married Graco Miner, for his second wife, April 11, 1688; and among other issue had Noah, born Dec. 16, 1692, and married Martha Huntington, June 12, 1717; and among other issue had Noah, born July 12, 1718, and married Susanna Delano, Nov. 5, 1746; and among other issue had Noah, born June 20, 1748, and married for his second wife, Rachael Kelly, in 1791; and among other issue had Jesse Root, born Jan. 23, 1794, and married Hannah Simpson, June 24, 1821; among other issue had Hiram Ulysses Grant, born April 27, 1822.

² We find, in Stiles's History and Genealogies of Ancient Windsor, that "Matthew Grant was one of the original company who came in "The Mary and John," to Dorchester, in 1630; was a freeman there in 1631; removed to Windsor among the very earliest; was second town-clerk there, also the first and for many years the principal surveyor; was a prominent man in the church; evidently was just and exceedingly conscientious in all his public and private transactions and duties. As recorder, he often added notes, explanatory or in correction, to the records, which have considerable value to the investigator of the present day. He was the compiler of the Old Church Record, so often quoted in this work; which, in the absence of some of the earliest records of the town of Windsor, assumes a value which can scarcely be over-estimated. In short, he was a pious, hard-working, conscientious Christian man, and a model town-clerk."

To this passage Stiles adds the following footnote:—

"In State Archives, in volume of MSS., relating to Private Controversies, p. 138, in a matter concerning lands in dispute between Joseph Loomis, jun. and sen., April 21, 1675, Matthew Grant testifies, —

"And if any question my uprightness and legal acting about our town affairs, that I have been employed in a measuring of land, and getting out of lots to men, which has been done by me from our first beginning here, come next September is forty yere. I never got out land to any man, until I knew he had a grant to it from the townsmen, and town's approbation, or about record-

well-known inhabitants of Windsor, Tolland, and Coventry, where they intermarried with the Porters, Miners, Huntingtons, and other reputable Connecticut families. It may be said of his genealogy, as has been said of that of another distinguished American, "It discloses no crime, and no disgrace; but also no eminence." But, fortunately, the subject of my biography needs no boasting from ancestry; and Mr. Everett's well-turned allusion to the family tree of Washington may be applied to Grant: "The glory he reflected upon his ancestors was greater than he could inherit." As far as research has been able to recover their characteristics, they appear to have been, as became the progeny of Matthew, a hard-working, earnest, upright, conscientious, and law-abiding race. Noah Grant, the fourth in the line from the "model town-clerk," and the fourth also in the ascending series from the general-in-chief, was the captain of one of the Connecticut companies sent against Crown Point in 1755; and one, too, who, during the expedition, surrendered his life in defence of English colonization.

He was undoubtedly killed in the battle of Lake George, fought on the 8th of September, 1775, in which Dieskau, the flower of French chivalry, was cut to pieces with his entire army by General Phineas Lyman of Suffield, Conn., commanding provincials, and provincials only, from Connecticut and Massachusetts. A second Noah Grant, the grandfather of

ing after the book was turned to me, which is near twenty-three years since. I can say with a clear conscience, I have been careful to do nothing upon one man's desire," &c.

Ulysses, entered the Continental army as lieutenant from the town of Coventry. He rose to the rank of captain, and, having served with distinction during the entire Revolutionary War, removed, after its conclusion, to Westmoreland County, Penn., where, on Jan. 23, 1794, Jesse Root Grant was born.

At the mature age of twenty-seven, June 24, 1821, he was married to Hannah Simpson, the daughter of Mr. John Simpson of Montgomery County, Penn. She was herself born and educated in the same county; but in the nineteenth year of her age emigrated to Clermont County, Ohio, with her father, who was a large land-owner and an independent farmer. The portrait of Mrs. Grant has been etched by her husband's hand. I present it in his simple language, without presuming to change a single word. — "At the time of our marriage, Mrs. Grant was an unpretending country-girl, — handsome, but not vain. She had previously joined the Methodist Church; and I can truthfully say that it has never had a more devoted and consistent member. Her steadiness, firmness, and strength of character, have been the stay of the family through life. She was always careful and most watchful over her children; but never austere, and not opposed to their free participation in innocent amusement."¹

I am rejoiced to find that Grant was undoubtedly one of that number of illustrious men whose character received its first and most essential impress from maternal influence. In the early and susceptible

¹ New-York Ledger, March 8, 1868.

years of childhood, from a mother's lips, he imbibes those simple yet fundamental maxims and principles which are the enduring foundation of all wise conduct in life, all good institutions in human society. The love of truth, the sentiment of honor, fidelity, obedience, constancy, are practical lessons alike for the lisping child, the aspiring youth, the busy man, — at home, in the school, on the farm, at the head of the army, in the councils of the nation. As in the realm of Nature the components of the material world are reduced by analysis to a few simple elements, upholding, illuminating, fructifying the whole universe by the simple and omnipresent influences of gravity, heat, and light; so all the institutions of society, and all the relations of kindred, friend, and country, are inspired and regulated by a few homely truths of universal application.

Fortunately for our race, these principles and maxims are not so numerous or abstruse that the opening mind of childhood cannot comprehend and master them. It is a satisfaction to know, that in the case of Grant, before all the laws of science, all works on strategy or tactics, all rules of military subordination or command, he yields a filial homage and obedience to these earliest lessons; and that his character, after all, but reflects that of his mother. Among other early influences which contributed to the formation of Grant, the effect upon him of the example of the Father of his Country must not be overlooked. We learn from Jesse R. Grant, that “‘The Life of Washington’ was the first book he ever read.” Unequalled among the sons of men, as it has been well said, for those qualities which inspire the confidence,

command the respect, and win the esteem, of mankind; universally regarded as a standard and pattern by which the merit of other men may be tested,—to be early penetrated with a desire to emulate his virtues, is to a boy at the same time both a safeguard and an inspiration. I believe I may safely assert that I discern the influence of many of the precepts and rules which Washington adopted for the regulation of his own conduct in life, in the conduct and career of Grant.

Hiram Ulysses Grant was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, the eldest of six children.¹

The humble dwelling in which he first saw the light—a small, one-story, framed cottage—is still standing near the mouth of the Miami, on the northern bank of the Ohio. Since the emigration of his father, in 1799, to what was then known as the North-western Territory, the son Jesse had been exposed to all the ordinary hardships of frontier life, combined with the extraordinary trials of Indian warfare. He was left fatherless in 1805, when he was but eleven years of age; and, with the determination of one whose bread was to be earned by the sweat of his brow, selected at once the trade of a tanner as his employment for life. He seems to have experienced more of the vicissitudes of fortune, and to have been buffeted more by personal mishaps, than usually fall even to the lot of a pioneer. He wanders from Deerfield, in Portage County, where his father died, to Marysville, Ky., where he went as

¹ Ulysses, Samuel, Clara, Virginia, Orvil L., and Mary Frances.

an apprentice to his half-brother, to learn the trade I have already indicated. His hostility to the institution of slavery was the reason which induced him to return to Ravenna, Ohio. He was driven from this place by the fever and ague; and it is not until the close of the year 1820, that the wanderings of Jesse seem finally to terminate at Point Pleasant, where Ulysses was born. According to the testimony of the father, the maternal grandmother of the future general of the army was fascinated with the exploits of the wily Ithacan chief who introduced the wooden horse into Troy, and was anxious that the first-born of Jesse's house should be named Ulysses. The maternal grandfather, it is presumed, was equally captivated with Tyrian history; for he was determined that the child should be christened Hiram. This family jar was finally compromised by bestowing upon him the names of both of the old people's heroes; and he was accordingly called Hiram Ulysses. This name he bore until he was recommended to the Secretary of War by the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, a member of Congress from Ohio, for a cadetship in West Point, by the name of Ulysses Simpson Grant. The fact that Simpson was the maiden name of his mother, and was also borne by one of his brothers as a Christian name, undoubtedly originated the mistake.¹

To Ulysses S. Grant, the commission was issued, appointing him to the Military Academy: by this name he was entered upon its roster; and all the applications of the young cadet to the Secretary of

¹ Rev. P. C. Headley's *Life and Deeds of Lieut.-Gen. Grant*, where it is quoted as a communication from Jesse Root Grant.

War, to have the misnomer corrected, proved unavailing. When he graduated from the institution, he was hailed as Ulysses S. Grant, both in his brevet as second lieutenant and in his diploma. By this name, he has since been known; and by this name will be known forever.¹

The reminiscences of a doting father, now in his seventy-fifth year, are our only source of information respecting the early years of Grant. They are, as might be expected, superficial in their character; for, at the period to which they relate, the father had neither the time nor the inclination to penetrate into the growing child's deeper communings with himself. We, of course, look here in vain for any conclusive proof that the "boy was father of the man," or that his manhood has been an attempt to realize in the deeds of life the dreams of childhood. All early premonitions of genius must be received with some grains of allowance, when published after they have been justified by the event. Ulysses was born and reared on the river-side; and his first tottering walks were unquestionably bounded by the tannery, which is presumed to have been within convenient distance of the paternal abode. He grew up to years of discretion amid the changeful skies, variable climate and productions, of the northern half of the temperate zone. Bred in a frugal homestead, in a secluded and unpretending neighborhood, educated for the first seventeen years of his life in a humble village-school, his inner life as a boy was that of ten thou-

¹ Badeau's Military History of Gen. Grant.

sand urchins with similar environment. He gazes, doubtless, with mute awe at the towering Western steamboat, puffing spasmodically as its huge mass ploughs the Ohio. He peers with the big eyes of wonder into the mystery of the tan-vats. Like innumerable other striplings with no more poetic fancy than himself, his uninitiated eye begins, gradually, to admire the shifting scenery of the heavens as sinking day brings out the more splendid pageant of the night, until the stars in turn, one by one, fade away before the purpling dawn. He exults in the voice of spring, the song of birds, the green luxuriance of summer, the golden abundance of the harvest, the masquerading attire of our sober forests in the fall. He pines, too, perhaps, at the falling leaf, the wailing winds, the naked tree-tops, the morning frost, the white pall of snow descending on the fading landscape, and the dancing and murmuring waters which he loved, wrapped in the chilling embrace of the ice.

In addition, however, to these boyish susceptibilities, his inquisitive biographers have discovered that the peculiar distinction of his career was clearly foreshadowed, even in childhood, by more remarkable traits. No famous man's early history was ever searched in vain for such intimations. We are informed that the wondering villagers detect the future warrior in the composure with which his baby fingers pressed the trigger of a loaded pistol, which some one had insanely permitted him to handle, until it was discharged with a loud report; and that a prophetic bystander discerned the germs of heroic

achievement in the pluck with which the lisping prattler shouted, "Fick it again, fick it again !"

At school, we learn that he supplied his want of quickness by a dogged diligence which demanded the "unconditional surrender" of his tasks ; that he attacked a knotty question with "slow but sure" approaches ; and that, when temporarily thwarted, he always "fought it out on that line" until he eventually won ; that he told his teacher one day, that the word "can't" was not in his dictionary ; that he committed to memory pages which he did not comprehend at the time, with the comforting assurance that they would not be wasted upon his maturer intellect ; that the genuine manliness of his feelings, and the dignity of his deportment, when a boy, prognosticated the sterling characteristics which the man veils under a charitable spirit and an unpretending demeanor ; and that an astounded phrenologist who once manipulated his youthful cranium, exultingly exclaimed, "You need not be surprised, if at some day this boy fills the presidential chair." His remarkable fondness for horses is a well-established trait of his boyhood ; breaking them to saddle and harness with his own hand, and teaching them some accomplishments of the ring. He was a good equestrian at nine years of age. He could drive a pair of horses alone at ten. At the age of eight, he could ride at full speed, bare-back, and standing on one foot. In this connection, an anecdote is dropped by the paternal gossip, which deserves to be preserved as a graphic description of a scene through which many smart lads have passed, and as indicating in this particular instance

some of that pluck, and tenacity of will, which distinguished the Wilderness campaign. "Once, when he was a boy, a show came along, in which there was a mischievous pony, trained to go round the ring like lightning; and he was expected to throw any boy that attempted to ride him.

"Will any boy come forward and ride this pony?" shouted the ring-master.

"Ulysses stepped forward, and mounted the pony. The performance began. Round and round and round the ring went the pony, faster and faster, making the greatest effort to dismount the rider; but Ulysses sat as steady as if he had grown to the pony's back. Presently out came a large monkey, and sprang up behind Ulysses. The people set up a great shout of laughter, and on the pony ran; but it all produced no effect on the rider. Then the ring master made the monkey jump up on to Ulysses' shoulders, standing with his feet on his shoulders, and with his hands holding on to his hair. At this, there was another and a still louder shout; but not a muscle of Ulysses' face moved: there was not a tremor of his nerves. A few more rounds, and the ring-master gave it up: he had come across a boy that the pony and the monkey both could not dismount."¹ At the immature age of twelve, and small, too, for his years, he succeeded in loading heavy maple-logs into his wagon by an ingenious expedient, in which an inclined tree and the horse are made to do the work. The mechanical skill cannot be fully explained to the comprehension of the reader without a diagram. I

¹ New-York Ledger, March 7, 1868.

freely admit that it is a specimen of engineering most wonderful for a boy of twelve. It indicates a tendency to supplement physical weakness by head work. To my mind, it is one of the most significant incidents related of his boyhood. It strongly foreshadows a disposition not to be thwarted by trifles; a precocious superiority to mere obstacles, which, when fully developed, might be expected to overcome those difficulties which are pronounced insurmountable.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION.—WEST POINT.

[1838—1846.]

AN exchange from the stagnation of Point Pleasant to the animation, parade, and etiquette of West Point, must have been a memorable era in the life of young Grant. By such instruction from Nature, and such training in the schoolroom, as I have indicated, he had prepared himself to pass the rigorous examination of the Academic Board in the primary branches of learning ; while his perfect physical health and development defied the most scrutinizing tests of the surgeons of the post. He entered the Military Academy in June, 1838 ; and his first experience of martial life was in the licensed squad-drill to which the *pleb* is subjected by the remorseless company officers of the cadet battalion, and in the unlicensed *hazing* with which the new recruit is ruthlessly disciplined during his first season in camp. At early dawn, he is marched to and fro with the awkward squad, over that famous plateau, to the monotonous “One, two, one, two,” which so frequently breaks upon the morning nap of the guest at Roe’s ; and he may esteem himself fortunate if he is not rushed up

the rugged road to Fort Putnam, at double-quick, on an empty stomach. When drill is dismissed, he betakes himself, with assumed composure, but with real anxiety, to the ambushes, surprises, flank-movements, attacks in front and rear, which the senior cadets are preparing for him in the camp.

Life at West Point, though attractive in its mere external aspects, is still more so in its internal relations to the mind and character of the national *élève*. He learns there self-control and obedience, which are no despicable attainments, either for the man or the soldier. With a course of study so difficult that it tasks all the strength, and so varied that it addresses every faculty of the mind, the student has only to be faithful to himself and his opportunities, and he may acquire that extreme degree of mental control which enables its fortunate possessor to turn the whole force and volume of his intellect, with equal facility, upon any subject and in any direction. Self-sacrificing patriotism is imbibed in the atmosphere, and fostered by all the associations, of the national school; and the genius of the place, its history, trophies, mementoes, fire the spirit, and magnetize the soul.

The daily routine of cadet-life is somewhat monotonous. Drill and study are the accustomed order, relieved only by the evening dress-parade, the inviting ramble through scenery charming alike by natural beauty and historic interest, the "Board of Visitors," annual encampments, graduations, and hops. Martial law governs this military post; and it is an efficient curb upon habits of irregularity and dissipation. Temperance and continence, within its jurisdiction,

forfeit their place as virtues; for they are enforced upon the young soldier by inexorable necessity. Even a stolen visit to Benny Havens, a rollicking song by stealth, the smuggling-in per steamer of contraband packages, under the pains and penalties of a court-martial, are too excruciating substitutes for genuine sport to be very seductive.

Grant encounters the severe exactions of the West-Point course with no preparatory education worthy of the name. "Hasten slowly" was written on his forehead early in life; and those who knew him best expected from him a persistent rather than a brilliant scholarship in the intellectual exercises of the institution, and decided superiority only in the practical departments of military instruction. Both expectations were justified by his career as a cadet. Abstract mathematics, topographical engineering, and the science of war, were conquered by his characteristic tenacity of will. Practical engineering succumbed with less difficulty; while infantry, artillery, and cavalry tactics were easily mastered.

He passed with *éclat* that "bridge of sighs," the first examination, and all the subsequent ones with no dishonor; earning successively the rank of corporal, sergeant, and commissioned officer of cadets. It is no small test, both of physical and mental prowess, to graduate at West Point. Feeble intellects yield to the severity of the studies, and feeble bodies to the hardships of the drill. Genuine attainment only, can stand the searching ordeal of its four annual examinations; and the rules and regulations in regard to deportment and behavior are so trying to the careless

buoyancy and undisciplined spirit of youth, that a diploma upon any terms should be regarded, not as a mere ovation, but a triumph. When we consider that the untutored boy from the woods sustained himself in every trial of a class from which seventy were dropped; that he attained to the rank of twenty-one in a graduating class of thirty-nine, thus distancing threescore and ten who entered the race, and winning over eighteen who finally came to the goal; when we consider, also, that he never lost position or forfeited class-rank by demerits, — we must yield to him the credit of more than ordinary capacity and subordination.

The class of 1843 was led by William B. Franklin, who earned the grade of major-general by distinguished service in the recent civil war. Among its members were Christopher C. Augur, who served with the same grade in the Department of the Gulf; Rufus Ingals, Grant's devoted quartermaster in the Wilderness campaign; Frederick T. Dent, his future brother-in-law and aid, both in his campaigns and in the War Department; Gen. Reynolds, Gen. Steele, Gen. Judah, Gen. Hamilton, some of whom attained to eminence in defending our imperiled union. Among his classmates who proved treacherous to the flag, were R. S. Ripley, S. G. French, F. Gardner.

The first order which issues to the graduating cadet may send him to some embryo territory in the West, and impose upon him at once the important duties of civil administration; or it may despatch him to the frontiers, within cannon-shot of a foreign flag, where he may be called to adjudicate, upon principles of public

law, the perplexing questions which frequently arise between contiguous powers. During his career as an officer, he can hardly escape being placed in such relations. To prepare him for the intelligent discharge of these important positions is no insignificant part of the West-Point course. He is, therefore, taught French as the language of diplomatic intercourse, and Spanish as the tongue of our Mexican neighbors. He is indoctrinated in the laws of nations, the jurisprudence of the United States, and the principles of municipal law. He is made as familiar with the authoritative commentaries of Kent and Wheaton's "International Code" as with Mahan's "Field Fortification" and Benton's "Course of Ordnance and Gunnery."

It is an error to suppose that our future officers are instructed only in what pertains to war as a theory and an art. Their preparation for civil affairs is as thorough and complete as that of the student in our colleges, or the lawyer in our towns. With sapping, mining, mortar-practice, and tactics for garrison and siege, are blended the logical rules and theories by which truth is eliminated and sophistries detected. With the science of war, which desolates, is interwoven the science of morals, which renovates and ameliorates the world.

Nor should it be forgotten, in estimating the value of an education at the National Academy in strengthening the faculties of the mind, enlarging its comprehension, and preparing the graduate for useful and honorable service, that not only chemistry, which especially relates to fabricating the *matériel* of war,

is embraced in its course of study, but astronomy, mechanics, physics, mineralogy, and the philosophy of history, — the compass and the chart to him who would guide sagaciously the Ship of State. In a disturbed era, with our domestic relations all embroiled, what better education can be prescribed for the American citizen ?

With a head stuffed with the learning of the school ; with ambition kindled, and patriotism exalted, by the genius of the place ; with a mind skilled to manœuvre, attack, and defend ; a hand adroit in piling up redoubts and stockades, and in digging rifle-pits and intrenchments, and apt in constructing fascines, hurdles, and sap-rollers ; with all his sensibilities vivid, all his senses keen, intent, animated, the model of physical power and activity, — Cadet Grant is launched into the stormy ocean of life.

In 1843, the army was hardly ten thousand strong, and scattered in small squads over our immense area of territory. Garrison-life at this time was languid beyond all expression, and was chiefly occupied with expedients for killing time. To Grant, with such native vigor and acquired energy, a descent from West Point upon such a “Castle of Indolence” was a terrible shock.

Ennui is the protest of active faculties against the denial to them of appropriate employment. To subject a man for four or five years to the incessant application required by the West-Point *curriculum*, to sharpen up all the powers of his mind to their keenest edge, to prepare him by every mental and

athletic drill for unflagging labor, and then forthwith send him to mildew and to rust at some desolate post garrisoned only by a sergeant's command, is to condemn him at once to self-torture and self-torment. And yet this was the uniform habit of the Government some twenty-five years ago: this was the process to which the brevetted second lieutenants of 1843 were subjected. I do not propose to follow Grant to Jefferson Barracks and the Red River: his subsequent career is too crowded with mighty events to leave any space for the tedium of the ambitious and energetic soldier, while waiting for that active employment to which he had been so vigorously trained.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.—MEXICAN WAR.

[1846—1848.]

GRIM-VISAGED War presents no alluring front to the most dauntless soldier; but it is no exaggeration to say that Grant would have embraced her in his arms rather than have been chained to the Peace establishment with *ennui* devouring his soul. Familiarity with War had not yet bred disgust. He was fresh from her famous school. He had been initiated in her cruel arts and mysteries; had conned her entangling maxims, and tracked her crimson footsteps over the desolated earth; with maps and plans before him, and with critical eye, he had surveyed her renowned Aceldamas; he had, as part of his daily task, analyzed her infernal ingenuity in concentrating and scattering armies; and, before models of her most formidable strongholds, had sat down as a besieger, and approached, stormed, and captured them. Through Jomini's animated pages he had marched, counter-marched, and halted at points of vantage; drawn up and extended lines of battle; flanked, and pierced the centre; and charged, vanquished, and pursued,—with Frederick and Napoleon. He had almost seen War in vision, and toyed with her snaky locks, and

played with her thunder-bolts. Like a votary of the black-art, he felt an irresistible impulse to utter the cabalistic spell which should usher him into the visible presence of the demon. In a word, he had the natural inclination of all men who have mastered theories to apply their principles to practice.

War was now waving her torch along our frontiers. The surcharged clouds were lowering on the southwestern horizon. Her birds of ill-omen, snuffing the carnage afar, were gathering in from every side. Lines of bristling bayonets were confronting each other on opposite banks of the Rio Grande.

Grant was now full second lieutenant, and still attached to the Fourth Infantry; and he may be said to have breathed once more, when the order reached him, in the remote swamps of Louisiana, to join the army of occupation at Corpus Christi. What a relief, after two years of inactivity and torpor, to find himself at this post with work at hand! He marched with the army¹ to Fort Brown. On May 23, 1846, Mexico declared war.

“In every battle of Gen. Scott’s, from Vera Cruz to Mexico; in every battle of Gen. Taylor’s, from Palo Alto to Monterey,”—is Grant’s creditable record in the Mexican War. He fleshed the sword, which the government had taught him to wield, when Ringold’s battery first struck the staggering line of Mexicans in that prairie-thicket which gives to the earliest action² in the war its name. When, the next day, the stricken but undemoralized enemy rallied with

¹ March 8, 1846.

² May 8, 1846.

re-enforcements on a stronger position, and it became apparent, as the sun was declining, that cannon could not, as on the previous day, decide the contest, he deployed as a skirmisher, with his regimental comrades, towards the natural ditch in which the foe was intrenched; and was on the lead when the gallant Fourth leaped into the ravine of palms,¹ and cleared it of every hostile bayonet. When the Mexicans rallied again, Grant charged with that unwavering line of steel, which finally broke them into fragments, and scattered them on the river. He crossed the Rio Grande, and occupied Matamoras² with Gen. Taylor's column, while the haggard and sullen remnant of the hostile army was creeping slowly southward.

"Onward!"³ is the word; and, with his eye on the cloud-capped and towering line of Sierra Madre, he joins the wearisome march to the stronghold of Northern Mexico. On the 20th of August, 1846, Grant finds himself on that abrupt eminence which commands a prospect of Monterey from the east. At his feet lies a cultivated valley, tessellated with the varied green and yellow of orange and acacia groves, and waving fields of corn and sugar-cane, which stretch up to the very bastions of the easternmost works of defence. Beyond the forts, the sunbeams glance on the marble-like stucco of the cathedral and dwellings of the city, which seems to be veiled even from the profane gaze of the northern barbarians by the luxuriant foliage of flowering tropical trees.

Behind all, rise heavenward the Saddle and Mitre

¹ May 9, 1846.

² May 18, 1846.

³ July 20-30, 1846.

Mountains, with their tremendous peaks, aptly compared to "giants guarding the lovely bower at their feet, and prepared to roll enormous rocks from their summits upon the adventurous assailants." We do not embrace the entire horizon in our view: we say nothing of Independence and Federation Hills, and the Bishop's Palace; for we are concerned in this biography only with that part of the assault in which Grant participates. Our business is, chiefly, with that nearest fortification which stares us in the face: it is formidable enough to a storming party, even if Diablo was not behind it. It is named Fort Teneria. The morning of the 21st breaks clear and resplendent; and Major Mansfield, who is in the front, reconnoitring, sends back word that he has discovered a point where that foremost fort is assailable. In a moment Col. Garland, with two infantry regiments, Bragg's battery, and the Baltimore battalion, is descending the slope, followed by the rapt attention and palpitating hearts of their comrades on the hill. Before they had reached the point designated by Mansfield, the citadel enfilades them with its fire, and a masked battery in front showers them with shot and shell. Fort Teneria is still silent, but frowns like grim death. On they advance, until they can see the eyes of the gunners when the fort opens, and the assailing column, torn to pieces, is hurled into the suburbs of the city, to be massacred piece-meal by musketry from walls and house-tops. Meanwhile the Fourth Infantry, to which Grant was attached, had been ordered to march by the left flank towards the point of attack; but, ignorant of the fate of their comrades,

they moved directly against the fort, when the same destructive fire sweeps from the earth two-thirds of their number, and scatters the survivors in dismay. Fortunately for the success of the day, two companies of Col. Garland's discomfited storming-party find shelter on the roof of a tannery, within musket-range of Teneria, and, with the sure aim of the rested rifle, pick off, one by one, the Mexican gunners. Under the cover of repeated and overwhelming volleys from this "coigne of vantage," the Tennessee and Mississippi volunteers rush across an intervening space of a hundred yards, and, with a deafening war-whoop, pour like angry billows up the slope, over the parapet, and through the embrasure. The work at the east end is over for the day, and the Fourth Infantry bivouacs in Teneria for the night. I have been thus particular in detailing this affair, because it was Grant's first encounter with war "in all its terrors clad ;" and because, from his experience there in both of its vicissitudes, and from its frightful slaughter, it may be said to have terminated his martial novitiate by a "baptism of blood."

Grant discovers at morning *réveille*, that Fort Diablo has been evacuated during the night, and is now occupied by the Mississippi Volunteers ; and the cheering news reaches him at breakfast, that Gen. Worth, by a succession of impetuous assaults, has carried every fortified position on the western acclivities. The guns of the Bishop's Palace are now turned upon the devoted town from the west, and those of Teneria and Diablo from the east ; and, simultaneously from each of these directions, the riflemen are penetrating

the suburbs, and gradually approaching each other and the central plaza. The assailants find every street barricaded with mason-work, every wall pierced for musketry, and on every second roof a sand-bag battery. Crawling from roof to roof, burrowing from house to house, literally tunnelling covered ways through the solid walls of the dwelling, the sharpshooters, from opposite directions, have arrived within four blocks of each other; and between the two, huddled around the cathedral, is the Mexican garrison. The cathedral is their powder-magazine; and it is no addition to their serenity of mind that Major Monroe is dropping into it explosive shells from a mortar battery on Federation Hill. The final onslaught on the besieged at bay is arrested by a bugle, with a flag of truce; and, on the 24th of September, Ampudia capitulates.

Speedily there comes from Gen. Scott a requisition for Worth's and Twiggs's division to join him in the grand advance upon the city of Mexico. Grant's regiment is included in this demand. He parted from his disheartened companions when they were struggling on towards Buena Vista, there to win imperishable laurels, and went himself to act no contemptible part in achievements which will deserve one page at least when a universal history shall be written. They have endured more than twenty years of criticism; they have established their reputation by comparison and by contrast; and it may be said of them, what cannot be said of any other military operations on this continent, that they have not been entirely eclipsed by the splendor and magnitude of more recent triumphs.

To Grant, it was a half-year of enchantment. War assumed her most comely guise, her most captivating airs, her most bewitching smile, and wove round the entranced young warrior all her fascinating spells. It is hard to conceive, it is impossible to describe, the exhilaration with which he participated in that series of hard-fought engagements which bore triumphantly the flag of the young republic from the shores of the gulf to the lake-encircled metropolis of the ancient Aztecs, in the footprints of previous conquerors, whose names recalled the palmiest days of the proudest monarchy; through scenery grand and picturesque beyond all example; along the base of volcanoes once crowned with fire, now lifting eternal snow far into the azure depths of air; amid the ruins of temples which once smoked with human sacrifice; and along the majestic front of colossal pyramids, which carry the mind back to a primeval race and an extinct civilization.¹ Nor

¹ Gen. Scott, who visited the Pyramid of Cholula, thus describes it:—

“During this halt, every corps of the army, in succession, made a most interesting excursion of six miles to the ruins of the ancient city of Cholula, long, in point of civilization and art, the Etruria of this continent, and, in respect to religion, the Mecca of many of the earliest tribes known to tradition.

“One grand feature, denoting the ancient grandeur of Cholula, stands but little affected by the lapse of, perhaps, thousands of years,—a pyramid built of alternate layers of brick and clay, some two hundred feet in height, with a square basis of more than forty acres, running up to a plateau of seventy yards square. There stood, in the time of Cortez, the great pagan temple of the Cholulans, with a perpetual blazing fire on its altar, seen in the night many miles around.

“Coming up with the brigade, marching at ease, all intoxicated with the fine air and splendid scenery, he (Gen. Scott) was, as usual, received with hearty and protracted cheers. The group of officers who surrounded him differed widely in their objects of admiration; some preferring this or that snow-capped mountain, others the city, and some the Pyramid of Cholula, that was now opening upon the view.”—*Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott's Autobiography*, pp. 455-7.

“The great *Volcan*, as Popocatepetl was called, rose to the enormous height

was it any drawback to his enjoyment, that, with every step of this exciting campaign, he was advancing in military knowledge and capacity, and also in professional reputation and rank. He was favorably noticed for his skill in gunnery, when that cordon of earthworks was tightening round Vera Cruz the "Invincible." He was complimented for his gallantry at Churubusco, when the *tête de pont* was carried by the bayonet alone. He won his brevet of first lieutenant in those bloody hours when Molino Del Rey succumbed to the impetuosity of our soldiery; and the full grade on that day, ever memorable in our annals, when the steep and frowning heights of Chapultepec were carried, and the trembling city below implored the mercy of our artillery.¹

of 17,852 feet above the level of the sea,—more than 2,000 feet above the "monarch of mountains," the highest elevation in Europe. During the present century, it has rarely given evidence of its volcanic origin; and the "hill that smokes" has almost forfeited its claim to the appellation. But at the time of the Conquest it was frequently in a state of activity, and raged with uncommon fury while the Spaniards were at Tlascala." — *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*, pp. 45, 46.

"On they trudged, however, stopping now and then to quench their thirst at some mountain brook, or to gaze at the quenched volcano of Popocatepetl, its sides begrimed with lava, and its peak soaring above the clouds." — *Scott's Battles in Mexico, Harper's Magazine*, p. 12.

Of Cholula, Prescott says, "It was of great antiquity, and was founded by the primitive races who overspread the land before the Aztecs." — *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*, p. 5.

The Mexican temples — *teocallis*, "houses of God," as they were called — were very numerous.

"Human sacrifices were adopted by the Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest." — *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*, pp. 72-74.

¹ In Gen. Worth's report of operations against Chapultepec, he makes acknowledgments to "Lieut. Grant, of the Fourth Infantry."

In Capt. Brooks's report of the operations of the Second Artillery against Chapultepec, the following paragraph occurs:—

"I succeeded in reaching the fort with a few men. Here Lieut. U. S. Grant,

Scott's campaign in Mexico was to Grant a second military school, which rounded off and completed the education he had acquired at the first. It was a practical illustration, upon a grand scale and with sublime accompaniments, of the principles of military art with which he had already been imbued. Engineering, which he had studied at West Point, teaches, among other things, the modes in which walled cities are approached and captured. On the 9th of March, 1847, Grant found himself before one of the two walled cities in North America. Vera Cruz is surrounded by a line of solidly-built bastions and redans, with curtains between, and terminating at one ex-

and a few more men of the Fourth Infantry, found me; and by a joint movement, after an obstinate resistance, a strong field-work was carried, and the enemy's right was completely turned."

Major Lee, in his report of operations against the same fortress, mentions the same officer in the following strain:—

"At the first barrier, the enemy was in strong force, which rendered it necessary to advance with caution. This was done; and, when the head of the battalion was within short musket-range of the barrier, Lieut. Grant, Fourth Infantry, and Capt. Brooks, Second Artillery, with a few men of their respective regiments, by a handsome movement to the left, turned the right flank of the enemy, and the barrier was carried. Lieut. Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

The following passage occurs in Col. Garland's report of the same action:—

"The rear of the enemy had made a stand behind a breastwork, from which they were driven by detachments of the Second Artillery under Capt. Brooks, and the Fourth Infantry under Lieut. Grant, supported by other regiments of the division, after a short, sharp conflict. I recognized the command as it came up, mounted a howitzer on the top of a convent, which, under the direction of Lieut. Grant, quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, and Lieut. Lendrum, Third Artillery, annoyed the enemy considerably. I must not omit to call attention to Lieut. Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

"I have again to make acknowledgments to Cols. Garland and Clarke, brigade commanders, as also to their respective staffs; to . . . S. Smith, Haller, and Grant, Fourth Infantry, especially." — *Gen. Worth's Report of Battle of Chapultepec.*

tremity with Fort San Iago, and at the other with Fort Conception. The harbor is commanded by the famous fortification of San Juan d'Ulloa, impregnable to assault, but which yielded once to a bombardment after a resistance which was merely contemptible. The siege of Vera Cruz, though of short duration, illustrated many of the most important practical principles of engineering. The first parallel was drawn at a distance of eleven hundred yards, from which a battery of three thirty-two-pounders, and as many Paixhans, finally succeeded in demolishing the curtain, and shattering the redans and bastions, and destroying half the houses on the land side. The bombs of the mortar batteries burned up all the combustible houses. The flag of truce appeared on the third day; and negotiations were opened, which terminated in the surrender of Vera Cruz and San Juan d'Ulloa.

We could not omit this description, because it is memorable as the first siege in which Grant was engaged, — the first siege of that soldier who personally supervised the construction of those twelve miles of trench and parallel, bristling with eighty-nine batteries; that circle within circle of constantly-advancing fire; that ring within ring of artillery and musketry, which, day after day, closed in nearer and nearer on wailing Vicksburg, until it was slowly strangled by coils which it was impotent either to sever or endure, — the first siege of a soldier who environed Richmond with ramparts even more Titan-like and irresistible; bisecting the area of treason by the one triumph, and by the other exterminating rebellion, and destroying the Confederacy.

The first step in the romantic advance was still more interesting, both as an exemplification of his military studies and of the prescience of his present commander. It is one of the few instances on record where a general-in-chief has had such confidence in himself and his troops, that he dared to promulge in advance the precise plan of an engagement; while its exact conformity in execution to the preliminary plan is almost without a parallel. With the tenses of the verb changed, the report might be substituted for the order, and the order for the report.

Where the national road crosses the Rio del Plan, you instantly rise from the *tierra caliente* into a more elevated region, and, after an hour's march, stand at the entrance of one of the defiles, so famous in warlike story, which Liberty, loving the mountains, gives to mountaineers for their defence. Here, on the left, rises a ridge, extending the whole length of the pass; and behind it rolls the rapid but shallow river through a cañon a hundred feet in depth. Upon its acclivities, facing the road and in advantageous positions, the Mexicans have planted their heavy batteries, one above the other; and the superior commanding all the approaches to the inferior. Here, on your right, are elongated mountain spurs, basing upon the road their slopes, covered with impenetrable chaparral. They forbid any diversion to the right. Still farther west, and in the direct line of your march, stand two conical mounts, — Atalaya, masked from the road by one of the spurs; and Cerro Gordo, lifting itself eight hundred feet above the plain, and presenting to you an eastern face, steep, rugged, difficult of access, and

strengthened, moreover, by two tiers of breastworks and abatis. Its summit is crowned by a tower, mounting nine guns, which sweeps the defile and the road beyond it. As if this were not enough to guard the pass at the foot of Cerro Gordo, a battery of six guns is planted directly on the road. You cannot find, in any direction, a half-acre of level earth, where a battalion can deploy, which is not commanded by artillery.

Grant sees in an instant that here is no merely engineering question, but a complex problem in the art of war, which addresses itself to the highest genius of the commander. It needs but a glance at his left to show him that no skill and courage can turn the enemy's right. To the left of his line alone a flanking movement can be aimed: and here on his right are these entangled spurs; and the resources of reconnoissance have been tasked in vain to find a pathway through them. Shall the army be sacrificed in forcing the defile? shall it be decimated in storming the forts? shall the expedition be abandoned?

When Scott reaches the ground, his experienced eye speedily detects the sole expedient which can brush this great obstruction from his path. Let Pillow's brigade seriously threaten, and if practicable carry, these batteries of the enemy on the left of the road. Let Twiggs's division, before it reaches the defile, wheel sharp to the right into this forest of chaparral, and cutting a pathway behind those elongated ridges, and encircling all the Mexican works, debouch beyond them all into the national road. Assail Cerro

Gordo, the key of the whole position, in the rear; and at the same time cut off the retreat of the enemy to Jalapa. This was Scott's preliminary order of battle, omitting only his directions to the artillery and cavalry reserve, to Worth,— to follow and support the operations of Twiggs, and the directions for the vigorous pursuit of the foe after his intrenchments were carried.

The performance corresponds with the programme, except that Twiggs, being annoyed by a party of skirmishers in executing his movement, throws off to his left a detachment to scatter them, which unexpectedly carries the cone-shaped Atalaya, and, encouraged thereby, scales Cerro Gordo in front, and turns to flight one division of Santa Anna's Mexican army before Twiggs's right, on the march, has reached the Jalapa Road to intercept it. Such was Grant's first participation in a flanking movement. There is another man in this army who will one day recall it. Robert E. Lee is serving on Scott's staff as captain of engineers.

"The plan of attack," says Scott in his report, "sketched in General Orders, No. 111¹ herewith, was

¹ The first division of regulars (Worth's) will follow the movement against the enemy's left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

As already arranged, Brig.-Gen. Pillow's brigade will march at six o'clock to-morrow morning along the route he has carefully reconnoitred, and stand ready, as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer to the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse, or, if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the national

finely executed by this gallant army before two o'clock, P.M. yesterday. We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory, — prisoners of war, heavy ordnance, field batteries, small-arms, and accoutrements. About three thousand men laid down their arms, with the usual proportion of field and company officers; besides five generals, several of them of great distinction, — Pinson, Jarrero, La Vega, Noriega, and Obando.

road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at nine o'clock in the morning.

The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor.

This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions, towards Jalapa. Consequently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon or early the next morning by the baggage-trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of this day.

As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment and battery, and one for the cavalry, will follow the movement, to receive, under the direction of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

The surgeon-general will organize this important service, and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 111. — The enemy's whole line of intrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow, probably before ten o'clock, A.M.

The second (Twiggs's) division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning-distance towards the enemy's left. That division has instructions to move forward before daylight to-morrow, and take up position across the national road in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Jalapa. It may be re-enforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments — one or two — taken from Shields's brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brig.-Gen. Shields, who will report to Brig.-Gen. Twiggs on getting up with him, or to the general-in-chief if he be in advance.

The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

A sixth general, Vasquez, was killed in defending the battery tower in the rear of the line of defence ; the capture of which gave us those glorious results."

Worth's division of four thousand men, to which Grant's regiment was attached, is immediately pushed on to the fortress of Perote, which was captured without a struggle ; and from thence they quietly march upon Puebla, and stack their arms in the Grand Plaza of a city of eighty thousand inhabitants. Here, at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea, which tempers the climate to a perpetual summer, in the centre of a valley of unrivalled fertility and beauty, which annually produces two abundant crops, Grant passes the months of July and August in the year 1847. The landscape is continually enamelled with all the cereals and all the grasses of the temperate zone. The apple, peach, apricot, and pear trees are always in perennial fruitage or blossom. Orizaba stands as a gigantic sentinel upon the horizon, and the towering peaks of Malinche and Popocatepetl guard the outskirts of the valley.

CHAPTER IV.

EDUCATION. — MEXICAN WAR. — CERRO GORDO TO MEXICO.

ON the 7th of August the order is given to advance; and, with a "Cerro-Gordo cheer," the troops, overloaded with their arms and knapsacks, begin to climb the Cordilleras, quenching their thirst at the same mountain-streams which the invading Spaniards had drunk two hundred years before. The great features of Nature remain unchanged for ages; and, when the foremost ridge of the Rio Frio is reached, the landscape which struck the bewildered gaze of Grant was the same which had enchanted Cortez and his companions, when, like Moses on Pisgah, they cried out, "It is the promised land!" Well might the mind be filled with admiration and awe. Ten thousand feet higher than the summit on which they stand, "the hill which smokes" seems near enough to be touched by hand. "Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens: for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in any other part of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of

its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in their midst — like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls — the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of waters, the far-famed ‘ Venice of the Aztecs.’ High over all, rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital Tezcucuo; and still farther on the dark belt of porphyry, girding the valley around like a rich setting which Nature has devised for the fairest of her jewels.

“Such was the beautiful vision which broke upon the eyes of the Spaniards. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many cases abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation of salts; while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins, — even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.”¹

¹ Aug. 10, the leading division, Worth’s, with which I marched, crossed

Descending from this loftiest point of roadway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, Grant encamped with the rest of the army at Chalco in the Valley of Mexico, and advanced the next day to San Augustin, where, on the 18th of September, 1844, Scott concentrated all his troops, and established his hospitals, dépôts, baggage and siege trains. All the garrisons, except a small one at Puebla, had been drawn in; all communication with Vera Cruz and home abandoned. "We threw away the scabbard," says Gen. Scott, "and advanced sword in hand."

It is not the part of this biography to describe in detail the wonderful engagements which supplied all that was previously wanting of romance and adventure to crown the interest which will forever attach to this enchanting basin. For such description you must turn to that page in the history of our country which was there written in imperishable characters by the magnanimity and heroism of her sons. Rejecting every temptation which may beguile me from the path, I must concentrate my attention to the line of operations in which Grant participated, for the

the Rio Frio range of mountains, — the highest point in the bed of the road between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Descending the long western slope, a magnificent basin, with, near its centre, the object of all our dreams and hopes, toils and dangers, — once the gorgeous seat of the Montezumas, now the capital of a great republic, — first broke upon our enchanted view. The close-surrounding lakes, sparkling under a bright sun, seemed in the distance pendent diamonds. The numerous steeples, of great beauty and elevation, with Popocatepetl ten thousand feet higher, apparently near enough to touch with the hand, filled the mind with religious awe. Recovering from the sublime trance, probably not a man in the column failed to say to his neighbor or himself, "*That splendid city soon shall be ours!*" All were ready to suit the action to the word. — *Scott's Autobiography*, pp. 466, 467.

purpose of showing how he was prepared by discipline and experience for the great task of subduing the Rebellion. If it would not divert me too far from this special inquiry, it would be interesting to consider what resources he possessed, even at this period, for solving the great strategical question which first presented itself to the commander-in-chief, — whether to advance upon the capital by the national road on the northern side of the lakes, and storm El Peñon; or, turning to their southern border, through this immense field of Pedregal (which looks as if it were the scene of battle between Jupiter and the giants when they tore up mountains by the roots, and threw them at each other); and then, having forced Valencia from the fortified camp which lies in this path, carry Churubusco, Molino Del Rey, Chapultepec, and the other eastern defences. It is unnecessary to say that this was the line of march finally adopted. Both routes lay over causeways flanked on right and left by water or marsh, and so narrow, that one well-managed battery could have cleared them, in ten minutes, of the entire force under Scott's command.

When the resolution is adopted to advance by the southern route, the entrance to the San-Antonio Causeway is immediately occupied by Worth's division. It consists of two brigades. The Fourth Infantry, the Second and Third Artillery, with Duncan's field-battery, constitute the first, or *Col. Garland's brigade*. The Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Regiments of infantry, with a light battery, constitute the second, or *Col. Clarke's brigade*. I conjure the reader to impress upon his mind this organization, to retain in his

memory the names of the division and the *brigade commanders*. It is essential in following movements, that these officers shall be remembered, as well as the numbers of the regiments which compose their respective commands. Let me repeat that Grant was in the Fourth Infantry, Garland's brigade, Worth's division. Clarke was the brigadier of the co-operating brigade of the same division.

The general of division under whom it was Grant's good fortune to serve was Scott's right arm during the campaign: wherever hard work was to be done, or perils encountered, or glory won, Worth was in the van. Garland and Clarke were the right and left arms of Worth. Of Col. Garland, Worth himself says, that "he was conspicuous on many fields of the Mexican War; and by his skill, conduct, and courage in the last great combats, greatly added to an already-established reputation for patriotism and soldiership." In following closely Col. Garland's impeded march to the capital, we shall detect the "whereabouts" of Grant in the smoke of battle, and shall witness "the moving accidents by flood and field, disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," through which Grant himself reached the "hall of the Montezumas." We know from other sources that he was with his regiment in all its actions and assaults. He was at this time quartermaster of the Fourth; and, unless called to service upon the regimental staff, might have remained with his baggage-wagons during every engagement. He coveted no such exemption, but was always foremost in its fighting ranks.

We know, then, that on this bright forenoon in September,—it is the 20th of the month,—Grant was standing with his brigade-comrades in an angle of the San-Antonio Causeway. They propose by this route to make an excursion to the city of Mexico, and enter it by the San-Antonio Gate. They possess some exciting information which it is desirable that the reader shall also learn in order to enter into the spirit of their adventure. They know that some opposition is to be anticipated to their jaunt. They can see, that, half a mile ahead, the villagers of San Antonio have thrown impediments across the causeway which may prematurely arrest their project. They know that Col. Clarke with their co-brigade, who designs to accompany them, has already diverged into the meadows for the purpose of avoiding the intended civilities of this *hacienda*, and reaching the road at a point beyond it. They know that some three miles ahead, where this causeway crosses the Churubusco rivulet, still more formal preparations are made for their reception; that a *tête de pont* has been erected with bastions, connecting-curtains, wet ditch, every thing in the most approved engineering style and finish, even to the four guns in embrasure and barbette bearing directly upon their narrow path; and that, if the Mexicans having them in charge are mischievously disposed, quite serious consequences may there ensue. They know that a breastwork of some four hundred yards front connects this *tête de pont* with the convent church of San Pablo in the hamlet of Churubusco; and that, strange to say, a redoubt and abatis

obstructs the entrance into the sacred edifice, which, moreover, mounts seven cannon on its consecrated walls, crenelled also for musketry. They know, also, that Santa Anna, with a following of twenty-seven thousand soldiers, has come forth from his palace to this interesting locality for the purpose of greeting them upon their arrival. They know that beyond the river and the bridge some eight thousand Mexican reserves are drawn up in line, awaiting their advent. They know that yesterday morning Gen. Twiggs, with quite a large retinue, went through the Pedregal, some five miles to the west, for the purpose of visiting the fortified camp of Gen. Valencia, who, with a concourse of friends, has also emerged from the city with hospitable intent. They know that it is the plan of Gen. Twiggs's party, after paying their respects to the Mexican general, to pursue a circuitous path for the purpose of avoiding the parade and ceremonies at Churubusco, and to join Garland beyond the river in his excursion to the city.

Grant, with the brigade, is awaiting the signal which shall announce that Clarke has reached his point of destination. His guns at length are heard. Garland's war-dogs, unleashed, rush impetuously upon the San-Antonio intrenchments, and drive out the enemy in a long straggling column, which Clarke, now charging from the meadows on its flank, cuts near the centre; hurling the rear upon the village of Dolores as unworthy of further notice, but uniting with Garland in scourging the severed head to the compatriot embrace of Churubusco. But the Sixth Infantry, which is on the lead, suddenly comes to a halt.

They discover the Convent of San Pablo, with its formidable defences, on the left of the causeway, the *tête de pont* garnished with heavy guns and crowded with troops, the continuous line of infantry between the two; and beyond the river, far as the eye can reach, stretch away the glittering bayonets of the reserves. A tremendous raking volley from the *tête de pont*, an enfilading fire from the convent, render this exposed highway untenable; and both brigades deploy through the cornfields on their right, to strike the bridge-head on the flank.

Meanwhile, the division of Twiggs, having but six hours ago annihilated the army of Valencia at Contreras, faithful to its appointment, has pushed on to its promised rendezvous here, and is now hammering the convent, and the intrenchments which the enemy presents on the right. Shields's and Pierce's brigades have forded the river, and fallen on the enemy's reserves in the marshes beyond it. The battle rages at three points at once, — on the left, the right, the rear. Victory wavers, and it is doubtful upon which banner she will perch. Garland's and Clarke's brigades are stunned in their onslaught upon the flank of the *tête de pont*. The veteran Sixth Infantry stagger back, decimated, from their furious leap upon its front. Duncan's battery is obliged to mask itself before the heavier metal of its guns. Taylor's battery, operating with Twiggs upon the right, crippled in men and horses, is driven from its position by the expert gunnery of San Pablo; while the assailing infantry there are terribly galled by the sharpshooters of its tower and roof; and Shields, on the meadows, is outflanked by the Mexican cavalry.

One daring exploit redeems the fortunes of the day, — Lieut. Longstreet, bearing the colors of the Eighth Infantry, and leading the regiment which he inspirits both by exhortation and example, leaps with it into the dry-ditch of the *tête de pont*, escalades the curtain without ladder or scaling-implement, and, with the cold steel alone, clears its bastions of defenders, and drives them over the bridge upon their reserve. Quicker than thought, he turns its captured guns upon San Pablo, which is still slaughtering the columns of Twiggs upon the right. Relieved from the pressure of the same metal, Lieut.-Col. Duncan gallops forward with his splendid battery. He opens, at a distance of two hundred yards, upon the walls around the convent; and seizing the prolongation of its principal face, in the space of five minutes, by a fire of astonishing rapidity, drives the artillery-men from the guns in that quarter, and the infantry from their intrenchments; and then turns his battery upon the convent-tower. While its garrison are shocked and half demoralized by this overwhelming attack of Duncan from the left, the stormers upon the right capture the nearest salient which confronts them in that direction; the light artillery advance rapidly within effective range; San Pablo slackens fire; and a dozen white flags appear just as Capt. Alexander of the Third Infantry is entering it, sword in hand. The whole fortified position of Churubusco is taken.

When the *tête de pont*, which had so long withstood Worth's division, gives way, like pent-up floods, with resistless power, it sweeps across the bridge, down the causeway, over the ditch, overflowing the fugitives

from the works and the unbroken battalions of the foe upon the meadows. Shields, who is sorely beset by the reserves, feels their iron grasp relax, their stout ranks waver before the inflowing tide of victory, until they are borne away in dismay. Garland, with deafening shout; Ayers, with a captured Mexican gun; Hoffman, with a remnant of the gallant Sixth; Harney, with his dragoons, — while goring the retreating Mexicans, intersect the now exulting lines of Shields. Palmettoes, New-Yorkers, New-Englanders of the Ninth, survivors of that desperate charge on Par- tales, join the tumultuous throng which pursues the vanquished army of Santa Anna until halted by the discharge of batteries at the gate of his capital.

Headquarters are established at Tacubaya, the army is cantoned there and in the neighboring villages; and then ensues for a fortnight that ill-advised armistice and futile attempt of Commissioner Trist to conquer a peace from Santa Anna in the field of diplomacy.

It is yet dark on the morning of the 8th of September, when Grant, in regimental battle-line, confronts the last fortified position upon which depends the fate of the enemy's capital. Directly in his front, the solid walls of Molino del Rey, five hundred feet in length, rise like a precipice, save that drowsy candles twinkle through its windows, intimating what is in store when from them shall stare the muzzles of the rifles. On its right the Casa Mata, or arsenal, presents a forbidding mass of heavy masonry, pierced for musketry, and enveloped by a quadrangular field-work. Between the two is the station of the enemy's field-

battery and of the infantry deployed on either side for its protection. On its left, wrapped in the solemn shade of gigantic cypresses, towers from the summit of a porphyritic rock the royal castle of Chapultepec.

We may, for the purposes of this narrative, erase Chapultepec from our topographical survey; for the skilful tactical arrangements of the division-commander have isolated it from this morning's operations. Casa Mata is assigned to Grant's comrades of the Second Brigade as their exclusive prey. Garland, under whom he serves, is aimed at the Molino alone, which, by the masking of Chapultepec, has become the extreme left of the enemy; and his business is threefold — to sustain Wright's storming party, to protect Huger's battery of twenty-four-pounders, to cut off supports from the castle.

The co-operating forces for the single movement in which Grant is personally concerned are all now in position. Garland is on the plain, staring directly into the eyes of the Molino; and on the Tacubaya ridge, within five hundred yards of it, Huger, with his matches lighted; Wright, with his forlorn hope in leash; Cadwallader and Kirby Smith, as reserves against mishaps, — all with hearts kindled, muscles braced, teeth set, awaiting the opening of an exciting drama. Morn has hardly purpled the east, before the heavy missiles of Huger's battering train pound the walls and penetrate the roof of the Molino; and, before the nearest mountain brings back the echo of his first gun, lights flash, bugles sound, shouts run, and arms clash along the whole line of the enemy's de-

fences, as the roused garrison begird themselves for action. At the first indication that the mason-work is yielding, Wright, with his half-legion of stormers, advances at double-quick down the Tacubaya slope; and unchecked by the ditch which environs the structure, unshaken by the sheet of flame which flashes from the light battery, by the musketry which showers upon them, by the canister and grape which enfilade every approach, in spite of its supports, captures the enemy's field-battery between the Casa Mata and the Molino. But as they are trailing the guns upon the retreating mass, and before they are discharged, the garrison, perceiving that it has been dispossessed by a handful of men, and re-assured by the active support of its collateral lines, rallies in force, and temporarily discomfits and drives the victors. While they are bayoneting the wounded Americans left upon the field, Cadwallader's and Kirby Smith's reserves are on the assassins.

Garland now rapidly moves forward with Drum's section of artillery, and carries an apparently impregnable position under the guns of Chapultepec; and, stimulated by victory, wheels up his glittering line of bayonets to the support of the storming party. The Fourth joins the *mélange* of all arms which have closed in upon the Molino, firing into its apertures, climbing to its roof, and striving, with the butts of muskets and extemporized battering-rams, to burst its doors. Major Buchanan of the Fourth, with Alden and Grant, are forcing the southern gate. Ayres and Anderson, with some dashing acrobats, vault through an embrasure at the north-west angle. A hand-to-hand fight

ensues, from room to room, from floor to floor, from roof to roof. In the main apartment of the building, a stalwart Mexican gathers his straggling comrades into a line which threatens to clear the Molino of every assailant; but the southern gate has yielded, Buchanan and Grant appear with a serried file of the Fourth Infantry, and the Molino is finally captured beyond peradventure. It is thus that Grant wins his first brevet. Before noon, the Casa Mata is blown up, the Molino dismantled, and the fatigued survivors of this desperate contest reposing on their laurels at headquarters.

The next three days are devoted to a close and daring reconnoissance of the southern avenues to the city by the scientific staff of Scott. It was evidently his original intention to make the *garitas* in this quarter his ultimate point of attack; and his preliminary movements in accord with this purpose disclosed it to the enemy. They have, accordingly, fortified these approaches with superior strength. In a personal survey, he saw reason to change his direction; but, in order that the preconceived impression of Santa Anna may remain undisturbed, he leaves Col. Riley's brigade to threaten and manœuvre here, but hastens himself to organize the real advance upon the west and south-west causeways.

The first step in the inverted plan is to carry that natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly defended at its base, on its heights, and acclivities, and all surmounted by the Castle of Chapultepec. Heavy batteries, within easy range, are established. Pillow's and Quitman's division, re-enforced

by storming parties from Worth and Twiggs, are held under cover for assault. Bombardment and cannonade are commenced on the morning of the 12th, and continued until nightfall, when it is clearly perceived that our fire is effectual; for a majority of the garrison are disposed to remain outside of the work, under the protection of the hill, leaving within the castle and on the summit the *minimum* only which is necessary to work the guns. The preconcerted signal for the assault is given by nine o'clock on the morning of the 13th; and the two assailing columns move forward with an enthusiasm and alacrity which betokens success.

Grant was not permitted to participate in this glorious achievement; and in accordance with the rule I have adopted,—to confine this narrative to the operations in which he was personally engaged,—it would find no record here, if its universal popularity did not exempt it from the restraints and limitations of the rule. The heroism of the exploit even animates the sluggish periods of official despatches; and Scott describes it in language which emulates the precision of Napier and the fire of Macaulay. A paragraph worthy of this commendation in such a communication, even if it were entirely irrelevant to my theme, would deserve insertion here as a curiosity of literature; and I yield to its deserts with the more avidity, because it will relieve the reader, for a moment, from the same imperfections in my own style which I am censuring in that of others. In justice, too, to the brave men who marshalled the enterprise, their names should be spread on every chronicle of

the Mexican War in the authoritative words of the commander-in-chief.

Pillow's approach¹ lies through that open grove of stately cypresses, gray with the moss of ages (now filled with sharpshooters), through that tangled wilderness of wild shrub which marks the site of Montezuma's garden, until he emerges upon the cleared and levelled area at the foot of the rocky acclivity. Quitman's approach² is along the Tacubaya

¹ Major-Gen. Pillow's approach on the west side lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged; when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brig.-Gen. Cadwallader in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of the same division, — an invalid since the events of Aug. 19. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a re-enforcement, — Col. Clarke's brigade. — *Gen. Scott's Despatch.*

² Major-Gen. Quitman, nobly supported by Brig.-Gens. Shields and Smith (P. F.), his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the south-east of the same works, over a causeway, with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops, or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches, flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows; and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right in order to present a front against the enemy's line (outside), and to turn two intervening batteries near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs's division, was commanded in succession by Capt. Casey, Second Infantry, and Capt. Paul, Seventh Infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed; and then Capt. Miller, Second Pennsylvania Volunteers. The storming party, now commanded by Capt. Paul, seconded by Capt. Roberts of the rifles, Lieut. Stewart, and others of the same regiment (Smith's brigade), carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New-York and South-Carolina Volunteers (Shields's brigade) and the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west. — *Gen. Scott's Despatch.*

Road flanked with deep ditches, in the face of cross-cuts, obstructions, and batteries, defended by an army of men. After a succession of desperate struggles, which upon any other day would have been gazetted as a pitched battle, he enters the outer enclosure of Chapultepec in time to co-operate with Pillow in the final assault of the west.

“The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt midway to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties. Some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down, killed or wounded: but a lodgement was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome; and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.”¹

¹ Gen. Scott's Despatch.

While these grand events are transpiring, Worth's division, stripped of its first brigade by Pillow's requisition, is awaiting at the Molino its predestined occupation. The order at length arrives; and Garland leads cautiously around the northern base of that consecrated hill under the sombre shade of its primeval grove, cheered by the stars and stripes¹ which now flaunt defiance from turrets reared by Spanish viceroys, aimed at the entrance of the Causeway San Cosme, and bound for the Alameda by the north-western gate. Grant is with him, and wins an additional grade on this immortal afternoon. When they reach the embankment, they perceive that it is no place for organized operations: it is narrow; the ubiquitous canals are on either side; an aqueduct runs along the centre, laid on arches of solid masonry; it is intersected by numerous dikes and cross-roads and by frowning barricades, behind which the sullen enemy lies in wait. The brigade is broken into detachments: a part are thrown out, right and left, into the marsh, advancing behind every natural obstacle and cover; a part rush stealthily from arch to arch. Garland is now ap-

¹ There are some friendships formed in life which no difference of political opinion can alienate. As a slight tribute to one of this enduring nature, I wish to settle, in favor of a personal friend, a controversy in which he is too magnanimous to participate, by an authority which should forever prevent its renewal. Who hauled down the Mexican flag at Chapultepec? Major-Gen. Pillow, in his report of the battle of Chapultepec, says, "The gallant Col. Ransom of the Ninth Infantry fell dead from a shot in the forehead while at the head of his command, waving his sword, and leading his splendid regiment up the heights to the summit of Chapultepec. I had myself been a witness to his heroic conduct until a moment before, when I was cut down by his side. My heart bleeds with anguish at the loss of so gallant an officer. The command of his regiment devolved upon Major Seymour, who faltered not, but with his command scalel the parapet, entered the citadel sword in hand, and himself struck the Mexican flag from the walls." — *Message and Doc. for 1847*, p. 406.

proaching the first breastwork. Behind it is the enemy in force, with his centre resting upon it and his wings expanded. "When the head of the battalion was in short musket-range of this barrier," writes Major Lee, commander of the Fourth, "Lieut. Grant and Capt. Brooks, with a few men of their respective regiments, by a handsome movement to the left, turned the right of the enemy, and the barrier was carried." The soldiers display their habitual firmness and audacity. Worth directs the movement with tactical exactness, — massing his scattered detachments upon the enemy in front, while carefully guarding his own flank; throwing off artillery and infantry into the marsh upon the left to turn an abatis, into the marsh upon the right to clear his own and Quitman's front, who is pursuing a divergent march to the capital. Worth pushes his troops through a withering fire. They capture a second battery; they silence and dismantle a third, which enfilades their path. They have reached Campo Santo, where the causeway wheels into the inhabited streets of the city.

"We here came in front of another battery," writes Gen. Worth in his Report, "beyond which, distant some two hundred and fifty yards, and sustaining it, was the last defence, or the *garita* of San Cosme. The approach to these two defences was in a right line; and the whole space was literally swept by grape, canister, and shells, from a heavy gun and howitzer; added to which, severe fires of musketry were delivered from the tops of the adjacent houses and churches. It hence became necessary to vary

our mode of operations. Garland's brigade was thrown to the right, within and masked by the aqueduct, and instructed to dislodge the enemy from the buildings in his front, and endeavor to reach and turn the left of the *garita*; taking advantage of such cover as might offer to enable him to effect these objects. Clarke's brigade was, at the same time, ordered to take the buildings on the left of the road, and, by the use of bars and picks, burrow through from house to house, and in like manner carry the right of the *garita*. While these orders were being executed, a mountain-howitzer was placed on the top of a commanding building on the left, and another on the Church of San Cosme on the right; both of which opened with admirable effect. The work of the troops was tedious, and necessarily slow, but was greatly favored by the fire of the howitzers." ¹ The howitzer on San Cosme Convent is served by a steady arm, and aimed by a sure eye, that will yet be of service to the country in direr extremities than this. "I recognized the command as it came up," writes Col Garland in his report of the action, "mounted a howitzer on the top of a convent, which, under the direction of Lieut. Grant, quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, and Lieut. Lendrum, Third Artillery, annoyed the enemy considerably. I must not omit to call attention to Lieut. Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

The orders which Worth recites in the paragraph I have transcribed from his Report, virtually abrogates

¹ Gen. Worth's Report of Battle of Chapultepec. — *Messages and Documents*, p. 329.

tactics for the remainder of the day, and transforms the movement into a hand-to-hand fight. While Grant is showering the roofs with his howitzer, Garland is bush-fighting on one side of the street, and Clarke burrowing on the other. And now ensues a scene which beggars description. The military vocabulary, with its technical terms, and the stereotyped phrases and imagery of military narrative, are powerless here. The sun is near the horizon. The war in the afternoon, with scope and verge enough, had, like a freshet, overspread the wide area of the meadows. It is now "bottled up" in a narrow gorge between the parallel walls of the street, and the gate-works at its termination. The pent-up fury devours all before it; rages, howls, lashes the sides of the enclosure, as if a whole menagerie of rabid animals had been driven into a single pen. By patient toil, ingenuity, courage unparalleled; by Clarke on the left, with his model cannoneers transmogrified into sappers and gymnasts; by Garland on the right, with his splendid infantry reduced for the occasion into bushwhackers; by Grant and Lendrum razeed into common gunners; by cavalrymen dismounted, voltigeurs, engineers (for all arms are in this grand *mêlée*), — inch by inch, foot by foot, we crowd the Mexican gunners from the battery between us and the gateway. Duncan's artillery is rushed into the abandoned work with a velocity which drives it muzzle to muzzle against the enemy's cannon. "Once more to the breach!" And by manœuvres which were never dreamed of on parade; by tactics which would astound the schools and dismay the martinet; by vaulting from house-top to house-

top, squirming from window to window, worming from wall to wall; by soldiers right-face, left-face, back-face, front-face, obliqued; by soldiers erect, on their knees, "belly-whapper;" by volleys from cannon in the street, howitzers on the convent; by fusillades from all rifles, all muskets, all revolvers, from all skirmishers, squads, detachments, single men; by bullets from every loop-hole, cover, "coigne of vantage," — the riddled *garita* sullenly yields. The welkin rings with a shout which carries consternation to ten thousand Mexican homes, as the pent-up war went roaring through the pass. The city is ours!

The supports, which have been constantly reporting during the afternoon to Gen. Worth, and which could not be advantageously used in this consummate *coup de main*, are now ordered up; and to the inspiring music of their band, with measured tread, well-trimmed ranks, and martial bearing, file through the disgarnished gateway, in strange contrast with the begrimed and motley crew gathered round the stronghold which they had just overwhelmed. By the dexterity of officers, the tangled skein is soon unravelled, and these broken battalions once more set in soldierly array.

McDonald, in his furious charge upon the enemy's centre at Wagram, scarcely encountered more perils, or met them with more fortitude, than Quitman's division in its obstructed march over the Tacubaya Causeway. Aware as Gen. Scott was of the strong defences at the Belen Gate, and that it was, moreover, commanded by the citadel beyond it, he merely intended that Quitman should demonstrate seriously

against these defences, in order to favor the decided attack of Worth. But, borne on by his own gallantry and by the impetuosity of his troops, Quitman overpowered the Belen by two o'clock in the afternoon, and effected a lodgement within it. He was preparing to storm the citadel, when the city council, at four o'clock in the morning, waited upon the commanding general with a proposition which resulted in the capitulation of Mexico upon terms imposed by Gen. Scott. After dismissing the deputation, he communicated orders both to Quitman and to Worth to feel their way cautiously toward the centre of the city, and to occupy respectively the Grand Plaza and the Alameda. Worth occupies the beautiful park assigned to him, within three blocks of the national palace; there to encounter the assassin-like fire of the convicts, which the fugitive government had released from the *carcels*,¹ and distributed into every advantageous position for the massacre of our troops, be it church, convent, or even hospital. Heroic Garland is struck down, wounded by the first fire. The battering-train is turned upon all structures which harbor these desperadoes; and the stealthy assassination which a vindictive chief had bequeathed to his conquerors resulted only in the punishment of the innocent of his own countrymen, that these guilty conspirators might be reached.

Grant was a spectator of that splendid pageant on the 14th of September, the culminating felicity of Scott's long military career,—his ceremonious en-

¹ Worth, in his Report, says that there were thirty thousand thus liberated.

trance, with all the honors, into the city of Mexico. He sees groups of discharged felons, wearing their tattered mantles with the air of Spanish grandees, grasping their stilettos, and frowning vengeance upon the hated Yankees, who stand between them and universal pillage. He sees the flags floating from the ambassadorial palaces, and groups of elegantly-attired women behind them, peering through their folds upon the spectacle beneath; and in the balconies the gaudy costume of señor and señorita, gazing with varied emotion upon the begrimed and bronzed soldiery before whose resistless valor has sunk every emblem of their independence and sovereignty. He hears the measured tramp of armed columns, the distant roll of artillery wheels, the clash of arms upon the pavement, the sounding hoofs of horses on the street, the inspiring burst of "Hail to the Chief," as Worth's veteran warriors, drawn up in line of battle upon the Alameda, salute the passing cavalcade of the general-in-chief. On the Grand Plaza, where, in front of the magnificent cathedral, Quitman's division is presenting arms, Grant beholds, in the full uniform of his rank, escorted by a squadron of dragoons, and half hid by the flashing trappings of his staff, the towering form of that chieftain, who, after storming the strongholds of Mexico and annihilating her armies, alights at the steps of her national palace, conscious desert ennobling his lineaments, and the premonitions of an established fame animating his bosom.

CHAPTER V.

EDUCATION. — FRONTIER SERVICE. — CIVIL LIFE.

[1848-1861.]

I TRACED Grant through the course of studies at West Point, to show how they disciplined his mind, and educated him in the scientific element of his profession. I have followed him up to his graduation in the Mexican War, not to adorn this narrative with his personal adventures, but to exhibit in what manner the principles imbibed at the first were illustrated and enforced by the practical teachings of his second military college. But his service here was, in additional respects, an invaluable preparation for the overwhelming responsibilities of the position to which he was destined. Tactics is that branch of the art of war which inculcates the methods of handling arms and of manœuvring companies, brigades, divisions, and army corps. So far as it applies to the first two of these army-organizations, it may be acquired in the drill-room or on the parade-ground; but the heavier bodies, of which they are the units, are seldom concentrated; and therefore the soldier destined to lead armies can never learn the more advanced and com-

plex lessons of tactics, except when war is either imminent or flagrant.

But rising infinitely higher even than tactics, as the qualification for the chief of mighty armies, is the science of command itself, which teaches where armies shall be stationed, engagements won, and campaigns conducted. You may con the battles and operations of the most celebrated warriors in biographies; you may learn by heart their war-maxims, as you may try to master chess without a competitor, or anatomy and surgery without an operating-room: but a century of such fancy drill in these arts will never produce a Morphy, a Mott, or a Napoleon. I have heard Gen. Grant affirm, that, when he was first intrusted with high military authority, he knew nothing of strategy except what he had learned by a critical observation, upon the spot, of the modes and expedients by which the genius of Scott counterbalanced the intrenched positions and the numerical superiority of the Mexicans. It is a source of profound gratification that such a model campaign, in all respects, was presented for his study and consideration. It has been justly said of it, that it was conducted with fewer strategical mistakes, with less sacrifice of men, with less devastation in proportion to its victories, and with more fidelity to the established laws and usages of war, than that of any invading general upon record.

Entering into and a part of this science of command is that genius — born, not made — by which the great masters of the art magnetize every soldier in the ranks. There is something more in war than what Napoleon's maxim asserts, — “the art of being

the strongest." The warrior works with instruments that have souls within them. A general may be familiar with all that the books teach of war; he may be expert in every minutia of tactics; he may be accomplished in the theoretical and mechanical parts of strategy; he may have learned all of it which can be taught by study, and also by *experience*: yet if he lack but one thing — this personal ascendancy — down to the dust will his banner sink before that antagonist whose sole superiority is the possession of this exalted attribute. It is this power, which, in the dire extremity, makes one man ten, and a thousand put ten thousand to flight. It was this which Frederick exhibited when his twice ten thousand veterans, inspired by his own genius, vanquished at Rosbach four times ten thousand French and Austrians; the father and the king exhorting his grenadiers as they passed into the battle-cloud, "You yourselves know that there have been no watchings, no fatigues, no sufferings, no dangers, which I have not steadily shared with you up to this very hour; and you now see me ready to die with you and for you. All that I ask of you, comrades, is that you return me zeal for zeal and love for love." It was the power of the four consummate warriors of the race, —

"The science of commanding;
The godlike art of moulding, welding, fettering, banding
The minds of millions till they move like one."

It cannot be reasonably doubted that Scott possessed to a considerable degree this inspiring quality of eminent generalship; and it is fortunate, that, for so long a period, Grant dwelt so near the source of in-

spiration that he may have caught the flame; so close to the magnet that he may have imbibed a portion of its mysterious power. It is of more importance that he should be invested with it, because it is a characteristic as serviceable to the statesman as to the warrior. Of Lord Chatham's renowned administration of England's affairs during a decided crisis in her history, Macaulay says, "The success of our arms was, perhaps, owing less to the skill of his dispositions than to the national resources and the national spirit. But that the national spirit rose to the emergency, that the national resources were contributed with unexampled cheerfulness,—this was undoubtedly his work. The *ardor of his soul* had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Britain."

After his war with the gods, Prometheus was bound to a rock in Caucasus, and an immense vulture sent daily to pounce upon his liver, which grew as fast as it was devoured. His punishment seems to be typical of the tedium which preys upon the mind of the soldier when he passes suddenly from such scenes as I have described in the last chapter,—from Churubusco and Chapultepec; from "the exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,"—to the torpid perceptions and sluggish arterial circulation of a hibernating bear at Fort Desolation.

We never should have heard of Grant after his second imprisonment in one of these dungeons of Despair, but for an incident the most fortunate of

his varied career. He was allowed by his military superiors to select an associate to share his exile from military activity. His choice fell upon one who deserved all his confidence and love. He carried with him to his monotonous duties cheerfulness and consolation in the person of a bride. He was married in August, 1848, to Miss Julia T. Dent, the daughter of Frederick Dent, a merchant of St. Louis; and the sister of Frederick T. Dent, a classmate at West Point, who has since risen to the rank of brevet brigadier-general, and was the aide of Grant in several engagements, and his assistant secretary of war when he was the head, *ad interim*, of that department. She has proved herself the kindest and most affectionate of wives; sharing with unabated courage and constancy the trials and disappointments of his early manhood; fully exemplifying the truth of Lord Bacon's aphorism, that "virtue, like precious odors, is most fragrant when incensed or crushed." Prosperity and renown have since brought to him a cup crowned with blessings; but, among them all, there is no choicer felicity than that the wife of his youth, in the bloom of her years, is permitted to share them. Fame and position have also entailed their peculiar trials and anxieties; but they are always met with fortitude and composure when cheered and sustained by the companion who has stood beside him in so many emergencies, and in both extremities of fortune.

I now enter upon a period of Grant's life upon military posts, of six years' duration. It was, of course, barren of that incident and adventure which constitute the charm of the most delightful pages of biogra-

phy ; but it was fruitful in influence upon his life and character. It was the period of repose following the turmoil of war, when, after the agitation of a voyage, the good wine lies on its must, — the period of meditation which originates the proverb, “Speech is silver ; silence is golden.” It was in these hours of reflection that he assimilated with his own mind the books that he had read, and the thoughts of others which he had imbibed ; “fought his battles o’er again,” with more accurate comprehension now of the skill of Scott’s dispositions and the marvels of his strategy. Nor did the tedium and *ennui* of which I have spoken in such strong language reach its nadir at once, but descended gradually through the monotony of post-service in the populated part of our immense territorial area, until it became unbearable, when it finally exiled him from the society of his family, and furiously assailed him in —

“The continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings.”¹

Washington, at the age of twenty-six, terminated his novitiate, in that French and Indian War which trained him for the Revolution, at Fort Du Quesne. At the age of twenty-six, and at the conclusion of Grant’s novitiate in the war which schooled him for the War of the Rebellion, he was stationed at Detroit. Du Quesne was one of that chain of military posts, stretching from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to New Orleans, with which the house of Bourbon attempted

¹ Grant was stationed at Vancouver on the “Oregon” just before he resigned his commission.

to environ the English Colonies of North America: Detroit was another. This city, charming in its natural situation, and, by the beauty of its streets and the elegance of its mansions, attractive as a residence, is still more captivating for its society, refined, cultivated, and intellectual, which, descending as it has from the earliest times, is in some measure due to its origin from the most polished nation in the world.

Grant's hurried and rugged road from his youth up had prevented him from turning aside into the pleasant gardens and by-paths of life; from cultivating the *arts de société*, or mingling much in social enjoyments. The balls and parties of Detroit in the winter of 1848-9 delightfully relieved the dull routine of a quartermaster's duty. The new tie which he had recently formed, in addition to rendering his own quarters pleasant and inviting, drew him out of himself, from the mess-room and his cigar, to the pleasant and agreeable circles in the city. Mrs. Grant was herself fond of social pleasures and amusements; and they soon became far from insupportable to her husband. It is not true, as is generally supposed, that in private life he wraps himself up in reticence and reserve. It is only when pressed to divulge prospective military designs, pumped by adroit politicians to indorse party platforms, pestered by those who worship "gab" to play the *rôle* of stump-orator on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion, that it becomes as inconvenient and impossible for him to speak as it was for Sir Mungo Malagrowth to hear when his withers were wrung by some disagreeable innuendo. In the society of friends,

and even strangers worthy of his civility, you will find him abundantly posted upon the current themes of conversation, and sufficiently communicative upon events in his own history which are proper subjects of narrative. He is more voluble than either of his neighbors who preside respectively over the naval and war departments. He is both fluent in manner and agreeable in the matter upon which he consents to speak ; and his vocabulary is copious and even rich. He never hesitates for a word, but talks with the ease and fluency of one, who, charged with ideas, is borne on by the sincerity and earnestness of his convictions. He speaks upon all subjects with which he ought to be familiar, as from a full mind ; and impresses you with the conviction that he is in the habit of arranging his ideas, and of reflecting upon affairs under his official direction. You never rise from a conversation with him without being convinced that he is fertile in resources, and possesses a ready and retentive memory. I have never met with a bureau officer in Washington more affable upon business-matters brought under his official notice than Gen. Grant. I assert this of Grant from my own knowledge of the man, and as the result I have reached after frequent interviews with him, during which I have heard him describe the whole course of his most important campaigns, his most memorable achievements, and paint in graphic outline such scenes as the capitulation of Vicksburg and the surrender of Lee. I was a member of the Committee on Military Affairs during the Thirty-ninth Congress, and to me was referred as sub-committee the bill creating the grade of general ;

and it was made a part of my deputed duty to consult him upon some parts of his military operations which were severely criticised by some of my associates. I was honored by him with frequent and prolonged audiences at his own headquarters. I have been frequently authorized by the same committee to consult him upon other questions which we had in charge, and respecting which it was proper that we should be advised by the general in command of the army. His views, clear and precise, were always expressed forthwith without previous premeditation. I once *chaperoned* into his presence a party of my constituents who had come to Washington with the impression that Gen. Grant never used his tongue except to give password or countersign. After the solemn ceremony of introduction, the visitors gravely seated themselves as if before the marble image of the commander-in-chief; and I drew the general out upon some subject for the purpose of astounding them: and he gave a shock to their preconceived ideas from which they have not yet recovered. I am pleased to find that this opinion, which I have formed from personal observation, is confirmed by a personal friend of Gen. Grant, whose acquaintance with him was of longer duration and more intimate than any of which I can presume to boast. Gen. McPherson was a citizen of the same State; was a distinguished division-commander under him in the Vicksburg Campaign; and was struck down in battle near Atlanta, Ga., lamented by every loyal countryman. On one occasion he said to a friend "To know and appreciate

Gen. Grant fully, one ought to be a member of his military family. Though possessing a remarkable reticence as far as military operations are concerned, he is frank and affable, converses well, and has a peculiarly retentive memory. When not oppressed with the cares of his position, he is very fond of talking, and telling anecdotes." Let it not, therefore, be supposed that he appeared in the fashionable circles of Detroit a dumb, vacant, unapproachable guest *distrain*. He is master of the situation everywhere. He finds none but peers at any man's table, and has no occasion to shrink the ordeal of any society. He is one of those rapid, sensible, and enjoyable talkers whom you would never neglect if you were giving one of those dignified *conversazioni* of the olden time where sense was the rule, and frivolity the exception; when, in the parlors of Washington and in the library at Monticello, conversation was the "recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of the reason." It is not my intention to indicate that Grant aspires to any brilliancy of talk, or attempts to indulge in flights of pleasantry or "coruscations of wit and pun and pith." No: his conversation is unpretending, straightforward, grave, earnest, and always to the point. Nor do I mean to convey the idea that he is garrulous: I wish merely to asseverate that he talks enough, and talks well.

"But he is no orator;" neither was Franklin, Wellington, Jefferson, nor our first deliverer from discord, our first mediator between conflicting States,—George Washington. Fortunately for us Washington was not. Angry passions were to be harmonized, the

councils of colonial assemblies moderated, and conflicting sections united on the basis of general utility. Skill as an orator would have degraded him into a partisan, the fires of rhetoric would have inflamed the composure of his judgment, and the arts of harangue entangled the deductions of reason. And the victor of Waterloo as well as the successful pilot of England's civil affairs in a stormy time, the leader of her cabinet in the House of Lords, rarely condescended to utter more than a word in response to the most elaborate diatribe of the opposition. When a proposition was introduced by some carpet knight to take the colors away from a certain Indian regiment for alleged misbehavior, Wellington demolished it by a sentence, — "They went into action a thousand men, and came out seventy." I have also read that the great Hebrew lawgiver and the deliverer of God's chosen people was "of slow speech, and of a slow tongue."

The particular duties which Grant performed in his military capacity were those of regimental quartermaster. There was but one company of the Fourth in Detroit Barracks; and the aggregate of the command was only seventy-one men. The remaining companies were at various points around the lake and up the straits; and as the quartermaster's stores of the entire regiment were under his management, and he was responsible for them all to the government, these cares involved the necessity of frequent visits along the entire line from Sackett's Harbor to Mackinaw. The duties of his office were sufficiently onerous and inexpressibly irksome from

their monotony, and multiplicity of detail ; demanding an amount of returns, duplicate and triplicate, which would try the patience and exactness of the oldest accountant in the "circumlocution office." He was buyer and seller of these supplies, and required to be sharp in his estimates, good at a bargain, exact in his requisitions, honest to the government, just to the contractor, methodical in his accounts, and accurate in his vouchers. This was his commercial college, where he acquired the same business habits and training which Washington early learned in discharging the duties of a surveyor. This employment was, doubtless, dull and trying to the aspirations of a man conscious that there was more in him than a mere huckster's clerk ; but it is one of the striking characteristics of Grant, that he can adapt himself to any circumstances, and not be driven from the faithful performance of duties which happen to be disagreeable and distasteful. And although such vulgar merits as honesty, accuracy, method, and habits of business, may not command the homage of the mere hero-worshipper, may not receive the applause of the "pinks of American aristocracy," they are held in deserved esteem by the great majority of his countrymen, in spite of the presumption raised against this conclusion, by the character of the individuals to whom they habitually commit the administration of their public affairs. It also affords consolatory evidence, that the general at the head of the army, has mastered the details of the most complicated bureau under him, and is himself furnished with practical sagacity to detect irrègularities and fraud

in the department most exposed to their insinuating approach. His painstaking and submissive discharge of these humble duties, will not be unacceptable to those who still entertain the fossilized opinion, that a soldier should learn how to obey before he is intrusted with command. In my own judgment, the fidelity with which he mastered them, and the experience and discipline, which he acquired as a quartermaster, lodged solid buttresses in his character of more substantial worth, than all the glitter and the show with which the most dazzling cavalry-charge on record might have invested it.

Grant can never cast his eye upon the happy circle which now surrounds his fireside; he can never feel the pressure of young hands upon his knee, the warm arms of youth encircling his neck, the kiss of fresh lips upon his cheek, or see the "hostages he has given to fortune," now approaching their maturity, wearing the softened features of both father and mother, faithful to parental teaching and example, and deserving unqualified confidence and love, — without touching recollections of his sojourn at these garrisons upon the lake; for here his two eldest children were born. The nature of a childless man is but half developed; and Grant found in his new relation slumbering instincts aroused into such authoritative sway, that, more than ever before, he dragged a lengthened chain the farther he departed from home-attractions. Just at the period when newly-awakened conjugal and parental affections were beginning to inthrall him by their potent spell, he was suddenly called upon to smother these pure flames, to sever all domestic ties,

and to degrade himself again to the ranks of "single blessedness."

Oregon is now attracting emigration from the States; and the trail to Astoria lies through a country roamed over by the Nez Perces, Blackfoot, and Snake Indians; and frequent collisions are occurring between these untamed savages and emigrant families. The regiment of mounted riflemen which had hitherto garrisoned the posts upon the Columbia, had been withdrawn to guard the greater influx of settlers into California, from similar attacks from the tribes in that locality; and early in 1852, the Fourth Infantry was ordered to the Pacific coast. The first station of Grant was at Benicia, where I find him in the fall of 1852. This is our *dépôt* of ordnance and quartermasters' stores in the Pacific Department; and he is engaged here for a few weeks in making requisitions, and shipping supplies, when he is ordered to Fort Vancouver in Oregon.

Grant departs with his regiment to this forlorn spot, isolated from civilization on the East by an intervening wilderness more than two thousand miles in breath, and from civilization on the West by a coast-range of sombre mountains, which shuts it off even — save by one avenue — from the great highway of nations. Vancouver is eighty miles from the sea, enveloped in the melancholy shade of primitive forests. When Grant reached it, he found it still retained as one of the central seats of traffic and distribution, by the Hudson's-Bay Company, which, as everybody knows, is one of those gigantic monopolies which were freely granted by Charles the Second to

his favorites. Its charter gave it the exclusive right to trade with the Indians around that great northern gulf. Step by step has its jurisdiction marched to the southward, extending these same engrossing privileges over all British North America. During the era of conflicting claims between the United States and Great Britain upon Oregon, it had pushed these pretensions into that territory, wove over it a network of chief and subordinate establishments, and now exercised unlimited control over the nomadic Indians whom the Fourth Infantry had been despatched to quell. The station of the company, in the centre of the clearing, wore all the aspects of a military post. An imposing stockade encloses an area of about seven acres, with mounted bastions at two of its angles; within are the governor's residence, two small buildings for clerks, and a range of dwellings for families; without is another storehouse, under lease to our government; and a few hundred yards farther to the east, rising from a plain upon the very edge of immemorial woods, are the log-houses known as the Columbia Barracks; and within an arrow's flight of our flag-staff, is a group of hovels, occupied by Indians, servants, and Kanackas. Four companies of the Fourth are here, with Grant still quartermaster: one company is at Fort Dallas, higher up the Columbia; and the remainder are so distributed as to guard and keep open communication between Oregon and California, with assistant quartermasters for their respective stations.

At this desolate station, Grant vegetated for one year. Cervantes never sent Don Quixote on an

adventure more fantastic, than the one which the Secretary of War had ordered four companies of an infantry regiment to achieve. They must guard the trail of emigrants through Oregon: the whole army of the United States could not effectually do it. They must chastise Indian raiders upon the route: winged soldiers, with pinions like a condor to buffet mountain-blasts, might attempt it with some hope of success; but it is utterly beyond the capacity of bipeds moving along the earth. When a report reaches the garrison that the Indians are at a particular spot, you put your finger upon them, and they are not there. Before a company is rallied, the war-party vanishes, and can be captured as easily as the winds which were with them, at the same hour, upon the same occasion. The sole service of troops at Vancouver is as a moral support to the emigrants, and a terror to the wild foe. Even the alarms, which during the first six months temporarily animate the garrison, are soon checked by the adroitness of Lieut.-Col. Bonneville in command, who establishes intimate relations with the servants of the Hudson-Bay Company, and, through the instrumentality of its widely-scattered agencies, succeeds in pacifying the tribes. By common sense anointed with civilities, a fire in the mountains is subdued which some military Dogberry, clothed in a little brief authority, would have blown into a conflagration, and expended millions in an abortive attempt to extinguish.

The second half-year opens with the purpose accomplished for which the troops were sent. There is no Indian raider upon the trail, no war-party in the

mountains, no war-cloud in the horizon. The emigrant train winds along the desolate track to Oregon City, without ambuscade or assault. There is no call upon the garrison, except to the drill and to the dress-parade: "nothing to do" assails it like a plague. To Grant's active mind it was inexpressibly irksome. With the exception of quarterly and annual returns, his office is a sinecure; for supplies are all sent by steamer. Amusements fail to divert him. Snorting mustangs haunt the plain, bounding beneath the rider as if each muscle were a separate prancer, and the entire horse the one "of Ukraine breed." The man born on horseback scorns to bestride them. Gangs of Kanackas, in fantastic attire, mounted on these wild coursers, career and caracole, advance, retreat, wind circle within circle, as they represent mimic battles and hippodromes, before the barrack-door; but they fail to enliven the dull eye of the spectator. An elk of twelve tines, dashing through the underbrush, hardly tempts him to the chase. The salmon — gamiest of fish — leaps the cascades of the Columbia, on its way to the spawning-shoal, in the stupendous defiles of the mountains. The deep pool below fairly whirls and glistens with the arrested silver-backs, which dart at a fly in mid air, with an eagerness of spring that would have crazed Sir Humphrey Davy, and held him for days absorbed in wild enchantment. Grant throws his line with as much listlessness as if he were bobbing for tadpoles in a tan-vat. Men who have not mind enough to revolt against the want of appropriate employment disbelieve in *ennui*; men without conscience dis-

believe in remorse: but both are real calamities. While thus tormented with "nothing to do," letters from home drew him in that direction, as attraction draws a planet to the sun. The *maladie du pays*, which the home-guard can afford to despise because the cure is always at his command, is no trifle in armies, or to soldiers fastened upon remote and solitary posts. The medical staff know it as nostalgia, and it has a place upon their blanks with pneumonia, dysentery, and other chronic diseases of the camp; and it seldom fails to appear in their regular morning reports. The "Ranz de vaches," carolled by the peasants at home while milking the cows, is prohibited from being sung in European armies by positive order. Grant's commission as captain now reaches him after he has been a year at Vancouver; and he is forthwith ordered to Humboldt Bay in California, where his company is now stationed. The Indians had been active in Humboldt County; and the same kind of alarms which for a season relieved the inactivity of Vancouver had furnished the company at Humboldt Bay with busy idleness; but the quiet of an uninhabited island is not more serene than that of Humboldt Bay when Grant reached it. He is still drawn eastward by the attractions of home, and by the duty which a father owes to his children. At a period when his country was in perfect repose, when there was no call for army service, when the special mission upon which he was exiled into the wilderness had been fully performed, and there was nothing to resist the paramount claim of wife and children upon his protection and nurture,

he resigned his commission in the army, to take effect July 31, 1854; and, having obtained a leave of absence, joined his family at St. Louis.

I now enter upon seven years, during which Grant was farmer and collector at St. Louis, and leather-dealer at Galena. In a period of profound national peace, he discards his epaulets, that he may enjoy domestic life. He throws up his captain's pay, with the certain knowledge that he must earn a livelihood for himself and family by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow: after all, as the Spanish proverb hath it, "the shirt is nearer than the coat." The choice and the sacrifice equally impress the thoughtful mind, while this new life-discipline produces fruit in the character which is not to be despised. He makes himself a good husband and a good father, and therefore becomes a good citizen. He works, that he may never bend "the pliant hinges of the knee" to power or riches. Let not proud ambition mock this homely joy bought by useful toil! Labor is twice blessed which duty inspires; and, as old George Herbert says, "The man who sweeps the church makes it and himself to be clean." The nation is made up of men whose daily life is daily toil; and no one represents its tone, or is fit to govern it, who has not learned by bitter trial that "wealth is best known by want." Brave souls alone can endure this ordeal: the feeble would die from inanition; the bright would corrode with rust; the impetuous slide into crime; the fanciful fret themselves to death in chasing the chimeras of an impracticable imagination: but the *fort esprit* endures and waits. Grant's military training is now complete; and, to me,

Grant cajoling his wife, dandling his babies, working with his hands, earning his bread, driving a team into St. Louis mounted on his cart and selling a load of wood ; Grant collecting debts ; Grant in the tannery handling leather, and hauling raw hides from the festering vat, — is Grant loving with the lowliest, serving with the humblest, learning the lesson, mastering the complete *rôle* of comrade-citizens ; it is Grant in the common school of civilians, with them ripening and maturing for the practical tasks of American life ; it is Grant in the ranks, waiting the call to action, biding the summons to fame. Farmer Grant, collector Grant, tanner Grant, are as interesting as Gen. Grant. How many of the illustrious of the earth have endured the same discipline ! how many have failed to be illustrious because they have shrunk from bearing this cross ! At the age of thirty-six, Grant was a working husbandman on a Missouri farm. At the age of thirty-six, Cromwell was a farmer at St. Ives, cultivating his fields, multiplying his flocks and herds. At the age of thirty-six, Washington was a planter, raising tobacco, and copying his accounts with mercantile neatness and precision. At thirty-six, Peter the Great was working with his own hands, as a common shipwright, in the dockyards of Amsterdam. Franklin was not a less deliberate and cautious statesman because at thirty-six he had been a patient type-setter. Nor was Sherman a worse counsellor in evil times for having, at the same age, used the awl and the wax-end. How many have emerged from the humblest positions to the foremost ranks of our citizenship ! “ Our bare-footed ploughboys rise to ride the Steed of State, and wield the rod of repub-

lican empire. Our printing-press sends forth its Franklin; our shoemaker's bench, its Roger Sherman; our blacksmith's forge, its Gen. Greene; our rustic inn, its Gen. Putnam; our clockmaker's stool, its John Fitch; our little grocery-shop, its Patrick Henry; the rude habitation of a peasant noble, in the midst of a forest, upon a frontier of civilization, its Daniel Webster; the shanty of a humble Irish emigrant amid the wilds of the Waxhaws, its President Andrew Jackson; a lowly cot upon the 'slashes of the Virginia Hanover,' its Henry Clay; our weaver's loom, its President Fillmore; our machinist's block, its self-taught representative¹ of the industrious masses, to be pitted at last against 'one of the brightest gems of American aristocracy,'² and to win the gavel and the mace of the speakership in the Capitol of our great republic."³ And I may add, that, from the log-cabin of a Kentucky backwoodsman, Abraham Lincoln reaches the chair of president, to reflect more renown than he could inherit from the office, by subsequently ascending that dais in the temple of the world's great men, which only belongs to deliverers of nations and martyrs to liberty, and to the reserved seat upon it, which from the beginning had awaited the coming of the emancipator of a race.

¹ N. P. Banks.

² Aiken of South Carolina.

³ I cannot resist the inclination to borrow an answer to my question from a friend eloquent, now, alas! no more, — the Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, — who, like the Cumean sibyl, left his inspired leaves to be scattered by the winds.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT DID HE ACTUALLY DO IN THE CIVIL WAR?—HE ADMINISTERS THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH-EASTERN MISSOURI.

I HAVE hitherto attempted to answer the three questions propounded in the opening paragraph of this biography, which respect the birth, childhood, education, and the preparatory military discipline and experience, of Grant. I now approach the fourth, the weightiest of them all, — what did he actually do in this civil war?

In answering this question, it will not be a primary object with me to dwell minutely upon the exciting details, — the brilliant charge, the volleyed fire, the inflexible resistance, which decided the fortune of many a hardly-contested day. Such delineation would prominently illustrate the heroism of the soldiery, rather than the ability of the commander. I am writing a life, not a history; and my limits restrict me to my special function. My governing purpose will be to indicate the degree of his responsibility, when, in subordinate position, he was carrying out or aiding the campaigns or movements planned by his superiors; to canvass the quality of the expedients which he adopted in the field to execute the conceptions of Frémont, Halleck, and the Secretary of War in the

study. I shall attempt to analyze his system of war. In describing battles, I shall, as heretofore, direct my attention more to the tactical and strategical problems involved in them, than to their fire and fury, their thunder and blood.

When Sir Arthur Wellesley was put in command of an expeditionary force designed to co-operate with the Portuguese in their struggle for national sovereignty, a friend urged him not to accept an inferior command after having marshalled great armies in the East; intimating to him that he would be superseded by superior officers when he reached the theatre of action. Sir Arthur replied in a noble spirit, "I have, as we say in India, eaten of the king's salt; and I will serve his Majesty in whatever situation he may be pleased to place me, be it supreme or inferior." When the news of the bombardment of Sumter, disclosing a conspiracy to dissever our nationality, reached the leather-store of Jesse R. Grant & Co., at Galena, Ill., one of the partners, Ulysses S. Grant by name, closing his book, laying down his pen, and stepping before the counter, said, "I was educated at the expense of my country; and I now intend to repay her." He had, seven years before, flung a military career and martial aspirations to the wind; he had worked with his hands on a farm, and assisted the firm to accumulate a fortune in the leather-trade; he had moderated his ambition to his circumstances, subordinated his wants to his means; he had sedulously avoided party fetters and entanglements; he had voted but once in a presidential election; he had never sought the acquaintance of political demi-gods; the comrades he

had left at Vancouver were his only friends; and he was now living, with his wife and four children, in a cottage on a picturesque hill of Galena, walking to the leather-store, and back to his own house, three or four times a day; saying, as he picked his broken way, "If I am ever mayor of Galena, I will mend this pavement." What is there in the mere glory of war that can lure him from retirement?

On the 13th of April, 1861, he heard the news of the fall of Sumter. On the 14th, he began enrolling recruits; on the 19th, he was drilling his volunteers in the streets; on the 23d, he marched with them to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. When he reached this place, he wrote a letter to the adjutant-general of the State, rehearsing his antecedents, and offering his skill and experience in arms to the governor, "in whatever situation he may be pleased to place me." Having received no reply to this communication, he presented himself in person to Gov. Yates, and solicited military employment. I am happy here to have that distinguished statesman take up the thread of the narrative:—

"In presenting himself to me, he made no reference to any merits, but simply said he had been the recipient of a military education at West Point; and, now that the country was assailed, he thought it his duty to offer his services; and that he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful. I cannot now claim to myself the credit of having discerned in him the promise of great achievements, or the qualities 'which minister to the making of great names,' more than in many

others who proposed to enter the military service. His appearance at first sight is not striking. He had no grand airs, no imposing appearance ; and, I confess, it could not be said he was a form —

“ ‘ Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.’ ”

He was plain, very plain ; but still something — perhaps his plain, straightforward modesty and earnestness — induced me to assign him a desk in the executive office. In a short time, I found him to be an invaluable assistant in my office and in that of the adjutant-general. He was soon after assigned to the command of the six camps of organization and instruction which I had established in the State.

“ Early in June, 1861, I telegraphed him at Covington, Ky. (where he had gone on a brief visit to his father), tendering him the colonelcy of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry, which he promptly accepted ; and on the 15th of June he assumed the command. The regiment had become much demoralized from lack of discipline, and contention in regard to promotions. On this account, Col. Grant, being under marching orders, declined railroad transportation, and, for the sake of discipline, marched them on foot toward the scene of operations in Missouri ; and in a short time he had his regiment under perfect control.”

Upon reaching this destination, he reported to the brigadier in command, and was ordered to the town of Mexico, some forty miles to the north of the Missouri River, where he reduced his volunteers to

shape, and taught them the elementary lessons of battalion-drill. Mexico was in what was then called the Western Department of the Army, under the authority of Major-Gen. Frémont, whose extensive command embraced the State of Illinois and all of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains.

In spite of Grant's limited acquaintance with political leaders, his qualifications for military position had reached the ears of Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, who, for more than twelve years, had represented the Galena district in Congress, but to whom Grant at this time was personally unknown; and upon his recommendation, with the full approval of the colleagues whom he consulted, Grant was commissioned by President Lincoln brigadier-general of volunteers. His commission was to bear date from May, 1861; and the first intimation or knowledge which Grant received of it was through the daily newspapers. As colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois, Grant had been transferred from Mexico to Ironton and subsequently to Jefferson City, with no other military care, thus far, than to drill and discipline his own regiment, and to watch the machinations of the Missouri rebels and partisan gatherings, armed and unarmed, in complicity with treason.

On the 1st of September, 1861, under orders from Gen. Frémont, he assumed the command of the *District of South-east Missouri*, with headquarters at Cairo, where the Ohio debouches into the Mississippi. *Here his personal responsibility for military operations begins.*

Let the reader now take his map in hand, and trace out the geographical boundaries of "the district," as I describe them, and mark with his eye some of the topographical features and prominent points which I shall indicate.

The district embraces not only the part of Missouri from which it takes name, but Southern Illinois, and the parts of Kentucky and Tennessee of which the rebels shall hereafter be dispossessed. The topographical features which I wish to be noted are, that the Mississippi runs through it; and that it embraces the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, and the *conjunction of the Tennessee and the Cumberland with the Ohio*. The points I would have the reader notice are, that *Paducah*, on the Ohio, lies directly at the mouth of the Tennessee; that *Columbus*, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, is one northern terminus of the Ohio and Mobile Railroad; that *Hickman*, on the same bank, by means of a branch road, is another; that *Belmont* is on the western bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite to Columbus; that Island Number Ten lies farther down the Father of Rivers, and controls its channel.

I must also say one word of the political status of 'the district.' Illinois is loyal. Missouri is torn between two hostile factions, convulsed by fraternal strife and the supremacy of the loyal sentiment is far from being a fact established. Tennessee is domineered by rebel proclivities; and Kentucky, while professing to be in the Union, is advocating neutrality so decidedly, and is so imbued with rebel sympathy, that,

in contemplation of cautious strategy, she must be regarded as an armed neutral, awaiting the turn of tide against us to become an open enemy. The important posts Paducah, Columbus, Hickman, are all within the State of Kentucky.

Behold, now, Grant at Cairo, in command, with what I have delineated of his district photographed on his working brain! Behold him! — West-Point education, war-experience in Mexico, patriotic ardor, force, impetus, fire, all melted and fused by long meditation into one bolt! Behold him foreseeing effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes! Behold him —

“Lord of himself, encumbered by no creed”

of the non-coercionist, the Fabianist, the political weather-watcher; yearning to *do* something which shall crush in this district, at least, the new-spawned viper. Remember, too, that such a man, surcharged with convictions, earnestness, sincerity, is held tightly in leash, like a stag-hound of noble blood, by an over-cautious and pragmatistical major-general. It is known that the rebel general, Polk, encouraged by Kentucky neutrality, is even now menacing with a large force the *points d'appui* on the north-western borders of the district. “What shall be done?” asks Grant of himself. “What shall he do?” I ask of you: “seize Paducah: it commands both the Tennessee and the Ohio.”

On the 2d of September, Grant arrived at Cairo; on the 5th, he heard of Polk's demonstration, and forthwith telegraphed the fact to the Kentucky

legislature, and to his commanding general for instructions; saying to the latter, "I am getting ready to start for Paducah; will start at six and a half o'clock:" and, later in the afternoon, "I am now ready for Paducah, should not telegram arrive preventing the movement."¹ He receives no reply. At early dawn on the morning of the 6th of September, as the rebel general, Tilghman, was drilling recruits in camp at Paducah, he sees the steamer "Mound City" covered with blue-coats, the stars and stripes at the gaff, looming out of the fog which had settled on the Ohio. He abdicates immediately, and hurries off with his volunteers by railroad to the south. Gen. Grant marches a detachment ashore, takes possession of the rebel munitions of war, and proclaims, among other things, "I am here to defend you against the enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your government. *I have nothing to do with opinions*, and shall deal only with armed rebellion, and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command."² Gen. Grant leaves a garrison at Paducah, and by twelve o'clock is on his return to Cairo, where he finds permission from Frémont "to move on Paducah if

¹ Badeau's Military History of Grant, pp. 11, 12.

² Rebellion Record, iii. p. 18.

he feels strong enough." Having thus, self moved, saved this important point and the free navigation of the Ohio, a reward of merit forthwith follows: Frémont sends Gen. Smith into "the district" to take command of Paducah, with orders "to report directly to the *major-general*;" and rebukes Grant for communicating with the Kentucky legislature. In addition to the military fruits of this impromptu and self-advised movement, the political results are not to be despised; for it instantly silences the neutral minstrelsy in Kentucky, and encourages the loyal party there in self-assertion and decision. I cannot pass from it without noting, that, whatever else may be lacking in that plain and reticent man who is stationed at Cairo in command of this district, he has a keen eye, a hand rather prompt in action, and strategical germs in his brain which are somewhat promising.

But in our survey of Grant's district, next to Paducah, the eye rests on Columbus. Shall the enemy here bar the Mississippi, menace every position of ours, and hold the terminus of a railroad which passes through the semi-neutral States into the Gulf States, intersecting every communication from here to Mobile Bay? "No," says Grant. When first ordered to the district, and before he had assumed its command, he urged Frémont, with all his strength, to occupy Columbus and Hickman forthwith, as of vast importance, not only from their relation to Cairo and St. Louis, but to the whole Southern Confederacy. The major-general, however, was too much occupied with his "body-guard," and the fascinating ceremonials of

his position, to heed the advice. Before Grant is three days at Cairo, he learns, to his disgust, that both Hickman and Columbus are occupied by the columns of Polk. Unable to rest quietly under such a disaster, within four days after his return from Paducah he earnestly entreats permission from his commanding general to drive the enemy from these towns; but no reply is vouchsafed to this request, or to any other application to make movements aggressive. It is perfectly apparent that the superior intends to hold his subordinate in hand, and that Grant continually chafes at the bit; but he does not fret himself into a useless heat. With his wonted composure, he adapts himself to circumstances, and absorbs his mind in securing, beyond peradventure, the region which holds the confluence of four important rivers, from any hostile enterprise. He devotes himself also to organizing the volunteers at Cairo — now amounting to twenty thousand men — into brigades and divisions: he teaches these heavy organizations to form line of battle and to change front. These complicated manœuvres had been mastered but by few officers east or west; and Grant's own proficiency in them was entirely due to the Mexican War.

By the first of November, it became apparent to Frémont that Columbus was the fruitful source of disquietude to his entire department; and his perception of this truth is wonderfully quickened by the fact, that it is now pouring re-enforcements into the army of Price, who is confronting him in South-eastern Missouri. He at length gives permission to Grant to demonstrate against it. Grant immediately

moves down the river with four regiments of infantry, a section of artillery, a squadron of cavalry, — twenty-eight hundred men in all. His object is threefold, — a reconnoissance in force, a check to reinforcements, and a trial of the mettle of his raw volunteers. He debarks his troops at Hunter's Point, on the Missouri shore.¹

It is just daylight. He stations a battalion at some distance as a reserve, and also as guard to the transports; and with the remainder of his command advances a mile towards Belmont, where he suddenly finds himself confronting a fortified camp of the enemy. What was intended for a demonstration, now became an engagement. The blood of the men and the officers is up; and although it is clear, that, if Belmont is carried, it cannot be held for an instant, for it is under the guns of Columbus, yet to have declined an engagement would have demoralized the men, and have impaired all confidence in their commander. No: the time has come; the hour is at hand. For the first time, the volunteers form battle-line in presence of the foe. The troops are firm but all untried; the men charged with pluck, but wild as the wild ass's wildest colt; the officers are full grown and stalwart in determination, but mere sucklings at the breast in war. McClernand is here to join in a high debate undreamed of by the bar and hustings; Dougherty is here, fresh from the stump and the barbecue, skilled only to lead a political Israel; Rawlins is here on the staff of Grant, yet to serve by his side in blasts to which this before him is as

¹ Nov. 8, 1861.

the zephyr's breath to the tempest's roar, unconscious now that this Belmont acorn shall branch at Vicksburg, and overshadow the Wilderness; Logan is here, his dark eye yielding fire, his swart face of more than Italian beauty lighted, as it were, by a slant beam from full-orbed, but yet unrisen victories.

Grant advances with the skirmishers to reconnoitre, and to feel the enemy. He finds the country dotted with the gnarled survivors of a forest, laid low by the wear of ages and the more devouring axe of the pioneer; and in his front one of those sloughs of despond which cools the ardor of an excited line yearning to move forward. Behind both is the enemy, neatly aligned, with artillery lowering from his centre, and protected by an abatis formed of the fallen monarchs of the wood; and beyond, towering above the bristling fence-work of melancholy gray, the streamers and white minarets of the tented city; and far below, seated on the mighty river, Belmont, and the picturesque colonnades of the three-decked steamers; while, from the opposite bank, Columbus the Titan overlooks the scene. The problem is a simple one. "I must search for an opening," he says, "between those sloughs, and disperse that array in front of the camp." He returns to his own battle-line, and gives the order to advance over the only solid approach which can be found. Deploying through this opening, or floundering through the mire and struggling with the underbrush, our battle-line steadily advances, received at every step by volleys of musketry, and by artillery too (for six pieces of cannon are bearing on it), gallantly led by their officers: for Grant is

always up with the foremost skirmishers ; and McClelland and Dougherty and Logan, in advance of their regiments, leading on with gesticulating sword, and with appeal and exhortation, as was their wont when the breastworks of the opposition were to be stormed, and a hotly-contested election triumphantly carried. With much toil, with great constancy, with a vast expenditure of oratorical breath, through marsh, brake, brier, bullets, grape and canister, these untried freemen of Illinois and Iowa charge the abatis, carry the fortified camp, capture the artillery, and drive the enemy to the landing below the crest.

Now the wildness of the troops and the verdancy of the officers were conspicuously exhibited : the election has been won, and an oration, of course, must ensue. They are disorganized by victory. Even Badeau, in his cautious and unemotional pages, asserts, "that instead of pursuing the enemy, as he huddled and crouched under the river's bank, they set about plundering ; while their colonels, equally raw, shouted, and made stump-speeches for the Union." Meanwhile the man not particularly given to windy eloquence perceives that steamers are plying between Columbus and Belmont, with their triple decks crowded with re-enforcing gray-jackets ; and he becomes anxious to return to Hunter's Point before the enemy impertinently obtrudes upon this grand celebration. He wedges his steed into the thick of the crowd, and by dint of will tears it asunder. He speaks in sharp, curt phrase to officers and men, calling them by name. He sets fire to the enemy's camp, the chief source of this frantic inspiration, and dragoons the men into

their ranks. Columbus now begins to shower shot upon the ardor of the rejoicing crowd; and the necessity of discipline, and the safety there is in the serried rank, becomes apparent even to the most jubilant soldier. The regiments now form with alacrity, and commence their return-march to the transports.

The disorganized forces which had been hurled over the crest, finding that no notice was taken of them gradually formed themselves in soldierly array, and, augmented by three regiments which the steamboats had passed over from Columbus, were now creeping along under the bank, to interpose between our troops and the transports. Emerging from the trees and underbrush, Grant finds the discomfited foe again in line of battle between him and Hunter's Point. The troops, so ready for premature exultation, are now as unnecessarily depressed, exclaiming, "We are surrounded!" and presuming that the sole resource is surrender. It was not so with him in command. He storms through the ranks, and, on a fit occasion for the exercise of tongue-power, uses it with a vengeance; pealing from his merciless lips orders and imprecation joined, "Charge them, boys! we have thrashed the rascals once, and can do it again." The coolness and determination of the leader inspires every man in the ranks with his own contempt of death; and the wavering line stiffens once more, and charges again with redoubled impetus the outnumbering foe, which in this second assault, unprotected by abatis, easily yields to the steady and vigorous pressure of our re-animat-ed men. For the second time, his line is broken, his troops dispersed; again he is driven in confusion over

the crest, and to the river-bank. The gunboats participate in the affair, and contribute to its success. Grant perceives that the three-deckers are still busy in crowding re-enforcements upon this bank, and that there is every prospect that the enemy will rally for a third attack, and therefore pushes on to the point. He orders the troops to re-embark, throwing out at the same time a detachment to gather up and bring in the wounded, personally supervising, and aiding with his own hands, the men in this merely mechanical employment, passing constantly between the transports and the scene of the last struggle, — the incarnation of mind brought to bear on battle. Having seen the main body aboard, Grant, accompanied by a single staff officer, hastened to order in the battalion which had been stationed as a reserve, and which he presumed to be now covering the company in the field which was collecting the wounded, when he found that even these troops, participating in the general inexperience, had withdrawn to the boats, without orders, although they were under the protection of the convoy. Casting his eye around, he sees that the foe — again rallied — is extending his left with the intent of cutting off the transports. Polk, with a large force, is between Grant and his brigade, and is now pelting with slaughtering fire the blue mass of sentient beings on the steamers, — their easy target. The detachment in search of the wounded, and the main body, cannot both be saved ; and Grant was driven to a compromise. He turns slowly, and rides unostentatiously towards the landing, that he may not attract rebel civilities : as he approaches, he touches with the rowel the flank

of his roan, which, sliding down the bank on its haunches, as if conscious of its master's peril, trots with sure foot over the gangway plank, just as it is being hauled in to move the crowded steamers out of range of the rebel musketry. The gunboats now steam to the rescue, taking position at the distance of sixty yards from the rebel columns, and, bringing their guns to bear, load the fields with swaths and windrows of corpses and wounded men.

Stripped of rhetoric and romance, of the mythical adventures of its unfledged heroes, of the animated dialogue with which sensation writers have invested it, this was the whole of the battle of Belmont. I give the casualties, and the numbers engaged, in a note.¹ Criticism assailed it at the time on the false assumption that Grant intended to effect a permanent lodgement at Belmont, and was defeated in the undertaking. He would have hardly attempted such a project, in the face of Columbus, with his twenty-eight hundred men; and it will require some impudence to revamp this cavil now, when the orders under which he acted are spread upon the record, and clearly show the restricted purposes of the expe-

¹ "At Belmont, Grant lost four hundred and eighty-five men in killed, wounded, and missing. A hundred and twenty-five of his wounded fell into the hands of the rebels. He carried off a hundred and seventy-five prisoners and two guns, and spiked four other pieces; three of these last were left behind, because drawn by hand; and the other had an inefficient team. About seven thousand rebels were engaged; and Polk sustained a loss of six hundred and forty-two men. By their own showing, the rebels had twice as many troops as Grant, and lost one-third more. If any re-enforcements were to be sent to Price, they were by this operation detained; and the movement of Oglesby was entirely protected. The enemy also remained concentrated thereafter at Columbus, lest another and more serious attack should follow."—*Badeau's Military History of Grant.*

dition. Upon this ground, too, the rebels gazetted it as one of their triumphs. The assumption is hardly vindicated by their overwhelming superiority in force, and by what Gen. Scott was in the habit of calling the "butcher's bill" at the foot of the page, and in the face, too, of the demonstrated objects of the expedition. The simple truth is, that its three-fold aim was more than secured. As a reconnoissance, it disclosed that the enemy had erected river-batteries at Columbus, and occupied Belmont; as a demonstration, it prevented re-enforcements from being sent to Price, for Polk forthwith concentrated upon Columbus, in daily expectation of a more serious attack; as a test of the troops under fire, it surpassed expectations, for it taught them that nothing was wanting but experience to make them as stanch before the foe as Cæsar's Tenth Legion, or Napoleon's Old Guard. Moreover, as a lesson to Grant, it confirmed him in a maxim which became a living force during the rest of the war, and an essential part of his fighting system,—"When both parties are undisciplined, nothing is gained by a procrastinating drill, because the enemy improves as fast as yourself, and the manifold advantages of promptness are sacrificed." I have seen a letter from Grant to his father, penned shortly after the battle of Belmont, which breathes the full spirit of Napoleon's noble utterance,—"When soldiers have been baptized in the battle-fire, they have all one rank in my eyes."

I have detailed only the operations in this district which Gen. Grant himself initiated and executed. The affair which I have just recounted was the last

enterprise in which he was permitted to engage while under the command of Gen. Frémont. Before concluding this page of his biography, I have nothing to add but the views which he expressed, when Gen. Polk solicited an exchange of prisoners; showing signally, that even at this early period, when the implied recognition of belligerent rights, disguised in such an overture, was not as clear to many shrewd statesmen as it is at present, that Gen. Grant was not to be entrapped into any subtle, metaphysical net. He declined the offer peremptorily, saying, "I recognize no Southern Confederacy myself, but will communicate with higher authorities for their views. Should I not be sustained, I will find means of communicating with you."

CHAPTER VII.

HE BREAKS THE ENEMY'S CENTRE AT FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

[FEBRUARY, MARCH, APRIL, 1862.]

WE speedily enter upon a field of operations larger in their sweep, of greater magnitude, and more complicated in their varied relations, than the narrow limits of the South-Eastern District of Missouri will tolerate. I think that it must be admitted, that, thus far, Grant has brought some mind to bear on war ; that he has infused some energy into the service ; and that he has administered the military affairs under his charge with a single eye to the good of the cause, and with all the vigor which was permitted him by his superior. It will be soon seen that one act which he performed without authority contributed largely to the first effectual blow which treason received.

Two days after the affair at Belmont, Frémont was superseded by Major-Gen. Henry W. Halleck. Some changes were forthwith made in the boundaries of the Western Military Department, with which this biography is no further concerned than to note that the jurisdiction of Halleck covers the part of Kentucky west of the Cumberland ; while the part of the same State east of the same river, with all of Tennessee, is apportioned to the Department of Ohio,

which was assigned to Brig.-Gen. Don Carlos Buell, whose headquarters were at Louisville. I call attention to this partition of authority, because some of Grant's prospective movements will carry him into both of these departments.

I am obliged to say that the change of command over Grant brought no change in the unadventurous system which previously prevailed in the Western Department. The new commander was no more enterprising than Frémont; as much of a martinet, but less of a military fop; and persisted, like the old, in the *dilettante* style, of dictating from the study the operations of the field. Neither of them had a very lively perception that this state of things under their eyes was war; and they had as little sympathy with the temper of volunteers as if they had been born on the steps of a throne, and inherited command as a birthright.

Grant is still a subordinate officer merely, and can only be held responsible for operations which were adopted upon his suggestion, and for his mode of executing the orders of his superiors.

I do not, of course, intend to intimate by this distinction that he is not amenable to all the articles of war, and to the rules and regulations of the War Department. I should also notice in this connection that the naval service in the West, which was fast rising into importance by the introduction of armored vessels of light draught, which could navigate all the channels and sweep all the alluvial shores, was, for the purpose of securing more harmonious co-operation with the army, placed under the control of Halleck.

The new general confirms Grant in his command, but denominates it the District of Cairo, and disposes of the conflict of authority by a special order annexing Paducah. Grant immediately improves the annexation by seizing Smithlands, at the mouth of the Cumberland, on the Kentucky side. It clearly intimates what is revolving in his mind.

I have already said, that, from the start, Grant yearns to do something; to strike stunning blows and repeat, before rebellion is resalient from the shock.

It will soon appear that he was a minute-man also, ready to march at the word; and in this respect a most signal exception to the dilatory generals who ruled the hour. For the first two months under Halleck, he is again kept at organization and drill; and how repulsive it is to his spirit you can learn from his maxim, "No procrastinating drill when both belligerents are undisciplined." It was the era of everlasting preparation, unending delays, wearisome to every ardent soldier, and rasping to the public mind. "Do nothing" was a power in the State under McClellan the Unready. The roads of Virginia were impassable to every thing, save rebel columns; there were no shoes, except on the feet of ubiquitous guerrillas; no transportation, save in the lively armies of Lee and Johnson. McClellan was drilling around Washington; Halleck was drilling around St. Louis; Buell at Louisville; and the man "who won battles in his head before he won them in the field," — the man of all others best fitted to educate the War Department in the business of carrying on war, — shut out from

its councils, was drilling at Cairo; everybody from Dan to Beersheba was kept upon the drill. The exasperation of the nation at this protracted inactivity in the field was only held from defiant uproar by the confident assurance of Sir Oracle, "An astounding stroke of strategy is coming, which will demolish rebellion in an instant." The Republic seems to be in the hands of men drowned in details, whose heads were a mile from their hands; too cautious themselves to move on the enemy's works, too headstrong to let their subordinates move.

Columbus, to which attention has been frequently called, had now become a stronghold, garnished with one hundred and forty guns, planted on the Father of Waters, and styled impregnable. It absolutely commands the Mississippi River,—God's own magnificent road-gift to the nation. Behind its defences lies an army of upwards of twenty thousand men, which covers, as with wings, every trembling hamlet in this quarter of the Confederacy. Columbus, on the Mississippi, is the extreme and apparently invincible left of the enemy's gigantic line of posts, the extreme right of which must be looked for some hundred miles to the east at Bowling Green, on the Big Barren River in Kentucky. Here was the army of Johnston, second to none in the service of treason. Here was the intersection of the great lines of railroad communication, reaching from Richmond to New Orleans, penetrating every portion of the rebel domain, ramifying throughout Kentucky and Tennessee,—the heart, in fact, which made itself felt on every acre of the Confederacy from centre to circumference.

By command of these interior arteries and veins of transportation, Johnston could impetuously throw his myrmidons in every direction, to Richmond, before McClellan could crawl to Yorktown; to Baton Rouge, almost as soon as we could reach it from New Orleans; and to every intermediate post which needed re-enforcement: and thus Bowling Green was at this juncture an omnipresent power, clothed in terror, and riding on the wings of the wind. Still farther to the right of Bowling Green, in a mountain region almost resistless in itself, was another strong army under Zollicoffer, hovering over the entire region between Johnston's right and the western acclivity of the Alleghanies. Thus one hand of Rebellion is on the mountain, and the other on the Mississippi. Conceive, then, a line one hundred and fifty miles in length, resting upon the Alleghanies, extending to Bowling Green, to Nashville, to Elkton, to Forts Henry and Donelson, and reposing, finally, on the unassailable works of Columbus; and you will have a faint idea of that stupendous range of barriers which guards the northern approach to the semi-neutral States. Conceive this chain of posts, an actual, impenetrable, living line of armed men, and you will have a vague impression of its wonderful adaptation to all the purposes of war,—to assault and to defence, to the invasion of the border, and to the protection of the cotton, States.

I have described, in some detail, the extremities of this immense breastwork. I must now call particular attention to its centre. The sole natural avenue of an invading army from the North into Tennessee

and Kentucky, for which both belligerents are now struggling, was by means of two navigable rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland; the former intersecting both States, and the latter penetrating both as far as Nashville. As if physical geography was in complicity with the rebel, and aiding his causes, their channels converge within twelve miles of each other, near the geographical centre of the two States, and near the middle of the line of defence with which I am now chiefly concerned. Here, at the nearest points of approximation, military science has stationed Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, and Fort Henry on the Tennessee, strong as the genius and resources of the engineer can make them, and mounted with the best ordnance in the world. That I may not seem to exaggerate the importance, in a military aspect, of this narrow tongue of land between these converging channels, nor the strength of the sentinels which had been detailed to defend it, I wish to quote from the most reliable authority upon Gen. Grant's campaigns.

“Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, completely commanded the navigation, and stood like great barred gateways against any advance of the national armies. Their sites had been selected with care; they had been elaborately fortified; and large garrisons were stationed to defend them. They covered the great railroad line of communication from east to west, through the border States; and their possession determined the fate of Kentucky and Tennessee.”¹

¹ Badeau, p. 23.

The transcendent importance of breaking this line was recognized by the inveterate do-nothings at Washington; and various schemes for accomplishing it are dreamily meandering through their dazed and bewildered brains. McClellan was impressed with the idea of attacking it in East Tennessee; Buell was aiming to cut it at Nashville, "because it is unfortified;" and orders issued by Halleck to Grant indicate an inchoate attempt to storm it at Columbus: but, if any systematized method was matured of decrepitating it from end to end by battering down the keystone, it remains hidden in the archives of the Department. Now, what military officer first propounded the plan to charge, McDonald like, through the centre, turn both wings, and crackle into atoms this obdurate breakwater against the inflowing tides of Northern loyalty? I answer, Ulysses S. Grant; and I pronounce it the grandest strategical idea which the war had yet brought forth.

Forecasting early that the mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland were, in some way, vital to the rebellion-problem, he had seized the one at Paducah, and the other at Smithlands. On the 6th of January, 1862, he telegraphed to Halleck for permission to visit headquarters, and submit to him a project for capturing and holding Forts Henry and Donelson. Receiving no answer, he repeated the request on the 20th. On the 22d, he started for Halleck's office, eager to seize all chances for the national glory and welfare; and having reached it on the 23d, spread before him the details of a combined army and navy movement for breaking down the "barred

gateway" between the Tennessee and the Cumberland.

"Warfare is so anxious and complex a business, that, against every vigorous movement, heaps of reasons can forever be found; and if a man is so cold a lover of battle as to have no stronger guide than the poor balance and counter-balance of the arguments and counter-arguments which he addresses to his troubled spirit, his mind, driven first one way and then another, will oscillate, or even revoke; turning miserably on its own axis, and making no movement straight forward."¹ Such was Halleck's temper when Grant submitted his proposal. "No reasons" in favor of such a "complex business" as storming two forts could move this "cold lover of battle." He finds "argument and counter-argument" against the "vigorous movement" proposed, and silences the projector "so quickly and sharply, that Grant said no more on the matter, and went back to Cairo with the idea that his commander thought him guilty of a great military blunder."² But the idea will not down at his bidding: it is rolling through his mind by night, and growing as it rolls; gathering round it the mighty consequences dormant in its success. As Halleck's sneers were chiefly directed against the magnitude of the undertaking, he once more temptingly presents the bait, piecemeal, telegraphing him, on the 8th of January, "With permission, I will take and hold Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there." To make assurance doubly sure, he backs up his telegram with a letter by next

¹ Kingslake's *Crimean War*, p. 525.

² Badeau, p. 26.

day's mail, in which he says, "In view of the large force now concentrating in this district, and the present feasibility of the plan, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of reducing Fort Henry, near the Kentucky and Tennessee line, and holding the position. If this is not done soon, there is but little doubt that the defences both on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers will be materially strengthened. From Fort Henry it will be easy to operate either on the Cumberland (only twelve miles distant), Memphis, or Columbus. It will, besides, have a moral effect upon our troops to advance thence towards the rebel States. The advantages of this move are as perceptible to the general commanding as to myself: therefore further statements are unnecessary." ¹

There was one stout old sailor and patriot who believed that the Rebellion was to be crushed rather by earnest fighting than by political legerdemain. Grant contrives to magnetize Admiral Foote with the grandeur and practicability of his ideas; and the admiral unites with him in begging Halleck to permit "Commanding General Grant and myself" to carry and permanently occupy Fort Henry on the Tennessee; until, finally, the major-general's mind "ceases to oscillate," "revoke," "turn miserably on its own axis;" and his perturbed spirit finds repose by giving the reluctant order, "Forward, Foote and Grant!"

I said, half a dozen pages back, that Grant was always yearning "to do something," and also that he "was a minute-man." I have proved, I think, the first of these assertions: I will now prove the second.

¹ Badeau, p. 27.

On the 30th of January, Halleck gave permission to attack the forts, and sent detailed instructions. On the 1st of February, Grant received them; on the 2d, he started from Cairo with seventeen thousand men in transports; on the 4th, he began debarkation at Bailey's Ferry, three miles below Fort Henry; and by eleven o'clock, on the night of the 5th, the landing of his troops was completed.

On the morning of the 6th, the man who originated this great enterprise begins to translate his brave thoughts into braver deeds. The Tennessee, upon its nearest approach here to its sister stream, deflects suddenly to the west, as if it is spreading an arm to embrace her; and in the semicircle thus formed is seated Fort Henry, holding in the grasp of a raking fire the channel below it, which, by this felicity of position, is obliged to run perpendicular to its river faces and angles. It is a full-bastioned field-work, presenting to the channel twelve guns admirably placed for the disturbance of an advancing fleet. On a commanding eminence, about a mile from the fort, was a fortified camp of the enemy, strong in natural position, and protected by embankments and abatis, connected with rifle-pits at the prolongations of the principal front. No prudent assailant can afford to neglect these outposts; for they control the road to Donelson by which re-enforcements may be sent. The approaches, moreover, both to the camp and the fort, are further embarrassed by creeks, which, in this season of freshet, would alone almost forbid an infantry attack. On the western bank of the Tennessee, and diagonally opposite to Fort Henry, is

an auxiliary redan, called Fort Hieman, upon the summit of a bluff overlooking all the defences on the eastern side of the river.

These formidable works are garrisoned by twenty-eight hundred men, commanded by the same Gen. Tilghman who presented to Grant, at Paducah, the same view which Broglie and Soubise did to the rejoicing Frederick at Rosbach. There was every reason to anticipate a persistent and protracted resistance at this very threshold of Grant's adventure. One element essential to his success in the present undertaking is, that these works shall be carried at once as the base of ulterior operations; for, so long as he remains in the open field, he is liable at any moment to be overwhelmed, either from Columbus, Donelson, or Bowling Green. The gunboats are here to co-operate, and a sudden dash is their law of action. Another essential element is, that the works I have delineated must be completely invested; for they are too strong to be carried by a *coup de main*, and the issues at stake are too momentous to warrant any departure from the most guarded mode of procedure.¹ Thus one element is clamorous for despatch; the other for delay. Grant therefore wisely determines upon an immediate attack, with as perfect an investment as time will permit. Accordingly, on the night of the 5th, Smith's brigade is thrown over the river to invest Fort Heiman; and McClelland's columns are ordered to move on the morning of the 6th, and occupy the road to Donelson and Dover.

¹ I see by Halleck's instructions that Grant was ordered "fully to invest" Fort Henry.

Let me now, for a moment, glance at the task imposed upon Foote, and the implements with which he is furnished to accomplish it. He confronts twelve pieces of rifled cannon, charged with those modern projectiles which, if they can but pierce a ship's side, instantly convert it either into tinder-box or steam-chest. He has with him seven vessels in all; but only four of them can presume to face artillery which deals in explosive shells. The Essex, Carondelet, Cincinnati, and St. Louis are iron-plated on their bows alone; and each of them, of course, in paying her respects to the enemy, must ride head to the fort, and use only her single bow-gun, without any assistance from her broadsides. It is therefore twelve guns afloat against twelve guns ashore. The wooden walls of the Conestoga, Tyler, and Lexington are mere egg-shells in such an affray.

As Foote faces his antagonist, he perceives that Panther Island, which is heavily wooded, divides the river into two streams, and that the channel on his left is impassable at low water, but now, at its flood, that his vessels can easily ride it. The channel at the right is the main one, which the fort's batteries were more particularly designed to sweep. The island is but a mile and a half from the fort; and, with the exception of the protection which it may afford, he will be, for nearly three miles, in the full play of a devastating fire.

After this survey, he self-communed thus: "I will steer by the left channel, because it is the least exposed; I will ride head to the fort, because I am iron-plated only on my prows; I will move with my iron-

clads abreast, because I can thus most effectually employ my twelve bow-guns; I will order my three wooden ships to keep astern, under cover of the iron-clads, to hug the shore for additional shelter, and to shower the enemy's parapet with shrapnel and grape." In conformity with these conclusions, his orders are issued, and his dispositions made; and having facetiously urged Gen. Grant to hurry up his blue-coats, saying, "I shall capture the fort before your land-lubbers reach it," he goes aboard the flagship, and awaits the signal to move. Smith's brigade is already in position; and, as the gunboats lift anchor, McClelland's columns, to the enlivening airs of their bands, step cheerfully forward.

Foote cautiously feels his way through the shallow channel at the left of the island, and soon emerges into the open river at the head of it, in unobstructed range of Henry, a mile and a quarter on the port-bow. Here the *St. Louis*, *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, *Essex*, deploy into line in the order which I have named them, from the right to the left. The wooden boats, far abaft, seek every shelter which the nature of the bank affords. Steadily abreast, the sturdy flotilla advances slowly, that they may not outmarch the columns of McClelland. When at a distance of seventeen hundred yards, there is thunder in the mountains: for the *St. Louis*, *Cincinnati*, and *Carondelet* are hurling at the fort heavy shell from their eight-inch Dahlgrens; while an eighty-pound shell shrieks from the pivoted monster on the *St. Louis*; and the *Lexington*, *Tyler*, and *Conestoga*, from a secure position, are sprinkling the battlements with

an iron hail, small but penetrating. The rebels are not slow in responding; and compliments are rapidly interchanged between fort and fleet as the firing becomes general. Disorder soon appears in the rebel camp outside, quite surprising to the naval officers, who had anticipated steadier nerves. At the first salute of the Cincinnati, a profound sensation is produced; but, at the fourth round, a motley and panic-struck rabble pour out of the intrenchments, on their way to Donelson. A portion of them, blind with frenzy, seize a steamboat lying in the creek, and rush down the river, into the very teeth of the fleet. A single broadside would have sunk them; but Foote scorns such victims: he was one of those commanders who do not, in the battle, forget the campaign; he is after the fort.

The troops of McClernand, which were sent on their way to cut off a retreat to Donelson, held back by the freshet-swollen creeks; by the roads, which were mortar-beds; by the clay soil of the bottoms, soaked both by torrents of rain and inundation, and adhesive as shoemaker's wax,—had not half reached their point of destination, when the first boom of the Cincinnati startles them into a half-halt, only to spring forward "double-quick," galvanized by the cheering sound. It is the longest road they ever travelled. The *détour* through the wood which they make, the creeks which they ford, the muddy swamps they wallow through, the slippery hills which they surmount, bring them no nearer to the fort; and they vow it recedes like a will-o'-the-wisp. The four boats abreast falter not, but advance within six hundred yards, where they

can see the smoke as it belches from the enemy's muzzles, mark the gunner as he pulls the cock, and the sand-bags and gabions knocked about by their own fire. It was here that a twenty-four-pound shot found a penetrable spot on the port-bow of the Essex, and crashed through the heavy oak-casings into her middle boiler. With the hiss of a loosened fiend, the scalding steam displaces the harmless and impalpable breath of heaven ; boiling water deluges the shrieking tars, appalled by this new and frightful enemy. Twenty-eight of the crew are boiled to the bone ; and you may see, until to-day, the impress of the blistering vapor on the manly face of Porter the commander. The Essex drops down the stream disabled, like a spent steed struggling homeward ; but, unmoved by the terrible fate of their consort, the three survivors move steadily on, "head to the fort." Porter has gone ; but Foote is still left, and Walke, Stemple, Paulding ; scores, too, of unchronicled and nameless heroes,—the grim gunner at the bows ; the smutched powder-monkey in the magazines ; the ruddy stoker and firemen in the sweltering hold ; the pilots, who, with eye clear and arm steady, aim these arsenals of wrath ; and hundreds of other men without a name, faithful all to country, as if they were not to be soon forgotten and despised,—each armed hand a legion.

" No thought of flight,
None of retreat ; no unbecoming deed
That argued fear : each on himself relied
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory."

The sprightly fire which this disaster evokes from

the rebel batteries, and the heavy shot which now frequently strike the plated pilot-houses, hardly surprise the commodore and the pilots "into a grunt," as one writer describes it. Not an inch does either boat deflect from the target which all now most assiduously address, until, at shorter range, they tear up the embankment, dismantle the barbette guns, knock all embrasures into one, and annihilate the cannoneers. The rifled gun of the fort bursts; an eighty-pound shell from the St. Louis dismounts another, killing every gunner that served it; while the missiles from the fort rebound from the iron prows like peppercorns. Such close quarters were not dreamed of in Tilghman's philosophy; and when the admiral, with his invulnerable bows, runs in close enough to board him, his slackening fire betrays that oscillation of mind which precedes surrender. Within an hour and twelve minutes from the first gun, the rebel flag is down.

Neither commander anticipated so rapid a reduction of the forts. McClelland's columns, struggling through mud-pudding of almost immeasurable depth, hear the lull and the final cessation of the storm. What does it mean? have the gunboats been driven back? — are the questions which leap to all lips. That the fortifications upon which the science and labor of the South had been for months employed should yield after such brief resistance, and before infantry regiments could wade through eight miles of mud, is a conjecture too inconceivable to be entertained. And yet a messenger comes galloping through the slime with the intelligence that it is even so; and

upon his heels another mud-bespattered scout, who cries, "The rebels are forming battle-line on the hill!" and still a third, who throws up his hat with the exultant shout, "The rascals are running to the Cumberland!" The fort had surrendered at discretion; the working garrison, with the general and his staff, are captives. The main body, in the outworks, were in full retreat before McClellan's advance cuts the Donelson Road.

Napoleon once said, "If the Alps be impassable, 'there shall be no Alps,' will be the order of the day." If Grant could have disposed of the mud by this summary process, he might have reached the camp in time to have grabbed the fugitives. But this would not have availed him, nor would a delay of the attack; for we now learn by Gen. Tilghman's report to the rebel Secretary of War, that he had ordered the retreat of the main body early in the morning, — not by the Donelson, but by the "Stewart Road."¹

Halleck, in the instructions which he gave Grant prior to his leaving Cairo, says not a word about Donelson. His directions exclusively relate to the capture and security of Henry. The day after the reduction, Grant pushed his cavalry to within four

¹ "My infantry, artillery, and cavalry, removed, of necessity, to avoid the fire of the gunboats, to the outworks, could not meet the enemy there. My only chance was to delay the enemy every moment possible, and retire the command, now outside the main work, towards Fort Donelson; resolving to suffer as little loss as possible. I retained only the heavy artillery company to fight the guns, and gave the order to commence the movement at once. . . . My order being to retreat by way of *Stewart Road*. . . . I ordered Col. Heiman to join his command, and keep up the retreat in good order, whilst I would fight the guns as long as one was left, and sacrifice myself to save the main body of my troops." — *Tilghman's Report*

miles of the Cumberland; and the telegram which announces to his superior the fall of Henry says, "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th." And on the same afternoon he issues an order to all the troops "to be ready to move at an early hour on the 8th, with two days' rations in their haversacks, and without encumbrances." But he was prevented for three days from offensive operations, — not by the roads merely, which are never impassable to Grant, but by the inundation of the narrow strip of land between the Tennessee and the Cumberland. During these three days, Halleck is active in pushing forward re-enforcements, — a duty which he ought to have performed with vigor and alacrity; for it was his sole part, either in the design or execution, of the campaign. His telegrams cautiously evade any recognition of his subordinate's intimation about the capture of Donelson; and he is so silent upon such an important movement, that I should have presumed that he did not know of it, if I had not seen one of his contemporary telegrams to Buell, to this effect, "Grant expects to take Fort Donelson on the 8th." During these three days, "big with the future," Halleck is profuse with orders which relate to the defence of Fort Henry, to holding it "at all hazards," to the destruction of the bridges by which it may be reached, to the "shovels and picks" which are on their way to strengthen it, "to arranging the redan" so as to resist a land-attack, to the "transfer of guns" from the river to the land front, to "impress slaves if necessary to secure your position;" but not a word, syllable, or hint about the advance upon Donelson.

Indeed, the orders of Halleck and those of Grant during these three days illustrate more forcibly than a "set discourse" the difference in the character of these two officers. While Halleck is laying out defensive work enough to have employed the corps at Fort Henry for three months, Grant is entirely absorbed by the offensive. While Halleck is thinking of nothing but fortifying, Grant is thinking of nothing but "moving on the enemy's works." While the major-general, in his study, is only concerned in the protection of the fort already reduced, the brigadier-general, in the field, with his eye only on the fort to be won, is pushing out his cavalry to the Cumberland; ordering his troops to be ready to move; telegraphing to Foote, "I am only delaying for the return of the gunboats;" and finally, without waiting either for them or the re-enforcements on their way, oblivious alike of "bridges," "redans," "water-fronts and land-fronts," "shovels and picks," "slaves," Fort Henry itself, on the morning of the 11th moves McClelland's brigade four miles towards Donelson, and on the morning of the 12th marches thitherward himself, with fifteen thousand men, leaving but twenty-five hundred to garrison the works on the Tennessee. By noon of the same day, his squadron of cavalry drive in the enemy's pickets; and by night his skirmishers envelop the works upon the Cumberland. Said I not truly of Grant at Cairo, that he was a noble stag-hound "in leash"? said I not truly that he was ready "to translate brave thoughts into braver deeds"? need I say more to prove that Grant was "a minute-man"?

CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1862.		REMARKS.
Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Donelson Week.
Twelfth.	Wednesday.	Grant reaches Donelson.
Thirteenth.	Thursday.	Invested.
Fourteenth.	Friday.	Bombarded.
Fifteenth.	Saturday.	Stormed.
Sixteenth.	Sunday.	Surrendered.
Seventeenth.	Monday.	Occupied.
Eighteenth.	Tuesday.	Grant Major-General.

I shall name the day of the week only, in the journal which follows.

Thursday opens with good omen, clear and sparkling; disclosing the neighborhood of the fort broken into cañons and ravines, and bordered, near the river, by half-precipitous bluffs with the rugged and rocky sides which the chamois loves. The country has once been well-wooded, and still a narrow, semicircular belt of forest marks the jungle where lurk the enemy's rifle-pits; but in front of it there is a wide margin of broken land, cleared of the heavy timber, but with the small trees, half severed at the height of a man's breast, bent down outward into a rude abatis, vexatious to an assailant under fire of marksmen in those woods.

The day is spent in reconnoitring, and in enveloping both flanks of the enemy. Gen. Smith's division — our extreme left — rests on Hickman's Creek,

which flows into the Cumberland below the enemy's extreme right. McClelland's division is stationed next, enclosing the town of Dover ; and, with his right resting on the river, virtually extends our line from the Cumberland at the right of the fort to the Cumberland on the left of Dover, encircling the entire lines of the enemy. During the day, Grant continually draws these lines closer to the works, and constantly throws out skirmishers to feel for position ; for he is entirely ignorant of the topography. It is far from being a dull day. Every ravine is scoured ; both parties occasionally send out shells on errands of inquiry ; sharpshooters are searching the brushwood, meeting, now and then, vigilant sharpshooters of the foe ; and stirring conflicts ensue, which would have been named battles in our Revolutionary War. The scrub-oaks ring with the crack of rifles, as bushwhacker in blue meets bushwhacker in gray. Some adventurous riflemen penetrate the jungle ; and duels from tree to tree test the smartness of dodgers. To enliven the scene, McClelland, with three regiments, springs upon a redoubt, and is thrown back with a shock which was stunning ; and the enemy, not to be outdone, leaps from his lair upon the Twenty-fifth Indiana ; and, having shocked it for an instant, is speedily shaken off and driven to cover. This is what is called "feeling the enemy ;" and on this day cost the Republic three hundred men. Having overcome many broken ravines and heights, the army was established at night on a series of hills in general parallelism with the enemy's outworks, and sweeping round them from the Cumberland on his extreme

right to the Cumberland on his extreme left. Nearly every point of this circuit — three miles in length — is within musket-range of the enemy's breastworks. Upon the troops, bivouacked, with arms in their hands, on open ridges in front of the foe, the thermometer falls to twelve degrees above zero; and a storm of snow and hail covers them with a blanket of ice. No fires can be built; for hostile pickets are abroad, and scattered shots crackle along the front. At midnight, the steam-whistle is heard which announces the arrival of Foote with iron-clads and re-enforcements. Six thousand troops, under Gen. Lewis Wallace, land in the morning; and Grant gives them the centre, between Smith and McClelland, and his line is vastly strengthened thereby.

Friday opens with the ground covered with snow, and a hyperborean breeze sweeping over the desolate ridges and turbid river. The nature of the operations I am to detail fortunately relieves me from a technical description of one of the most thorough-going works which was constructed during the civil war; for the engagement which decided its fate was fought outside of the intrenchments, with the exception of Smith's final charge on the defences of its south-western angle. I am not required to speak of the two unfordable creeks, now filled with back-water from the Cumberland, which were a secure and natural protection of its flanks; of line within line of rifle-pits; of intrenchments within intrenchments; of the succession of ridges crowned with cannon and cloven by gulleys and ravines, each one a fortress by itself; nor of the isolated redoubts planted on every

point of vantage; nor of Donelson itself, with its bastions, curtains, and parapets, lifted above all on a towering throne of defiance; nor of the sixty-five guns and twenty-one thousand desperate men¹ who garrison these crests and gorges, — such, in brief, is the land-side; but I am to-day called upon to address myself more particularly to its water-front.

I am steaming *up* the Cumberland from its mouth in the Ohio to Dover in the State of Kentucky; and, as I approach the town, I should steer due south by the compass, but for this sharp bend in its channel to the west, which accommodates Fort Donelson with such an advantageous position, that, if I do not port my helm, I shall run my bows into his jaws. In technical language, he seizes with his guns the prolongation of the river. You can see what an advantage Donelson has of me if I attempt to run by against his will. But this is not all: the giant is seated on a bluff one hundred feet in height; irregular works are around him, planted with fifteen cannon, and covering a hundred acres. The hill which he domineers slopes

¹ On the last day of the fight, Grant had twenty-seven thousand men whom he could have put into action: of artillery, he had but the eight light batteries which started with him from Fort Henry. The rebels surrendered sixty-four guns. His entire loss during the siege was 2,041 in killed, wounded, and missing; of these 425 were killed. No exact account of the rebel loss, except in prisoners, can be given. Pillow reckons the rebel losses during the siege at two thousand; Grant at 2,500. Total rebel force at the commencement of the siege as follows: —

Captured	14,623
Escaped with Floyd	3,000
Escaped with Forrest	1,000
Killed and wounded	2,500

Total rebel force at commencement of siege 21,123

— *Badeau, passim.*

down to the river bend, where I am obliged to turn short to the right in order to pursue my voyage. In this bend on the river-bank he has placed, side by side, two¹ water-batteries, mounted with thirteen guns at an elevation of thirty feet, whose muzzles — larger than hogsheads to my excited fancy — stare me right in the eye as I stand upon the upper works of my steamer; and he has so protected these batteries with breastworks and traverses, that if, against their fire, I could land five regiments on the shore, it would be hard to storm them, — to say nothing of the sharp rebukes which the giant himself would shower upon me from his controlling seat on the bluff.

While during Thursday the army was tightening around its intended victim, the Carondelet, *avant-courier* of the armored squadron, reaches the theatre of operations, and, without waiting to take breath, steams within range of these water-batteries. “Head to the fort,” as at Henry, she hurls upwards of a hundred terrible missiles at her antagonist, but not with the decided impression of her previous performance; for she cannot give to her pivoted hundred-pounder the desired elevation to reach the most impressible parts of the earthworks. Through one of her forward ports she receives a monster mass of iron, which dashes with terrific force against the coal-bags encasing her boiler, in a fell endeavor to repeat the tragedy of the Essex. Startled by the rebuke, she abandons for a season the unequal contest.

¹ The armament of the batteries consisted of eight thirty-two pounders, three thirty-two pound Carronades, one eight-inch columbiad, and one rifled gun of thirty-two pounds caliber.

At two o'clock on Friday afternoon, the Louisville, St. Louis, Carondelet, and Mound City form the same line of battle which I described in the Fort Henry affair, with the Tyler, Lexington, and Conestoga covered, as then, by the armadilloes in front, and hugging closely the shore as they approach the more terrible face of Donelson. At a distance of about a thousand yards, they open as before, and then ensues one of those sublime overtures which would have inspired Beethoven when composing that heroic symphony which fairly exhilarates the atmosphere of dungeons with the vibrations of liberty. For an hour and more, the air above the scene fairly hisses with flying shell; and the slackening fire of the enemy, under short range, begins to inspire hopes of his speedy surrender. One battery is already silenced, and but three guns in the other are talkative. The four steamers abreast have reached within four hundred yards, where, according to their wont, they discharge shrapnel and canister, for the purpose of disorganizing the *personnel* of a breastwork; when a series of untoward calamities reverses the fortunes of the fight. A cone-shaped iniquity from the rebels' rifled cannon demolishes at the same time the wheel-house and wheel of the Louisville. The pilot forthwith seizes the supplementary rudder aft, when, in a moment or two, it is also torn from his grasp by an accidental shot from the Tyler. Thus dismantled and unmanageable, the steamer swings round, and Achilles presents a vulnerable heel to Paris, who immediately pierces it with a death-dealing arrow. The steering apparatus of the St. Louis is also de-

ranged by a shot, and searching missiles puncture the armor of the remaining iron-clads, when the admiral, with his face to the foe, and a memento of Donelson in his foot, — which he will carry to the grave, — backs out of the engagement, with fifty-four men killed and wounded.

Before daylight, on Saturday morning, Grant is aboard the flag-ship, at the request of Foote, — who is unable to walk in consequence of his wound. The admiral urged him to hold Fort Donelson tightly in investment, until he should go to Cairo, repair damages, and return with his flotilla for another bombardment of the fort. Before daylight, on the same morning, Floyd & Co. had come to the conclusion that the gripe was already tight enough to be comfortable. While Grant is conferring with Foote, they have massed their forces on *their* left, opposite McArthur's brigade, — McClernand's division holding *our* extreme right, in close proximity to the river: it was the weakest in the line, and consisted of but two regiments. Next on the left was Col. Oglesby with five, next to him Col. W. H. L. Wallace with the same number, and both well supplied with the regulation amount of artillery and cavalry. Farther on to the left is Gen. Lewis Wallace's division, holding *our* centre. The massed garrison of Donelson are waiting for the first gray streak of dawn. They are in solid columns by regiment, with company front, which has some advantages over fighting in line.

At five o'clock, from three directions at once, three solid gray columns, with field batteries attached, drive against McArthur's slender lines of blue; and, though

received with that long fusillade which carries havoc into a columned mass of life, yet by the ascendancy of weight they roll up his brigade on gruff old Oglesby, who has "come here for the fort, and means to have it." Making what stand he can in ravines and underbrush for an hour or more, he, at length, is rolled upon W. H. L. Wallace, who, in turn, holds the accumulated war for two hours upon the brink of a ridge, until he is rolled upon the division of Lewis Wallace, at the centre of our line. This thoughtful officer, after a fluctuating fight with the exultant columns, at length seizes a road, which penetrates his bivouac, with a stout battery, and throws out heavy lines of infantry right and left athwart the enemy's path. Behind it he receives all retiring regiments, helpless now from want of ammunition; and, when their cartridge-boxes are refilled, he is replenished by them with so much pluck and stamina that the new position, not only holds the weight of the rebel column, but throws it back with a demoralizing rebound. The first fiery onset is followed by charges less furious, until, finally, a faltering and spavined jump indicates to the eye experienced in battle that the temper of the column is spoiled and its will broken.

Grant, upon his return from the interview with the admiral, reaches his headquarters, which are at our extreme left, a mile or more from where Lewis Wallace stands, rooted to the earth like Ovid's Bacchantes, which were transformed into oaks. He learns from an aide who comes galloping up, that the right of his line is crumbling before the massed legions of Floyd. He strikes the rowel deep, and first encounters Gen.

Smith. Grant is impressed at once with the idea that the works in front of Smith's division have been seriously depleted by the enemy for the herculean labor on the left, and directs Smith to hold his entire division in hand for a charge at the word. Borne rapidly on by eagerness and anxiety, he soon encounters the fugitives, who are sheltering themselves behind Wallace's living battlement. Grant is self-restrained in the heat of conflict, and administers no word of rebuke to these trembling soldiers: it is sufficient for him to know that many of them have had arms in their hands but for a week, and that this is their first encounter with the frightful realities of battle. He listens to their wild talk, which narrates that the whole rebel garrison is turned loose upon them, and are out to "stay;" for they have "knapsacks and haversacks with them." — "Are the haversacks filled?" asks the general; and forthwith a dozen, belonging to prisoners, are shown him, well stuffed with three days' rations. Instantly, by the intuition of common sense, he solves the mystery. "They are not out here to stay," he thoughtfully communes with himself, "but to cut their way through us to Nashville." When, in addition, he learns from Wallace, that they are not now following up with spirit the presumed advantage, but are quiet and silent, he quickly infers that Floyd and Pillow are the centre of a depressed and drooping soldiery, like this which surrounds himself; and it is intimated by an author¹ who enjoys his confidence, that he now audibly utters a maxim which saved him in another dire extremity,

¹ Badeau, p. 45.

“When both parties are shocked, the one which first attacks vigorously is sure to win.” He acts like lightning upon his conviction: he dashes off an aide to Foote to implore him to make a demonstration, at least, with his crippled flotilla; he re-enforces Wallace, and orders him to hold his position at all hazards, and to be prepared to advance in co-operation with our left wing; he commands McClelland to gather up his fragments, and re-extend himself to the Cumberland River;” he returns with all speed to Smith, and orders the assault. I will say here, though it anticipates by some hours the *dénouement* of the drama, that his request was fulfilled; and one of the orders, at least, was executed. Foote sends two of his gunboats to demonstrate against the river front. At three o’clock in the afternoon, Wallace, with commendable spirit and dash, storms on his right a hill, broken on its side by outcropping rock, with two regiments, one in column and the other in line, and establishes himself within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy’s intrenchments. If Gen. McClelland ever made a report of his operations on this eventful afternoon, I have not been so fortunate as to find it.

There were but three professional soldiers in an engagement which Grant’s own guarded tongue pronounces a “terrible conflict.” One was McPherson, who will yet know to —

“Open when, and when to close, the ridges
Of grim War.”

The other was Gen. Charles F. Smith, — a West Point graduate of thirty-seven years standing, who, after

brilliant achievements in the same battles of the Mexican War through which I have followed the rising plume of Grant, won his brevet of colonel in that decisive charge which carried the Convent of San Pablo on Churubusco's immortal day. He was not only seventeen years Grant's senior in age and service, but had also been commandant of the Military Academy when Grant was there as a cadet. Yet he yielded implicitly to the sway of a junior and former pupil, with the true chivalry which marks the genuine soldier. With equal nobility of nature, Grant hesitated, when first called to address his former superior in mandatory tones, which the older officer perceiving, with great delicacy said to his chief, "I am now a subordinate, and I know a soldier's duty. I hope you will feel no awkwardness about our new relations." He was slightly tinged with the contempt of volunteers which characterizes the martinet, and during his command at Paducah had visited their irregularity with so much severity as to provoke their resentment. But when they saw him in the front of battle, they loved him as a father, and gloried in him as a leader. Kinglake's photograph of Lacy Yea and his fusileers aptly illustrates the relation between Gen. Smith and his Hoosiers: "Lacy Yea was so rough an enforcer of discipline that he had never been much liked in peace-time by those who had to obey him; but when once the Seventh Fusileers were in campaign, and still more when they came to be engaged with the enemy, they found that their chief was a man who could and would seize for his regiment all such chances of welfare and glory as might come with the fortune of war."

He now selects Lauman's brigade as the storming party ; with the Second Iowa Regiment, formed in two lines, thirty paces apart, with a front of five companies each, as the point of his double-headed spear. The ridges which he is to escalate are among the most precipitous upon which the enemy is posted, and are crowned with a redoubt mounted with artillery. The old veteran, gray with the weight of fifty-seven winters, but erect as Tecumseh, stations himself conspicuously on his charger between the two lines and at their head. With his hat on the point of his sword, he inspires the assailants with a fury which is irresistible. The enemy's grape and canister plough through their ranks in vain ; for the columns are filled as fast as the brave fellows drop to the earth, and the two lines, penetrated as one man by the glorious example of their leader, charge up the hill with levelled bayonets, and, without returning a shot, lodge themselves in the key of the enemy's position, and by one tremendous volley clear it of the foe. If darkness had been warded off thirty minutes longer, Donelson would that night have been won.

Within the recesses of the fort, a scene is now transpiring which must search for a parallel among those barbarous nations where the chief is not only a leader, but a god to be saved from profane hands, if necessary, by an immolation of the whole tribe. As re-enforcements had been poured into the fort, " Buckner, Pillow, and Floyd were successively sent to command it, each ranking his predecessor, and each remaining to serve under the new superior."¹

¹ Badeau, p. 38.

A council is in session, with Floyd presiding; and the question is, Shall we surrender? Both the weight and majority of opinions are decidedly in the affirmative. Floyd, with that moral obliquity which was a part of his nature, disclaims the obligation of an officer to share the fate of the private, and avows a determination to save himself by flight. Pillow, who had seen service under better auspices, and from whom both more chivalry and more stoicism might have been reasonably expected, declares his intention to imitate the selfishness and share the infamy of his superior. Buckner, who had imbibed some little sentiment of soldierly honor in the Military Academy of the government which he was now in arms to destroy, repudiates the baseness of his colleagues, and announces his determination to share the captivity of those who have trustingly confided to him their lives and safety. By such an example he but partially effaces an indelible stigma upon the annals of a short-lived Confederacy. Permitting his fugitive superiors to load two dilapidated steamers at the wharves of Dover with as many as would join them in this reckless abandonment, in a common peril, of all the ties of comradeship, he immediately forwards to Grant a flag of truce, asking for terms of surrender, and receives that famous reply which has been since translated into the tongue of all nations, and incorporated itself into the popular vocabulary as an everlasting proverb, "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Gen. Buckner accepts the "ungenerous and

unchivalrous terms ;” and thus the second “barred gateway” of the strategic line which once stretched unbroken from the Mississippi to the Alleghanies is surrendered to the leader who conceived the idea that cutting its centre was the only effectual way to clear the prospects of the campaign and the war, and to smooth the invader’s path from the Ohio to the Gulf.

On the day of the final action, Halleck telegraphs Grant, “not to be too rash.” On the day of the surrender, he recognizes the receipt of the glorious news by limiting the operations of the flotilla on the Cumberland to the destruction of railroads and bridges. He congratulates Gen. Hunter, who during the siege was at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for his share in the reduction of Donelson ; and recommends to the authorities at Washington Gen. Smith for promotion, because he, “when the battle was against us, turned the tide, and carried the enemy’s outworks ;” but, out of regard to Gen. Grant’s modesty, punctiliously abstains from all congratulations to him. Smith himself, when complimented by Buckner on the gallantry of his charge, replies, “Yes, it was well done, considering the smallness of the force that did it. No congratulations are due me : I simply obeyed orders.”¹ The world is made up of different men.

When the news of this triumph reaches Washington, it finds at the head of the War Department a man who was rapidly earning the antipathy of every “do-nothing,” civil and military, in the land, and such denunciation from armed rebels as originated the

¹ Gen. Rawlins’s Speech to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Nov. 15, 1866.

proverb, "You will always find the clubs under the *good* apple-tree." The terms in which he expresses approbation of Grant's method of dealing with rebellion from this day forward becomes the universal sentiment of the loyal nation, and Grant the personation of unconditional and irrepressible fighting until it is subjugated: "We may well rejoice at the recent victories; for they teach us that battles are to be won now, and by us, in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age since the days of Joshua, — by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory, and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by Gen. Grant's message to Gen. Buckner, 'I propose to move immediately on your works.'"

Exactly a week from the commencement of the siege, — the last day on my calendar, — President Lincoln sent into the Senate the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant for the office of Major-General of Volunteers; and he was forthwith confirmed by the Senate. Before the additional star was on his own shoulder-strap, he recommended Gen. Charles F. Smith for promotion to the same grade.

War has been defined to be contention by force, for the purpose of crippling or overwhelming an enemy; and, in glancing at the history of our war, it seems to me that we had made but little progress even in crippling our enemy, until the inflexible will and martial energies of Gen. Grant entered as an animating and directing soul into the armies of the Republic. Prior

to his conspicuous appearance upon the grand arena, we had met with many reverses, and a few successes; but the reverses were most depressing to the national spirit, and the successes had hardly penetrated the hide of the defiant monster which was confronting us. War had surged and resurged, with alternate triumph and defeat, over the devoted plains of Missouri. We had gained a lodgment on the coast of South Carolina, we held the sand-spits of Hatteras, and we had dearly purchased a strategical position on Roanoke Island. But in neither of these affairs had we succeeded in actually debilitating the enemy, and from neither of these points had we been able to penetrate the enemy's country much beyond the range of our cannon. The reduction of Donelson was one of those decided successes which let in a glance of sunlight, lift the cloud of despondency, and exhilarate the heart of nations. The country was jubilant to know that a general was at length found who seemed to understand what war meant, and what it did not mean,—that, in his judgment, it did not mean lying in camp and garrison, drilling and organizing for ever and ever; but seeking the enemy, moving on his works, pushing and pounding until he gave way. And that, when he did, you were not to wait for weeks and months for horses, shoes, transportation; but that you were to push on with such resources as you had, hang on his flanks like grim Death, and, if one expedient failed, try another and another until he was utterly routed and dissolved.

Thanksgiving to Almighty God was poured out from a million grateful hearts for sending us in the

day of our extremity a positive man, of unchallenged fidelity to the cause, of faith, earnestness, and self-reliance. The national resources instantaneously revived. With renewed cheerfulness the mother gave up her son to the war, the millionaire poured his wealth into the exchequer, when a leader was found who did not believe that the great chief of the rebel army was endowed with invincible genius for command, with supernatural resources in the field,—a leader who feared neither his strategy in planning, nor his ubiquity in executing movements; but had the confidence in himself to believe, that, by butting and hammering away with mere human caution and skill and perseverance, the mightiest paladin of treason could be outflanked or whipped.¹ When the people began to gather in the fruits of this victory, they instantly saw that two rivers were opened into the very heart of the semi-neutral States, and that Kentucky and Tennessee were at the mercy of the invader. But, ignorant as they then were of the mutual dependence of positions in the same strategic series, the rapidity with which fortifications dropped from the Mississippi to the Big Barren River astonished them, like the work of an enchanter. Bowling Green was being evacuated on Saturday the 15th, while Smith was storming the redoubt; on the 21st Grant pushed Gen. Smith up the Cumberland, and took possession of Clarksville, fifty miles above Donelson; on the 23d the rear-guard of Johnston was leaving Nashville, and on the 25th it was occupied by the Union army; on

¹ Speech of Henry C. Deming in the House of Representatives on the bill creating the grade of general.

the 27th Polk commenced withdrawing from Columbus, and on March 3 the stars and stripes were waving over that stronghold. When Grant was a pleb at West Point, among the seniors — who might have been active in the hazing discipline to which I have adverted — was one of the class of 1840, enrolled as from the same State with Grant himself. The two cadets had the slight personal acquaintance which under such circumstances quite usually subsists between members of different classes. Leaving Grant at the academy, the senior had graduated three years in advance, and, as he resigned his commission soon after the Mexican war, their intercourse had never been renewed; but promptly returning to service at the outbreak of the Rebellion, under the new army organization which it immediately created, he held an older commission as a brigadier-general, and, of course, outranked Grant. After the latter left for the Tennessee campaign, the brigade of the former was ordered to Cairo; and, by virtue of superior rank, he assumed the command of the post. When from Cairo re-enforcements were being forwarded to Grant in the field, he received from his successor a note, dated Feb. 13, to the following purport: "I will do every thing in my power to hurry forward your re-enforcements and supplies; and, if I could be of service myself, would gladly come, without making any question of rank with you or Gen. Smith." The letter was signed William T. Sherman.

I have alluded to this incident of the siege of Donelson, because it was the first official communication between two men hereafter destined to fill the offices

of general and lieutenant-general of our army, and was the origin of a friendship, which, tried by war, tried by peace, tried by both in the reciprocal relations of superior and inferior, tried by the excited passion of wavering battle, tried by the machinations of false friends in the field, and by political agitators in the cabinet, tried by every circumstance which rends feeble ties of this nature, — has never for an instant wavered or been disturbed, but remains to-day warm and unbroken, as if both men were superior to envy, jealousy, or resentment.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE WINS THE VICTORY OF SHILOH.

GENERAL GRANT, on the 17th of February, under orders from Halleck, assumes the command of the District of Tennessee, with "limits undefined." From the 17th to the 25th, in letters and telegrams to headquarters in St. Louis, he repeatedly refers all subsequent movements in the campaign to his commander, and submissively solicits orders and instructions. On the 25th, he writes to Halleck that he intends to go to Nashville, "should there be no orders to prevent it." Having waited until the 27th for orders, he went to Nashville at that date, returned to Donelson the 28th, and on the same day reported to Halleck his visit and return. The object of the jaunt was to seek an interview with Gen. Buell, in order to determine the boundaries of their respective jurisdictions, which were left undefined in general orders.

This trip to Nashville is made the pretext for an open persecution on the part of Halleck, — the outcropping of an antipathy which had long slumbered in the recesses of a cold and selfish nature, and its cause is the rebuke which Grant's achievements in the field continually administer to the carpet-knight, his closet

commander. The existence of such antipathy was indicated by his snappish way of receiving Grant's plan of the campaign against the forts, by his refusal to recognize the movement against Donelson, by sullenly withholding congratulations upon its capture, by ungenerously ignoring all mention of his share in the victory in his despatches to the Department, by the implied censure contained in his letter to the secretary of war, giving to Gen. Smith the entire credit of the triumph. Proof is upon the record that Grant in advance notified him of the visit; proof is upon the record that he waited two days for any restraining order; and proof is upon the record that Grant daily communicated to headquarters all his movements, and all the returns and reports required either by special order or regulation. On the 2d of March, Grant received the only order which had been addressed to him by his major-general since the capitulation of Donelson, directing him to return to Fort Henry, as the more convenient base for operations on the line towards Corinth. Detailed instructions for an expedition in that direction accompany the order. The order is forthwith executed; and, by the 4th of March, Grant is at Fort Henry with his entire command, except the garrison at Donelson. No complaint had reached him up to this date of any dissatisfaction with his conduct or that of his troops, or for any irregularity in his returns. And yet Gen. Badeau spreads on his pages a letter written on the 3d of March by Gen. Halleck to the general-in-chief at Washington, which, considering the relative position of the subordinate and the superior, — the one

facing all the horrors of war in the field, the other beyond the reach of a hostile popgun, — will be read with amazement. It is Halleck's arraignment of Grant to McClellan. Such a curiosity in military jurisprudence is too interesting to be omitted; for never since law martial existed was ever such a culprit indicted by such a prosecutor before such a judge. Bear in mind that it was written on the 3d of March, while the air of the entire loyal North was ringing with hallelujahs over the fall of Donelson, and the smoke of the storming party was but just lifting from its battlements: —

“I have had no communication with Gen. Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority, and went to Nashville. His army seems to be as much demoralized by the victory of Fort Donelson as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind, from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired by this neglect and inefficiency. C. F. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency.”

Gen. Badeau further informs us, that having, doubtless, received the requisite authority from Washington, the letter of March 3 was followed by this telegram to Grant, on March 4: —

“You will place Major-Gen. C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?”

I have not spread these documents upon this biography for the purpose of dwelling long upon this disgusting specimen of ingratitude. Heaven forbid ! Nor for the purpose of pointing indignation at their author. The qualities which rendered him dangerous in war make him harmless in peace. I shall dismiss forever this malignity from these pages, after having "moralized the theme" by a quotation from Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals," written two hundred years ago, but as faithful a finger-post to those bosoms which harbor the manly virtues, as pointed a warning from those where the opposite vices dwell, as if it had been penned with special reference to the case in hand : —

"Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship, and fidelity may be found. A man may confide in persons constituted for noble ends, who dare do and suffer, and who have a hand to burn for their country and their friend. Small and creeping things are the product of petty souls. He is like to be mistaken who makes choice of a covetous man for a friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltroon friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottage of such breasts; but bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds."

I have transcribed these communications from the pages of Badeau, and shall borrow others from the same plentiful source, for the purpose of exhibiting the admirable behavior of Grant under a visitation from flagrant injustice in power which would have goaded to wrath and violence any man who was not a serene

master of his passions. When I say that Washington's conduct during the Conway cabal was not more exemplary and dignified, I can say no more.

Grant at the time did not know the contents of Halleck's despatch of March 3 to McClellan. It was written with the expectation that it would be buried in the archives of the general-in-chief, and at a period, too, when neither conspirator nor victim ever surmised, that at no distant day, to the "open, sesame," of the maligned brigadier, that bureau would unfold every secret, and its grim pigeon-holes surrender every slanderous charge, every sly innuendo.

He bows to the behest which deprives him of command in the field, and sends a subordinate in his place, with calm submission to Halleck, and with generous congratulations to Smith, which moistens the eye of his former commandant at West Point, his veteran junior at Donelson. He disclaims, in a letter, all intentional or actual neglect, either of orders or returns. When March 9th brings from Halleck another telegram, couched in the language of explicit rebuke for disobedience to orders, irregularity of reports and returns, and a defiant trip to Nashville, he reiterates the assertion, "I have obeyed every order, reported returns daily to your chief of staff, written almost every day to yourself. Remove me at once: I wish not to impede the success of our arms. My trip to Nashville was for no personal gratification, but for the good of the service." And, after intimating that there may be enemies between him and the light of his master's countenance, he asks to be relieved from command in this department; thus con-

descending to explain charges of mere clerkly delinquency, invented by a general who was already buried from the enemy by heaps upon heaps of paper and red tape. To a rebuke three days later, with the same specifications, the same austere rejoinder is returned. To an accusation imputing to him the crime of justifying the marauding expeditions of troops under him, he answers, "I have only to refer you to my orders against marauding as the only reply which is necessary;" and he might have added, "I sent last week to your headquarters officers under arrest, that they might be tried by you for disobedience to these orders."

Mollified somewhat by the exemplary patience with which this subordinate meets every infamous charge; calmed by the calm temperament of the accused; softened by the soft answer which turneth away wrath; moved, it is to be hoped, by the devotion to country and the self-abnegation of his intended victim; shrinking from driving to extremities a general around whom the hearts of the nation were clustering, and whose star might yet be in the ascendant; hesitating ere he subjected to court of inquiry, or forced to resignation, a hero in the field, upon trumped-up delinquencies against the circumlocution office of St. Louis, — the roaring prosecutor suddenly becomes "gentle as a sucking dove," and vouchsafes on the 12th of March the following *placebo*: "You cannot be relieved of your command. Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the command, and lead it on to new victories." To which Grant responds,

“After your letter, enclosing the copy of an anonymous letter upon which severe censure was based, I felt as though it would be impossible for me to serve longer without a court of inquiry. Your telegram of yesterday, however, places such a different phase upon my position that I will again assume command, and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances, I would do the same.”

The next day, Halleck condescends to transmit to his subordinate copies of his correspondence with the War Department:—

I. Instructions from Lorenzo Thomas, adjutant-general, ordering Halleck to inquire into charges against Grant, of which the inquirer himself was the author in his 3d of March letter.

II. Halleck's report that his own arraignment of Grant is unfounded in fact, unworthy of further notice, and recommending that he resume command in the field. .

Such, under our military system, are the resources and subterfuges of the prejudiced superior in hunting down a victim. The famous letter of the 3d of March was not in the batch. A year or two afterwards, when research was made for it in the archives of the War Department, it was found that it had been abstracted from the files; and it was only after a diligent hunt, that Gen. Badeau succeeded in capturing it. When an attempt was made to force Washington to resign, by a machination even more cruel than the one which was aimed at Grant, in which, too, anonymous letters were a part of the vile machinery, Mr. Everett says, “Washington bore himself, on this

occasion, with his usual dignity, and allowed the parties concerned, in the army and in Congress, to take refuge in explanations, disclaimers, and apologies, by which those who made them gained no credit, and those who accepted them were not deceived." History, after all, but repeats itself; and we have here a truthful delineation of Grant and his calumniators at this crisis in his career.

If the reader is desirous of perusing in full the correspondence of the parties, I refer him to Gen. Badeau's "Military History of General Ulysses S. Grant," to which I am indebted for the letters and telegrams which enable me to disclose the *animus* of Halleck in this affair, and which would never have seen the light but for the author's fortunate and enviable intimacy with the head of the army. I wish to tender to the historian my unqualified obligations and acknowledgments.

I have written the pages which relate to this controversy with unfeigned reluctance. I am able to vindicate my hero without humiliating the idol of my neighbors. I have been driven into the foregoing narrative by actual stress of duty, which would have been evaded if I could have done it without self-reproach. I believe that Grant was cruelly degraded, and I am bound to give the reasons of my belief. I believe that he displayed, under this persecution, patience, fortitude, forbearance, and genuine moral heroism; and I am bound to tell the whys and wherefores in full, and without respect to persons. I could not allow the scandal, based upon a misapprehension of the reasons of his temporary deposition, to pass

from newspaper to newspaper, from mouth to mouth, without correction. I could not but exhibit the serenity with which he bore the unmerited chastisement of power. During Smith's temporary command, Grant displays the magnanimity of "one who had a hand to burn for his country and friend," and evinces it by hearty co-operation and sympathy with him in carrying out the purposes of his expedition. Although Grant was not under arrest, there was an interregnum in his authority in the field from the 4th to the 17th of March; and it is important that it should be noted here, for it is connected with future operations which were matured by Gen. Smith prior to Gen. Grant's resumption of command in the field.

On the 17th of March, reinvested with all his former authority, he removed his headquarters to Savanna, Tenn.; and Gen. Smith was the first to congratulate him upon the resumption of his old command, "from which you were so unceremoniously, and, as I think, so unjustly, stricken down."

After the enemy's strategic line was cut in twain, the rebels had designated the intersection of four railroads at Corinth, in North-western Mississippi, as a suitable point for the rendezvous of troops, and for seizing every advantage which the fortunes of war might place in their way. The expeditionary force which Grant now commands had been despatched towards Corinth by Halleck, on a service which is consonant with his military temper and genius,—the destruction of bridges and railroad connections. It was held back from exposing itself to risks by those discretionary maxims in which he delights,—“Avoid

any general engagements with the enemy in strong force." "It will be better to retreat than risk a general battle," — which may be read to-day in his letters of instructions which authorized the expedition. When Grant assumes command, "Don't bring on any general engagement at Paris." "If the enemy appear in force, our troops must fall back," are the cautionary saws which reach him from St. Louis. To counteract the natural result of his own imbecile policy, Halleck is now forced to order up Buell, with forty thousand men, in support of Grant; for, while our corps under this discreet management were engaged with bridge-piers and railroad ties, instead of armed legions, the enemy had gained time to concentrate such a force at Corinth, that, under less careful generalship, it was seriously feared he would run the risk of losing some men in battle by an aggressive movement. When Grant reaches his headquarters, he finds the alluvial banks of the Tennessee overflowed, and only such bold bluffs as Savanna, Crump's, and Pittsburg Landing, sufficiently raised to admit of the deployment of an army. These bluffs stretch along the banks for nine miles. Savanna is about four miles from Crump's, and the latter five from Pittsburg Landing. Gen. Smith is now in the grasp of a fatal disease, and has fought his last battle; but, while in command, he had selected Shiloh as the point where the enemy should be withstood. It was on the western bank of the river, and approached from the north by a ferry at Pittsburg Landing; and he had ordered Sherman's and Hurlbut's divisions over the river, to take position

there, near Shiloh Church. McClelland's division, and Smith's, now under the command of W. H. L. Wallace, are in camp at Savanna; and Grant immediately orders them to concentrate upon Sherman and Hurlbut. Lewis Wallace's division is at Crump's Landing, lying upon the road to Purdy, within supporting distance of Shiloh; and it is therefore allowed to retain its station. The re-enforcements which are rapidly pouring into headquarters are speedily organized into a new division, which is also soon ordered to the front. Grant is under positive instructions from Halleck, "to risk no engagement until Buell arrives." He is, therefore, again "in leash," waiting for Buell; and Buell's pace is snail-like, having, up to April 3, been seventeen days in marching ninety miles, and not yet in sight. Just as Grant was preparing to remove his own headquarters to Shiloh, he received from Buell a telegram dated the 4th, which solicits an interview with him on the 5th; and Grant is still detained at Savanna, organizing the re-enforcements, and waiting for Buell. But he visited the front daily; and, as the head of Buell's column had not hove in sight by the morning of the 5th, he went, as was his wont, to Gen. Sherman's camp. He finds that the enemy has made a reconnoissance in force, that clouds of cavalry are hovering round, that there are daily skirmishes between the pickets, but no apprehension of an immediate attack in any mind. He returns to Savanna, and receives, late in the afternoon of the 5th, a note from Sherman, assuring him that no engagement is to be anticipated at present. Gen. Nelson now reaches Savanna with

the advanced division of Buell's army; and Grant directs him to take position within five miles of Pittsburg Landing, and hold his troops in hand to re-enforce the corps at Shiloh.

Gen. Sherman asseverates, that in this whole region of country Gen. Smith could have selected no more favorable battle-field than Shiloh. Near the river, the country is broken into ravines; and, farther on, covered over its entire surface with patches of trees and underbrush, it stretches out nearly three miles to the log-chapel which is called Shiloh. On the right of the field is Snake Creek, and on the left Lick Creek; and both are seeking the Tennessee in nearly parallel lines, and debouch into it with mouths which are about three miles apart. The field opens to the south, which is the direction of Corinth and the enemy. The great advantage of the field is that the creeks, still in their flood, relieve the raw soldier from any real or chimerical danger upon his flanks, and restrict the enemy to a direct front attack.¹

Sherman's division in advance holds our right near Shiloh Church, resting on Owl Creek, — one of the affluents of the Snake. McClermand's division, somewhat retired, overlaps the left of Sherman; next to him is Prentiss, in advance, and nearly on a prolongation of Sherman's front. A broken brigade of Stuart carries our forces to their extreme left on Lick Creek. Hurlbut is massed a mile in the rear, and covering the interval between Prentiss and McClermand. Two miles in the rear of Sherman is W. H. L. Wallace's division, professing to support

¹ Gen. Sherman's letter to the editor of the United-States Service Magazine.

our most advanced front. Lewis Wallace's division is five miles off, at Crump's Landing, and has not yet been ordered in, because heavy masses of rebel infantry are threatening the Purdy Road. We have no intrenchments; and the overflowed creeks, with their precipitous banks, are our only natural cover. Defending these lines, including the division of Lewis Wallace, we had thirty-eight thousand men on the first day of the battle.

I have thus stationed the divisions, in accordance with the maps and authorities, where the enemy found our army on the morning of April 6. I confess my inability to reduce these dispositions, and the relations of these bodies to each other, into a well-organized battle-line. While I have been penning the description, a side-thought has been continually whispering in my ear, "You are describing, not an army arrayed for action, but an encampment." I believe this word truthfully delineates the arrangement of our troops when they received the enemy at Shiloh. Every division, but one, first fought at its camp; and it is mentioned as a singular exception, that Prentiss received the assault upon the outside. A month later, the foe would have found fortifications from the Lick to the Snake. The Western troops had hitherto affected to despise the Roman system of fortifying every night, and the maxim of Napoleon which sanctions it; but the Shiloh lesson chastised them into wisdom. The pick and the spade were afterwards held in deserved respect; and such an extravagant re-action followed this admonition, that, within a few weeks, we shall behold a hundred and twenty

thousand bayonets, on this same line of operations, paralyzed by overcaution in the use of these implements, — the fruits of victory thrown away, the intent of a campaign defeated, and the enemy permitted to escape, by the delays and timidity engendered by excessive fortification.

The most natural apology for this disjointed line is that our army was caught by a surprise; but in no strict sense is this true. The enemy was immediately in our front. Wide awake were both soldiers and officers before the onslaught commenced. Doubled were Prentiss's grand guards, and his pickets pushed out a mile. Sherman was under arms. The rear divisions had their horses saddled at their quarters in readiness for an attack. Our outposts and skirmishers were so lively and demonstrative, "that at five o'clock on the morning of April 6," as Beauregard says in his report, "a reconnoitring party of the enemy having become engaged with the advanced pickets, the commander of the forces gave orders to commence the movement." And Braxton Bragg says, "The enemy did not give us time to discuss the question of attack, for soon after dawn he commenced a rapid musketry fire on our pickets;" and further on, "In about one mile we encountered him in strong force along almost the entire line. His batteries were posted on eminences, with strong infantry supports." This is conclusive upon the question of surprise.

The exact truth is, that our army was on the alert, but in no expectation of an engagement that morning, as is abundantly demonstrated by the following

note, which Sherman sent to Grant, after he had returned to Savanna, late in the afternoon of the day before the battle : "April 5. I have no doubt that nothing more will occur to-day but some picket-firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far, unless with certainty of advantage ; and I do not apprehend any thing like an attack upon our position." Can there be any doubt that Sherman, who, be it remembered, held the most advanced position, went to sleep with this conviction on the night of the 5th, and woke up with it on the morning of the 6th of April ?

Against these positions which I have sketched, Gen. A. Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, and Polk, on Sunday, April 6, advanced with forty thousand men. By six o'clock, the pickets are driven in ; by half-past six, the skirmishers follow ; by seven, Prentiss and Stuart, on the extreme left, feel the first shock of battle ; "by a little after seven," Hildebrand, commanding the most advanced brigade of Sherman's division, beheld the enemy before him in columns of regiments four deep ; "at eight o'clock," says Gen. Sherman, "I saw the glistening bayonets of infantry to our left front, in the woods beyond Lick Creek, and I became satisfied, for the first time, that the enemy designed a determined attack upon our whole line." McClelland pushes forward closer to Sherman ; Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace advance their divisions to the support of their companions in the front ; and the battle speedily rages along the whole line, from creek to creek.

Poetry and painting have so idealized the appearance and bearing of great commanders in action, that the popular sentiment is apt to be disappointed if a general is not always represented with a prancing charger, waving plume, and the "grand air" of Washington in Leutze's picture, or Frederick "on the last review." The difference between the ideal and the real is well exemplified by David's painting of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," representing him on a charger-rampant, attempting to scale a precipice, contrasted with the well-known fact, that he actually crossed the mountains seated upon a mule, led by a muleteer. Versifiers have represented Marlborough and William "as turning thousands to flight by their single prowess, as dyeing rivers with the blood of their enemies, or winning battles merely by the strength of their muscle and skill in fence." Macaulay intimates that such description might do when battles were won, as in Homer's time, by chiefs encased in celestial armor, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period could not lift, but that we must reject them since war has become a science and a trade, and battles are won not by the hand but by the head. When an officer heads a forlorn hope, or a charge, it is undoubtedly his duty to assume the most animating and inspiring attitude; and, if he is the man for the place, he will be on the lead with waving sword, and other ministering incitements to audacity. But a general-in-chief, commanding at an engagement, heads no charges: it is his duty to watch all the chances, to supervise all the movements, and, in the "midst of confusion, up-

roar, and slaughter, examine and dispose every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence." His true attitude is one of intent and rapt reflection, ready to move, but not on a perpetual caracole; and tragedy airs are out of place, and indicate a pretender rather than the genuine master of battle.

Expect from Grant's extreme simplicity no such grand and statuesque attitudes. It is said of Lord Raglan, that, "Beyond and apart from a just contempt for mere display, he had a strange hatred of the outward signs and tokens of military energy. Versed of old in real war, he knew that the clatter of a general briskly galloping hither and thither with staff and orderlies did not, of necessity, imply any momentous resolve,—that the aides-de-camp swiftly shot off by a word, like arrows from a bow, were no sure signs of despatch or decisive action." Grant likewise despises all such flourish. He is neither *brusque* nor insinuating in his address to the soldiers; he returns the salute in an off-hand way. He neither calls them by name, nor makes them a speech. His bearing in battle is subdued rather than excited, calm instead of enthusiastic. He selects the stand-point most serviceable for oversight. He moves where the stress of battle calls him; his attitude, the one which is most comfortable; and his manner, both to officers and privates, as simple and unassuming as if he was chaffering about the price of sole-leather, over the counter at Galena. His dress is, habitually, more unostentatious than his behaviour, consisting of the regulation undress-uniform, without sash or belt. On this warm day his coat is unbuttoned. He wears a low-

crowned felt hat, without any badge upon it of military rank or distinction.

It is unquestionably true that this extreme simplicity of carriage and plainness of speech; this absence of external parade and the "grand air;" this demeanor in battle, so unemotional, so unpretending,—veiled for a season, from the eye both of inferior and superior, the genuine military ability and force of Grant as a commander. Smith and Sherman understand his merits; but his manner disguises his value from such devotees to high military style, West-Point etiquette, as Halleck and Buell. They never ask his opinions, they never defer to his judgments; they regard him as a successful blunderer.

On the morning of the 6th, Grant was breakfasting at Savanna,—six miles in a direct line from Pittsburg Landing,—and hears the first pitiless peltings of the coming storm. He orders Nelson to move up with his whole division to the ferry. He halts at Crump's, to command Lewis Wallace to hold himself in readiness for an order to advance, and by eight o'clock he is on the battle-field. He moves up Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace to the support of the divisions in the front; he sends one orderly to expedite the movements of Nelson, another to instruct Lewis Wallace to march to Shiloh by the Hamburg Road, and then hastens to Sherman, who, with artillery and musketry, is assailing the massed columns of the foe, and stubbornly resisting his advance. "Gen. Grant," says Sherman, in the letter from which I have already quoted, "visited my division in person, about ten, A.M., when the battle raged fiercest. I was

then on the right. After some general conversation, he remarked that I was doing right in stubbornly opposing the progress of the enemy ; and, in answer to my inquiry as to cartridges, told me he had anticipated their want, and given orders accordingly. He then said his presence was more needed over to the left."

Grant finds that Stuart had been swept away, and that Prentiss's division had been driven from their line outside of the camp, and were firmly holding a position within it, when suddenly his right brigade gives way in flight, and Hildebrand's, on Sherman's left, sympathizing in the panic, broke also and disappeared. Prentiss still pounds and is pounded. Sherman, fertile in expedients, swings his left to the rear, and by a pivoted movement, wheeling his right into line with it, assumes a position perpendicular to the original direction of his front. His left now connects with McClelland's right ; and, as the entire line is being forced back, Sherman's right brigade pertinaciously clings to Owl Creek, and defies the persistent efforts of Bragg to tear it from its hold. The weight of the enemy's columns now strikes McClelland ; but, sustained by Sherman's remaining brigades, they united hold for four long hours a strong line, whose right clings desperately to Owl Creek, and drifts obliquely towards the right flank of Hurlbut, in the rear. It was here that Grant, for the second time encountering Sherman, cheers and encourages him by his counsels. Wallace and Nelson are expected with anxious and longing hearts, but messenger after messenger is sent for them in vain. They had but six miles to march. Neither appeared on the field during the day.

Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, whose divisions connected McClelland's left with Prentiss, — while Sherman's right was tenaciously adhering to Owl Creek, and McClelland was valiantly holding the ground, — were especially addressed by a concentrated mass of the enemy; and their valor in resisting at this point four separate assaults saved our entire army from destruction. But they are at length forced to give ground, which exposed Prentiss — who was too stubborn, or too slow, to participate in the movement — to an attack on his flank, which resulted in the capture of his division.

By four o'clock we have abandoned our camps, and have been crowded slowly back to within half a mile of Pittsburg Landing, and hold there with a narrower front a zigzag line which still stretches from the Tennessee to Lick Creek. Nelson has reached the ferryway on the opposite bank, the Tyler and Lexington are patrolling the river, and Lewis Wallace is within hail on the River Road. It was here that Grant had a third interview with Sherman. "About five o'clock in the afternoon," says Gen. Sherman, "before the sun set, Gen. Grant came again to me, and, after hearing my report of matters, explained to me the situation of affairs on the left, which were not as favorable; still the enemy had failed to reach the landing of the boats. We agreed that the enemy had expended the *furore* of his attack; and we estimated our loss, and approximated our then strength, including Lewis Wallace's fresh division, expected each minute. He then ordered me to get all things ready, and at daylight the next day to assume the

offensive. *That was before Gen. Buell had arrived;* but he was known to be near at hand. . . . I remember the fact the better from Gen. Grant's anecdote of his Donelson battle, which he told me then, for the first time: that, at a certain period of the battle, he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front; and he determined to do that very thing, — to advance on the enemy, when, as he prognosticated, the enemy surrendered. At four in the afternoon of April 6, he thought the appearances the same; and he judged, with Lewis Wallace's fresh division, and such of our startled troops as had recovered their equilibrium, he would be justified in dropping the defensive, and assuming the offensive in the morning. And, I repeat, I received such orders before I knew Gen. Buell's troops were at the river."

Buell in person reaches Pittsburg Landing near the close of the afternoon, and finds Grant employing his cavalry squadrons, as moral suasion, to urge back to the field the miserable crowd of fugitives — six thousand in number — who were making day hideous with the piteous lamentation of cowardice and despair. Buell receives Grant with chilling punctilio, which recognizes the rights, but distrusts the military capacity, of his superior. Yielding, however, to the imperious necessities of the situation, he stifled his chagrin, and displayed commendable alacrity in hurrying up his lagging battalions. The only conversation which occurred between them has been thus reported by a biographer of Grant: "Where, if beaten, can you retreat, general?" asked Buell. "I do not mean to be beaten," is Grant's sententious reply.

"But suppose you are defeated in spite of your exertions?" — "Well, here are the transports to carry the remains of the army across the river." — "But, general," urged Buell, "your whole transports cannot contain even ten thousand men, and it will be impossible for them to make more than one trip in the face of the enemy." — "Well, if I am beaten," says Gen. Grant, "transportation for ten thousand men will be abundant; for that is more than will be left."

The creeks upon our flanks were of inestimable service during the entire day. In the morning, as I have said, they relieved the volunteers from all panic concerning a flank attack. They converge as they approach their mouths; and, when the enemy begins to press us back towards Pittsburg Landing, this natural relation of the creeks to each other continued to accommodate our front, growing constantly narrower; for we enter the wedge-shaped peninsula which they form, as if it were a weir in a river. Sherman's right, in the zigzag line we finally assume, was never torn from its grasp upon the Snake; but the capture of Prentiss, and the feebler resistance of our left, has forced back this flank from the Lick to a rest upon



the Tennessee between the mouths of the two creeks. Conceive a chain fast hooked to the Snake, and stretching thus, obliquely, to the Tennessee, and you have our new direction. The enemy pours over the Lick; and, as he has failed to tear Sherman from the Snake, he attempts to worm round our left, and, getting behind him, break his hold by rapping him

over the knuckles. But here the felicities of the ground again come to our relief. The ravines are near the river; and one of these was seized in the morning by our grand siege-battery; and, as Hurlbut comes in with our pressed and fluttering left, the great guns step before him, like "the big brother," and shake a fist at the pursuers. Behind their stalwart guardianship, he tightens up his own columns, and receives all fainting regiments from the field. Let Hurlbut, in his own simple language, describe the closing half-hour: "On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of guns; and, by direction of Major-Gen. Grant, I assumed command of all troops that came up. Broken regiments and disordered battalions came into line gradually upon my division.

"Major Cavender posted six of his twenty-pound pieces on my right; and I sent my aide to establish the light artillery — all that could be found — on my left. Many officers and men unknown to me — and whom I never desire to know — fled in confusion through the line. Many gallant soldiers and brave officers rallied steadily on the new line. I passed to the right, and found myself in communication with Gen. Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time, the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana, but were cut to pieces by the steady and murderous fire of the artillery. Dr. Corvine again took charge of one of the heavy twenty-four-pounders; and the line of fire of that gun was the one upon which the other pieces concentrated.

Gen. Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged; and, after an artillery contest of some duration, the enemy fell back. Capt. Gwin, of the navy, had called upon me by one of his officers to mark the place the gunboats might take to open their fire. I advised him to take position on the left of my camp-ground, and open fire as soon as our fire was within that line. He did so; and from my own observation, and the statement of prisoners, his fire was most effectual in stopping the advance of the enemy on Sunday afternoon and night. About dusk the firing ceased. I advanced my division a hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain."

This was Beauregard's last spring; for A. Sidney Johnston lies in his own blood at the captured headquarters of McClernand. Thus fell the curtain of night upon a drama which had opened with the dawn. From the time that the enemy's might first fell upon the reserved divisions, Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace had fought side by side, right and left arms to each other, in one of those terrific grapples which rend arteries and crack muscles; and, unless the right arm had been torn from its socket, Wallace would have stood by his battle-companion in the ravine. But he is mortally wounded.

Gratitude unmeasured, infinite, is due to Sherman. When we were crowded from the front, he clings with his right hand to the Snake, with his left to McClernand; and he, in turn, seizes and is seized by Wallace and Hurlbut, who in grim determination agonize for hours, with their left flank in air. Upon the

strength of Sherman's grip, as if they were hanging to each other over a precipice, the salvation of the whole depends. "Tell me," says Thomas Hughes, "which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best *at a pinch*, who will risk a broken blood-vessel, and I will tell you how the race will end." Sherman was such a man at the pinch of Shiloh's battle.

Before I was as familiar with the first day at Shiloh as I have since become, I had occasion, in another place, to characterize it in the following language: It was a vast *mêlée* between separate regiments, brigades, and divisions, each fighting on its own hook and for its own position, with but little concert of action and with but slight mutual support. And yet, in one important respect, it contributed more to the eventual success of our arms than any action in the war. It was the *experimentum crucis* which first tested the respective stamina and manliness of the two belligerents. It was the first hurling together of the two people upon a large scale in a hand-to-hand fight; and, when the enemy retreated from that broken and gory field, he retreated with his arrogance tamed, and his dream of invincibility dispelled forever. No Southern soldier from that terrible day presumed to despise again the courage, the persistence, or the marksmanship of the adversary; for there was weeping and lamentation in every Southern home.

After the most careful study of all the reports and descriptions from participants in it, on both sides, I am inclined to reiterate this judgment, especially as I find myself sustained by the authoritative opinion of Gen. Sherman, who says, in the letter to which I have

so frequently referred, "If there were any error in putting that army on the west side of the Tennessee, exposed to the superior force of the enemy, also assembling, at Corinth, the mistake was not Gen. Grant's. But there was no mistake. It was necessary that a combat, fierce and bitter, to test the manhood of the two armies, should come off; and that was as good a place as any. It was not, then, a question of military skill and strategy, but of courage and pluck; and I am convinced that every life lost that day to us was necessary; for otherwise, at Corinth, at Memphis, at Vicksburg, we should have found harder resistance,—had we not shown our enemies, that, rude and untutored as we then were, we could fight as well as they."

During the hours of the night, Gen. Grant is making his dispositions for the following day in consultation with Buell, and with Sherman also, whose bivouac they visit together in the evening. At one o'clock, he orders Lewis Wallace to form his division upon the right of that famous "hook" of Sherman's which partially redeemed the disasters of yesterday. Upon his left, in the order named, are Sherman, McClelland, Hurlbut, re-enforced by remnants of Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace; in the order named, McCook, Crittenden, and Nelson's divisions, embodying twenty thousand fresh troops, prolonged to the extreme left this magnificent battle-front. Nothing more conclusively proves the terrible ravages in the enemy's ranks yesterday than one sentence from Braxton Bragg's report, where he says, "Our troops, exhausted by days of excessive fatigue and want of rest, with

ranks thinned by killed, wounded, and stragglers, *amounting in the whole to nearly half our force*, fought bravely, but with the want of that animation and spirit which characterized them on the preceding day." Participators in both actions affirm, that the struggle of to-day was feeble in comparison with yesterday. The morning opens with the ground drenched with the rain of the night, but every man in both armies is alert at dawn.

Nelson, obliquely advanced, is put in motion by six o'clock, and at half-past six finds the enemy, and drives him with ease for half an hour, when he halts, that his exposed right flank may be covered by Crittenden's division, which is rapidly advancing. Having as yet found no foe, Crittenden joins his left brigade to Nelson's right, and prolongs the line for a mile. Both divisions now move steadily forward against the annoying fire of sharpshooters in the underwood, and the volleyed fire which indicates the regiment in line; but, as soon as they begin to feel grape and canister, they again halt, under such protection as the ground affords, that our field batteries may be brought into commanding positions. Meanwhile McCook's veteran division, splendidly aligned, having cleared of marksmen a coppice in its front, sweeps up with its serried line of bayonets to the right of Crittenden. McClernand has not yet closed, for his feeble division is already struggling against artillery.

The entire left wing of our army do not hesitate to advance, although McCook's extreme right is uncovered. By ten o'clock, Sherman hears to the left the roar of battle, and to the right the crack of

Wallace's rifles, and, with his shattered division again in array, promptly advances into a storm of bullets, supported only by a single section of artillery, drawn by hand. Lewis Wallace, on the right, having escalated a crest in front of him, which had for an hour or two contested his progress, deploys into line upon its summit, and finds himself in the face of seemingly interminable parallels of bristling infantry, supported by unlimbered artillery. He falls back under cover of the crest, until his own batteries can be brought to bear. From right to left the embattled host now confronts artillery, and along its three miles of front a cannonade thunders.

At this stage of the engagement, the whole line cohering as one man, — McClernand and Hurlbut being used as supports, — war presented one of those phases which has fascinated with it the noblest of the race. In the face of all that we can know or dream of terror, the welded divisions, inspired and moved by one volition, move with united and irresistible might to the accomplishment of a consummate purpose, sublimely illustrating the superiority of the soul of man to every material peril and impediment. Accelerated by all the past, they seem to be fighting for all the future. Impelled by causes which reach back to the discovery of the continent, they are aimed at effects endless in duration and immeasurable in influence.

For two hours now, it is a sturdy, obstinate struggle against the infernal enginery which the destructive genius of a race has perfected for the annihilation of armies, planted on every crest, hid in every ravine,

and masked in every wood. Nelson, flushed by the easy triumph of the morning, is unexpectedly struck, from a clump of heavy timber, by a furious cannonade, and two massed columns of superior weight. His own artillery is swamped at Savanna; and, staggered by this terrible shock, he yields a little, until Buell hurries to his relief three well-manned batteries, and then, by brigades at double-quick, swiftly clears his entire front, and finds himself, at one o'clock, vexed only by a trifling fusillade. But he hears on his right the tempest unarrested, unbroken, as Crittenden scoops out of a gulch at his left a rebel swarm of all arms; as Rousseau's high-mettled brigade, of McCook's soldierly division, clears the dreaded water-oaks of the flower of Beauregard's army; as Sherman, now abreast of McCook, labors with his excitable will, all nerved by the trials of Sunday, and hurls from the twenty-four pounders of McArthur a withering blast of death, which the enemy's battery on the left of McCook, and on the right of Shiloh Church, struggle in vain to endure; as Lewis Wallace shivers the parallel lines in his front, and scatters the enemy, like foxes, through the undulating woods and over the cornfields.

At four o'clock, Nelson is in so much tranquillity that he may be fairly said to brush away with the wave of his hand any pestilent fragments which buzz around him. At four o'clock, Crittenden and McCook have scoured every ravine, scaled every crest in their front, swept every thing before them up to our original lines of Sunday morning, and are driving the vanquished rebels up the Corinth Road, back to

their intrenchments. At four o'clock, Gen. Sherman, bleeding from three wounds, directs his drooping brigades to resume their original camps. At four o'clock, Wallace feels the mass in his front dissolving as if from some inherent law of its own; and, at the word "Forward," his Nebraska hunters advance with unresisted step, goading by a devastating fire from all arms a confused jumble of all arms in desperate flight. From the crest of a hill, where it had been a flame of fire, the Crescent Regiment of New Orleans melts like a mist; the Washington Artillery, of Manassas renown, are essaying to lash their weary animals into a gallop. Beauregard darts for an instant athwart Wallace's front, as if he were inciting the broken fugitives to strike once more for their waning invincibility; and he hears the exulting cheer of Crittenden and McCook, as they drive the now vanquished foe through the recaptured camp of Sherman.

The battle of the second day was so triumphant from the start, that Grant had but little to do but encourage the subordinate generals and animate their troops. In the course of the night which preceded it, he visited every division on the field, from Nelson to Wallace, and gave explicit directions for the operations of the morning. While at the front, during the heat of the engagement, he led in person an Ohio regiment which he found faltering, rallied to its aid another which he found retreating, and, inspiring both by example and precept, carried a position of no inconsiderable importance in determining the fate of the day, and from which they had been previously repulsed. He rides along Crittenden's and

McCook's line, and endeavors to stimulate them into a more determined pursuit of the foe, but could hardly find it in his heart to command battalions so foot-sore and battled-stained to advance. He despatches Wood, — one of Buell's brigadiers who had come up too late for action, — and Sherman's overworked regiments, to ascertain the direction of the enemy's flight. They follow up Beauregard several miles towards Corinth, discovering at every step the wrecks and *débris* of an army, sure indications of thorough rout and demoralization; but the roads are too heavy, and our own men too weary, to admit of any thing more than a mere desultory chase. The victorious army encamp upon the field of battle. The enemy leaves behind him his dead, and a large portion of his wounded.¹

The moral effects of Shiloh I have already indicated. The military results were insignificant, because Halleck permitted the victory to remain isolated. The most important lesson which it taught, and the most controlling and operative of all its effects, were the ideas which it planted in the mind of Grant. He now displayed, for the first time, that alertness of faculty which instantly follows out to its consequences the teachings of a fact, and that boldness of temper which adapts the policy of the future to the requirements of its decree. When Frederick the Great discovered the *fact*, that a secret treaty subsisted

¹ According to Gen. Badeau, the following are the losses of both days: Grant's loss, including that in Buell's army, was 12,217; of these, 1,700 were killed, 7,495 wounded, and 3,022 missing: 2,167 of the losses were in the army of the Ohio. Beauregard reported a total loss of 10,697: 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, and 957 missing.

between Austria, Russia, and Saxony to improve the first favorable opportunity to partition the Prussian dominion among these powers, he did not wait for the opportunity to arrive, but in the midst of peace, and without notice to any one, forthwith inundated Saxony with his grenadiers; acting with as much decision upon the discovery of such an intention as if these powers were already prepared to execute it. After the occupation of Dresden, he finds in the archives of Frederick Augustus an authenticated copy of the treaty. This is called following up a fact to its logical conclusions, and governing conduct conformably to their behests. The *fact* which the battle of Shiloh disclosed to Grant was, that our enemies, in spite of the rupture of their strategic line, the capitulation of their strongholds, and the loss of the semi-neutral States, evinced as much determination to prosecute the war, and rallied as strong an army, as if they still held all we had regained, and still hugged the illusion of invincibility. The conclusion to which it led was, that no *éclat* of victory, or overthrow of cities, or occupation of States, or any merely humiliating process, would of itself suppress the deeply-rooted Rebellion. The practical policy which it inculcated was to address future campaigns *to the annihilation of its armies*. From henceforth he determined that the former objects should only be pursued in subordination to the latter; and, when placed at the head of affairs, the principle which Shiloh taught him was immediately promulged as one of the rules which would govern his military administration.

CHAPTER IX.

HE DEFENDS CORINTH, AND WINS THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

[MAY TO DECEMBER, 1863.]

CONTEMPORARY criticism was far from doing justice, either to the general or his troops, who redeemed the first day's fight from ruin irretrievable. Its eye was fixed exclusively upon the six thousand dastards, instead of on the thirty thousand braves. It was not for a long time discovered that there was pluck enough left in the survivors of Sunday's conflict to renew the combat on Monday morning without help from Buell. The testimony I have quoted from Gen. Sherman's letter settles this question forever. Buell's officers dwelt, in their reports, with moreunction upon the mass of fugitives and cravens whom they found at the landing after the stampede from Prentiss's right and Sherman's left, and upon the evidences of defeat strewed over the field, than upon the heroism of Sherman clinging to the Snake with the grip of a Hercules, to the constancy of W. H. L. Wallace which death only could dishearten, the stubborn fidelity with which Prentiss held on to an untenable position, the unwearisome fortitude with which during the day, and especially at its close, Hurlbut vanquished disaster

Grant was also accused by self-sufficient critics of selecting a field of battle from which there was no retreat. It was not his own selection; and, if it had been, it was the best field to be found by the expeditionary army. The malignant spirits who thrive by dragging down rising names, and by degrading established reputations, were busy with vile insinuation. Success, in the malignant judgment of Northern disloyalty, was an all-sufficient calumniator; and it joined with full-mouthed bay in any hue and cry raised against the victor of Donelson. This concurring clamor of ignorance, disloyalty, and jealousy, drags Halleck, for the first time and for the last, from the closet to the field; and, by superseding Grant, relieves him from the responsibility, for five months, of the most extravagant waste of money, valor, resources, and opportunity, which the records of a war prodigal in this class of expenditure present. We have seen under Grant the results of expeditious energy; we shall see under Halleck the effects of scientific procrastination. Upon the advent of Halleck, Grant's participation in army counsels, or in army movements, ceases as entirely as if he was buried under the crimson sword of Shiloh. He was, indeed, left nominally in command of the Tennessee, but with no more actual control over it than a drill-sergeant.

Orders were not transmitted through him, but directly to his subordinates; and the army was so parcelled out between Thomas and McClelland that he had nobody to command in action. Regiments and brigades are detached, distributed, despatched, and

regulated without his orders; in some cases, too, without his knowledge, and in others in defiance of his known and expressed wishes. He was a mere cipher in camp. He was never consulted about the conduct of the campaign; and, the only time he volunteered an opinion, was informed by Halleck, that, when his advice was needed, timely notice would be given him. He was so little in the confidence of the major-general or of those whom he trusted, was treated with so many indignities by the martinets who surrounded him, that all the equanimity and forbearance which Grant could summon were required to enable him to endure this position of unequivocal disgrace. There was no more trying period in the career which we have traced from his birth to the present juncture than the half-year which followed the victory of Shiloh.

Halleck took command on the 10th of April, and with it was initiated the reign of the pickaxe and the shovel. Far be it from me to dispute the authoritative military maxims which inculcate the expediency of fortifying the camp; but no war maxims are of universal application, and the general must uniformly be governed by the exigences of the particular situation. Far be it from me to disparage intrenchments on all suitable occasions; but, if they are ever out of place, it is three days after your antagonist in the field has not only been vanquished but demoralized, and all that it requires for his utter annihilation is but a vigorous pursuit. What need was there for Halleck, with fifty thousand heroes at his beck, whose courage had been purified in such an

ordeal as Sunday's, and inspired by such a victory as Monday's, to sit down fortifying and intrenching in the face of Beauregard with but fifteen thousand dispirited men, his whole army organization wrecked by the slaughter of officers of every grade and in every department? Napoleon might as well have intrenched on the field of Austerlitz, or Wellington on the eve of Waterloo.

From the vast territory under his jurisdiction, thronged with loyal millions, Halleck had succeeded in rallying as superb an army of volunteers as the world ever beheld. A hundred and twenty thousand men appear on his field returns. He begins his advance towards Corinth, intrenching every night behind fortifications elaborate enough to stand a siege, and, in a region of forest and morass, constructs military roads for the forward or retrograde movement of this immense army, and bridges, viaducts, and canals, as if he were solely employed upon the demonstrations of practical engineering. Meanwhile Beauregard — at Corinth, which is but thirty miles from Shiloh — piles, heap upon heap, fortifications equally stupendous in show, but designed merely to frighten an over-cautious foe, with bastions like deal, curtains like canvas, wooden guns on counterfeit embankments, and painted muzzles frowning from embrasures which would be shaken to pieces by the concussion of a good-sized fire-cracker.

Behind these fortifications he stood, valiant as Julius Cæsar, throwing his gauntlet daily to Halleck, vaunting his readiness to meet him, spreading by his spies exaggerated rumors of the enormous garrison

which manned them, and of his inexhaustible military resources. After six weeks of such toil — on the part of troops — as built the pyramids, Halleck surmounts just fifteen of the thirty miles of interval between himself and Beauregard.

On the 9th of May, as it appeared by instructions to Bragg, subsequently captured, the wily Creole had perfected all his plans for eluding the cumbersome Brobdignag in pursuit. On the 15th of May, Halleck sends out Gen. T. W. Sherman upon a reconnaissance towards Corinth, who reports to Halleck, from information obtained from prisoners, that Gen. Beauregard on the 14th had issued an order, “that all the property at Corinth, except the contents of the knapsacks and a certain amount of provisions, should be sent forthwith to Okolona.” On the 20th of May, Beauregard’s order for evacuation is dated, and by the 25th it is completed.

During this period, Halleck is prodigiously slow, fortifying by night, engineering by day, and towards the 29th of May, nearly seven weeks and a half after the fate of Corinth was decided by the victory of Shiloh, appears before its humbug fortifications; and on the 30th of May, five days after the last rebel had left them, redoubtable Halleck issues the following order for battle: “*There is every indication that the enemy will attack our left this morning, as troops have been moving in that direction for some time. It will be well to make preparation to send as many of the reserves as can be spared, of the right wing, in that direction, as soon as an attack is made in force. At any rate, be prepared for an order to that*

effect." The anticipated engagement, I need not say, did not come off. Corinth succumbed to Halleck's irresistible array without a blow. The works were a mere mockery. Unmolested, upwards of a hundred legions marched through the silent bastions, the naked works; and the impotence of the defences convinced every old maid in the army, that a vigorous jump would have demolished both fortifications and garrison.

Beauregard's forces retreat in such a manner as to invite pursuit. The roads are in fine condition. Water abounds; the rivulets ripple with seductive murmur. The troops yearn for the order, "Forward!" Deserters are coming in daily, reporting the inability of the enemy to endure a cavalry charge. But nothing can dissipate Halleck's chronic apprehension of a rebel avalanche. Buell and Pope finally march out in pursuit, and remain for two days in an intrenched line of battle, seventy thousand strong. Beauregard eludes all their vigilance, and by feints, rear-guards, and sham attacks, dodges by unmolested. Buell and Pope march back again to camp, where Gen. Grant had been left, in order to humiliate him. The unabridged history of Halleck's only campaign is written in an old couplet, too familiar and stale to be quoted. I leave this discreditable record without a comment. If its parallel in imbecility is to be found in the voluminous records of war, I hope the instance will be presented.

The great army which Halleck had concentrated for a great purpose is speedily broken into fragments. Pope is sent to Virginia to conduct the campaign

which terminated with the second defeat at Bull Run. Halleck, his brow decked with Corinthian laurel, is ordered to Washington to supersede McClellan in the chief command of the army. Before retiring, however, he insults Grant once more by offering to one of his quartermasters the chieftainship of the Army of the Tennessee; but, as the overture is declined, Grant is left at Corinth in command of it, depleted by the withdrawal of four great divisions to support the movements of Buell.

The transfer of Halleck to Washington enlarged not Grant's jurisdiction, but relieved him from a minute and pragmatical supervision. He finds himself about the middle of July in supreme command at Corinth, with four divisions under him, — Sherman's, Rosecrans's, Ord's, and Hurlbut's. It therefore becomes necessary to glance for a moment at the strategical relation of his new position to the territory occupied by the two belligerents.

In the first place, Corinth is on the Mobile and Columbus Railroad, which he must hold from Corinth to its northern terminus on the Mississippi; because Columbus is now his base of supplies. To the south this road is entirely under rebel control, and therefore invites hostile inroads from that direction.

In the second place, at Corinth the Mobile Road intersects the Charleston and Memphis Railroad; and Grant must hold this road up to Memphis, for that city is now under his command, and held by Gen. Sherman. To the east, it stretches through all the Gulf States, up to the very citadel of Rebellion in South Carolina, and serves as the convenient channel

for the influx upon him of rebel armies from that direction.

In the third place, within striking distance upon his left, is Bolivar, upon the Mississippi Central, which penetrates the State after which it is named. I should also note that Jackson, a few miles north of Corinth, is at the junction of the Mississippi Central with the Mobile and Columbus.

It is therefore apparent that Jackson and Bolivar must both be occupied as the keys of Corinth, Memphis, and Columbus, and as essential safeguards of the war defensive.

With excellent judgment, the rebel authorities have committed to Price and Van Dörn the control of operations against Corinth; for they were both adepts in the partisan warfare which consists in suddenly extemporizing an army, springing on the most exposed post of a long line, and, when foiled, scattering over the country, or retreating to an inaccessible wild. Both know that there is no reason to fear offensive movements from Grant; for, although they may not be aware of the orders which restrain him, they can see with their eyes that his legs are tethered by the exigences of his situation. The idea which most vividly describes the uncomfortable quarters of Grant, for the next three months, is to consider him in a hornet's nest, which the venomous insects, both inside and outside, are endeavoring to recapture. When he is unguarded, they swarm around him with stings innumerable; when he is prepared to strike, they vanish into air. After repeated petty annoyances, he becomes aware, about the 1st of September, that

two swarms are demonstrating against him in force. With the control of the Mississippi Central, Van Dorn is threatening him from the south; and Price, at the east, has seized the Charleston Road at Iuka. Grant instantly discerns his peril, and determines to capture the swarm at Iuka, before it can form a junction with the swarm from the south. He orders Rosecrans to point the head of his division eastward, and, stealing stealthily through the woods which border the Charleston Railroad on the south, to wheel suddenly to the north when he reaches the longitude of Iuka, and, spreading his wings, seize Fulton — a station on the road in the rear of Iuka — with the one, and directly assault Iuka from the south with the other.

Having started Rosecrans with nine thousand men upon the execution of this manœuvre, he calls in Ord's division of eight thousand men, and rushes them out on a railroad train to Burnsville, within easy distance, upon the east of Iuka, and retains the empty cars there, to return this corps to Corinth in case Van Dorn should attack during his absence. Grant is at Burnsville, where he can conveniently supervise the intended operations of both divisions.

On the 18th he pushes forward Ord against Iuka; because, on the 18th, Rosecrans informs him that he will close upon Iuka from the south, and it is not until midnight of the same day that he sends Grant word that he is still twenty miles from Iuka. Grant is forced by this information to suddenly change his plans, and to direct Ord to withhold his assault until he hears the guns of Rosecrans co-operating from the south.

Meanwhile Rosecrans has imprudently permitted a rebel surgeon, by the name of Burton, to hang about his headquarters and secure his confidence, who upon the 19th carries to Price all the details of Rosecrans's command, and also discloses the intention to capture Fulton in the rebels' rear, and cut off the retreat. Price, therefore, forthwith commences preparations for the evacuation of Iuka, and, massing his forces, sallies out southward, and lies in ambuscade to receive Rosecrans. Late on the afternoon of the 19th, Rosecrans's leading brigade is met by an ambush several miles south of Iuka; and for five miles its advance is contested by skirmishers and sharpshooters, posted in every cover. Within about two miles of Iuka, Gen. Hamilton, who commands the advance, finds the enemy's front strongly posted in a ravine, which here cuts the road transversely, with a part of his line also behind the crest of an adjoining hill. A sharp engagement ensues, distinguished by the stubbornness of our assault against heavy odds, — ensconced in a natural trench, presenting but a narrow front, entirely controlled by artillery upon the hill; while the nature of the ground permits Hamilton to use but a single battery. After a determined struggle, Price is driven from his position as darkness comes on; and the victors bivouac upon the battle-ground. The columns which Grant directs Rosecrans to detach for the purpose of striking the railroad at Fulton, for reasons which were never explained, failed to reach their destination.

Under the protection of the night, Price retreats from the battle-field to the cars which are awaiting

him upon the Charleston Road, and speedily places his troops beyond reach of pursuers. The wind blew strongly from the north during the afternoon; and the first information which Ord receives of the action at the south was communicated to him by the negroes. He immediately pushes into Iuka, to discover that Grant's device for hiving one swarm of the hornets is foiled by the neglect of an important order. The result of the battle was only a temporary check upon the concerted movement of Price and Van Dorn; for, by circuitous routes,—always at their command,—a junction is speedily effected.

On the 23d of September, Grant moves his headquarters to Jackson, the geographical centre of his command. The disastrous campaigns of the east are daily withdrawing detachments from his feeble force; and, early in October, he sends a telegram to Washington, which, coming from one habitually undemonstrative and uncomplaining, indicates no small degree of anxiety. "My position is precarious," he says; "but I hope to get out of it all right." At this juncture, Price and Van Dorn, with an overwhelming array, are threatening every post under his protection; and his apprehensions are the more lively because he cannot divine which of all the points within their reach will be the object of attack. He taxes his utmost cunning to ascertain their aim, until, finally, a change in their cavalry cantonment, which would have been entirely unnoticed by an inexperienced eye, reveals to him that Corinth is their quarry. Rosecrans is forthwith directed to call in all his out-

posts, and McPherson is sent to re-enforce him with his brigade. Hurlbut and Ord are hurried up from Bolivar, to act as emergencies may require; but, before the re-enforcements reach Corinth, the enemy has partially invested it.

The moment Grant was placed in command of Corinth, he dismantled that immense range of fortifications which Beauregard had raised to disguise his real weakness, and constructed substantial works nearer the town, and capable of being defended by a small garrison. The wisdom of this precaution was now to be demonstrated; for Rosecrans, having been defeated in an attempt to raise the investment, is assailed on the 4th of October by the enemy, thirty-eight thousand strong. It is no mere feint upon the part of Price and Van Dorn; never did they evince more impetuosity and determination than in this struggle to tear from the talons of Grant their ancient nest. They charge with heavy columns, once and again and still again, upon works garnished with artillery, and garrisoned by nineteen thousand soldiers. They storm in the teeth of devastating batteries. They even penetrate the town, and shake for an instant our wavering troops, who are speedily rallied by Rosecrans in person. It was the enfilading fire of the interior forts which at this crisis saved Corinth from destruction. McPherson arrives during the action, and, by a brilliant *détour*, brings up his brigade on Rosecrans's right; but the *élan* and will of the assailants are already dashed. By eleven o'clock they are not only repulsed, but in disorderly rout, and, if Rosecrans had followed them with energy, would have

been exterminated. They are, however, fortunately struck on the flank by Hurlbut and Ord, at the Hatchie; and the punishment which they received relieved the district forever from the inroads of Price and Van Dorn.

After the battle of Iuka and Corinth, Grant's military jurisdiction was amplified by the command of the Department of the Tennessee, comprehending Cairo, the forts he had captured, all Kentucky and Tennessee west of the Tennessee River, and Northern Mississippi. His enterprising spirit immediately conceives the idea of opening the great river by the reduction of Vicksburg. As early as the 25th of October, he submitted a proposition to the secretary of war, which contemplated an advance upon that "barred gateway" by means of the Mississippi Central, with a co-operating expedition upon the Mississippi River. The execution of this project involved the abandonment of Corinth, and was, of course, too repugnant to Halleck's conservative temperament to receive his immediate assent; but, after various delays, the plan, with some amendments, was authorized, but was destined to be retarded by a complication of a different nature.

The baton of a brigadier was placed in the hands of John A. McClernand, as a recognition of political merit and influence; and he carried with him into the field more of the tactics of the adroit politician than the skilful commander. As he had found "buncombe" serviceable in a political campaign, he saw no reason why it should be abjured on the military arena; and, as he had been obliged to blow his own

trumpet in the canvass, he did not scorn the same duty in the camp. All that he knew of the art of war had been learned in eighteen months, and in three engagements. With great skill, at Belmont, he had electioneered his brigade into action; at Donelson, he remained in obscurity after Pillow had rolled up his division; and at Shiloh, he had been content, during the first day, to hang on the skirts of Sherman, and during the second to play the conservative *rôle* of a reserve. He was now, in his own judgment, capable of leading an expedition, or, at all events, was tired of "furnishing brains" to the Army of the Tennessee, and wished to be the actual, as well as the real head of the concern; nor did our experience of educated officers render such aspirations upon the part of any military fledgling preposterous. He went to Washington, and by the arts of political legerdemain, of which he was a master, almost persuaded the mind of the president — susceptible to such influences — to install him in command, over the head of Grant. It is to the credit of Halleck that in this emergency he stood by his subordinate. Whatever were his faults, he was too much of a soldier to permit political combinations to derange the plans and control the administration of the army, and he resisted the present intrigue with all his might and with all his resources. But, as was the wont of the president in such dilemmas, he compromised the rival pretensions, by refusing to interfere with the projects of Grant, but authorized McClelland, when sufficient troops were concentrated at Memphis for the prospective operations of the commander of the district, to or-

ganize an expedition against Vicksburg, and to open the navigation of the Mississippi.

Grant had seized Grand Junction, which controlled the Mississippi Central, while he was waiting for authority from Washington to advance down the road ; and it was not until the 12th of November that he received the information that he was sufficient master of his own troops to justify the undertaking, and knew nothing up to this time, except by current gossip, of any authority issued to McClernand. He immediately puts his troops in motion, occupies Holly Springs, drives Pemberton from his intrenchments behind the Tallahatchie, and, having swept the Mississippi Central clear of all foes, down to Grenada, establishes his headquarters at Oxford, twenty-eight miles below Holly Springs, on the 8th of December. He now finds that Pemberton is declining battle, and merely luring him on to the Vicksburg intrenchments. He therefore prepares forthwith to launch the river expedition. It was his intention to intrust this movement to Sherman alone ; and from Oxford he issues instructions to him—still at Memphis—“to assume command of all troops at Memphis, and of Gen. Curtis’s force east of the Mississippi, and, as soon as possible, move with them down the river, and, with the co-operation of the gunboat fleet under the command of Flag-officer Porter, proceed to the reduction of Vicksburg in such manner as circumstances and your own judgment may dictate. I will hold the forces here,” he adds, “in readiness to co-operate with you, in such a manner as the movements of the enemy may make necessary.” We have here

the unabridged plan of the campaign, and the explanation of all subsequent movements up to its conclusion.

While he remains at Oxford, the telegrams of Grant indicate two main causes of anxiety, — the hazard of being bereft of supplies, which was daily increased the farther he removed from his base ; and the apprehension that some political appointee will be foisted upon him as chief subordinate in place of Sherman. The former danger was to some extent alleviated by establishing at Holly Springs an auxiliary depot ; but the latter was speedily realized by a telegram from Halleck, which said, “It is the wish of the president that Gen. McClelland’s corps shall constitute a part of the river expedition, and that he shall have *the immediate command under your direction.*”

There is no doubt that Halleck and Grant had been in hearty alliance for weeks to defeat executive interference with the freedom of choice ; that the former, while he was aware that the president had been forced to yield to the pressure of McClelland’s political friends, had, with pardonable indiscretion, revealed to Grant that Mr. Lincoln might indicate a separate commander, adding significantly, “Sherman would be my choice as chief under you ;” and that Grant, with more than habitual speed, had hurried Sherman’s preparations, that the transports might be under way before any unwelcome order should be received from Washington. But there is nothing to do now but to bend to the mandate of the commander-in-chief of the army and the navy ; and

Grant telegraphs to McClelland, who was at Springfield, that he had been directed by the general-in-chief, "to divide the force intended for the river expedition into four army corps, and to assign to him the command of one ; and informing him, moreover, that he would find instructions at Memphis, which would be *turned over to him* by General Sherman."

An unexpected calamity now disconcerted his own co-operating movements. Grant, bear in mind, is still at Oxford, twenty-four miles below Holly Springs; and McPherson's brigade is on the Tallahatchie, still farther in advance. Col. Murphy, of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, had been left in command of the depot at Holly Springs, upon which the army relied for food and munitions of war ; and, with that *crassa negligentia* which would raise a presumption of criminal complicity with the enemy, both by neglect of previous preparation for its security, and by the neglect of ordinary precaution of guards and outposts at the time of attack, permitted Van Dorn, at the head of a mere cavalry squadron, to capture this important post and to destroy all its valuable stores, without even striking a blow in its defence, or scarcely rising from his couch. He was cashiered for the crime, which was not a tithe of his deserts. About the same time, Forrest, the notorious raider of West Tennessee, had broken up at Jackson the railroad to Columbus ; and, by these two blows, Grant was entirely cut off from his main and subsidiary base of supplies.

Now, if Grant had been the mere drilled tactician who governs himself absolutely by military theories and precedents, he would have forthwith surrendered

his army ; for theoretical starvation was the corollary of these two misfortunes. The expedient of maintaining an army with its regular communication severed is only, with rare exceptions, resorted to but by the vanquished, and is of itself a confession of defeat. Grant is no slave of military rule and and routine. He is both a practical and theoretical soldier, and employs the maxims of his art only when they are imperious ; but draws laws from the fertility of his own invention in situations which are exceptions to ordinary rules. He meets unprecedented circumstances by unprecedented measures. He has no thought of surrender, but throws himself on the country for food. For more than a week, he has no communication with the North ; for two weeks, he is bereft of all regular supplies. Non-combatant rebels may suffer, but the soldiers must be fed. He subsists an army of thirty thousand men on their well-stocked storehouses and granaries ; he eats out of house and home fifteen square miles of country, and, in the language of Mrs. Quickly to Sir John Falstaff, “ puts all its substance ” in the consuming maw of his thirty legions. In this adversity, which seemed tantamount to ruin, he first conceives the practicability of the “ movable column ” which upon such a scale of grandeur was subsequently let loose upon the waning Rebellion. Gen. Badeau affirms, that, while discussing this campaign with Gen. Grant, he had frequently heard him say, “ If I had known at its inception what I learned during its prosecution, that thirty regiments could be easily fed upon the enemy’s country, I would have pushed on to the rear of Vicksburg, and captured the place.”

The experiment, however, of subsisting upon the enemy was too novel at the time, and too repugnant to the cautions of the military art, to justify Grant in prosecuting his advance, or retaining his present positions, after his communications were severed. He could not incur the responsibility "of burning his ships," and throwing himself into the midst of the foe. He therefore retraces his march of sixty miles, and establishes himself at Grand Junction until Forrest is driven back to his hiding-place ; and, having again opened connection with Columbus, he again establishes his headquarters at Holly Springs, again pushes on his advance to the Tallahatchie before Christmas of 1862.

It has been repeatedly asked, Why did not Gen. Grant confide entirely to a river movement against Vicksburg? why did he incur the risks of a land approach? It is a sufficient answer to say, that, in such a hazardous business as war, it is never wise to invest all your fortune in a single venture ; and that double expedients are frequently employed by the great exemplifiers of the art, for the accomplishment of the same end ; and that, if a choice was to be made between the two lines of attack, military experts affirm, that, even after the Holly Springs disaster, the Mississippi Central was the one to which preference should be given. But, in addition to this, he knew that Pemberton was on the Tallahatchie at the head of an army, which he preferred to encounter in the open field, instead of behind the fortifications of Vicksburg ; and I have already shown, that, after the battle of Shiloh, it became a controlling maxim of

Grant's strategy to address his campaigns to the "annihilation of the enemy's army," with the assured prospect that every stronghold and intrenched position would fall when this feat was accomplished. In this very campaign, as soon as he discovers that Pemberton abandons the strong lines behind the Tallahatchie without accepting battle, he gives a peremptory order to Sherman to advance by the river, that the enemy, who declines to fight in the field, shall not be left in immunity upon the bluffs of Vicksburg.

Behold, then, Grant on the 25th of December at Holly Springs, with McPherson, whose military genius is rapidly culminating, advanced to the line of the Tallahatchie, to arrest the attention of Pemberton, and divert him, if possible, from massing upon Sherman, whose expedition down the river I must now briefly follow.

The rupture of communications, which happened immediately after Grant had received the command of the president to give to McClernand the chief place under him in the control of the river movement, although it had not prevented Grant from giving to McClernand the information, had prevented the transmission of an order to Sherman to recognize McClernand as his superior. For, during the period of non-intercourse with Memphis, Sherman had embarked with thirty thousand men, and had received aboard his transports twelve thousand more at Helena, and had reached Milliken's Bend, on the Arkansas shore, twenty miles above Vicksburg, the day after Grant had re-occupied Holly Springs.

The few lines I shall devote to Sherman's unsuccessful assault of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of December demands from me no elaborate sketch, either of the topography or defences of the rebels' stronghold. I have merely to notice, that, although the Mississippi River bends sharply to the east at Vicksburg, the line of bluffs upon which it stands, and which are essential elements of its strength, do not participate in the deflections of the stream, but continue along on their course parallel to the western bank of the Yazoo, where they become, and are called, "Walnut Hills." The Yazoo enters the Mississippi River nine miles above Vicksburg. Between the Yazoo and these bluffs prolonged, there is a kind of delta, half-inundated, commanded by them, penetrated by bayous, besprinkled with swamps, — a tangled thicket of water-loving plants, which flourish so wildly at the mouths of tropical rivers, — where artillery cannot operate at all, and infantry move only on the narrow embankments, which are in these submerged fields what cow-paths are in our Northern woods.

Sherman went up the Yazoo, disembarked his troops in the forlorn and dismal slough which I have just etched, penetrated it with his infantry, against the artillery on the Walnut Hills, and rifle-pits also, as he approached the Vicksburg bluffs, and succeeded in reaching the solid declivities of the Vicksburg hill, and established himself within the rebel lines under the superior fortifications upon the eminence! What more could mortal soldier do? His failure to carry the town resulted from no want of men, for he could not use half of his force; from no want of batteries,

because he could not use them at all; from no want of judgment in selecting the point of attack, for he chose the only point assailable; from no want either of pluck or of will, in officers or men, because they achieved all that human resolution or courage can do; but simply because Vicksburg is just as impregnable to mere assault as the rock of Gibraltar. The fault, if any fault there be, lies at their door who expected impossibilities throughout this war: the blame, if blame there be, lay in that infatuation and maze of the public mind, which, at this juncture of our affairs, exacted from "bipeds without feathers" the feats of birds. After withdrawing his column in good order and in good spirits, the command of the president reached Sherman, superseding him by McClelland. He receives it with the serene brow of a Belisarius. Although the order had been issued months prior to the assault, it was construed by the charitable home-guards as a rebuke to Sherman.

While the command was waiting for additional orders from Grant, Sherman induced his superior, McClelland, to attack Arkansas Post, far up the Arkansas River. With the assistance of a bombardment from Porter's fleet, the attack proved successful; and the fort, with five thousand prisoners and seventeen guns, capitulated.

On the 4th of January, 1862, Grant receives the information of Sherman's failure to carry Vicksburg. The controlling reasons which instigated the advance by the Mississippi Central no longer exist. Pemberton evinces only a disposition to draw him from his base; and, as Grant moves forward, he falls back to

the safe citadel upon the bluffs. "His army is not to be annihilated in the field," but must be captured in garrison. Diversion in Sherman's favor is no longer needed, for Sherman has reported that Vicksburg can only be mastered by siege. Grant, therefore, gives the order to withdraw from the Tallahatchie. The enormous mounds of stores of every description are moved with the army, and it was not until the 10th of January that Grant again established himself at Memphis.

Both the land and river expeditions are failures! Vicksburg, on the bluff, still stands in grim and majestic defiance of our flag, barricading the natural highway to the sea of an area of territory so immense that it can only be measured by the great circles of the globe, paralyzing in a measure its fifty-seven navigable tributaries, preserving the territorial cohesion of the Gulf and trans-Mississippi States of the Confederacy, constraining the grandest water-course on the continent to be the accomplice of treason, and forcing its mighty channel to contribute to the martial and financial strength of Rebellion. In this view the campaign was a failure, but in another view it was a success. "Out of the nettle danger, we plucked the flower safety." It planted the seeds of victory, and pointed out the way in which it could be won. It strangled all expedients to carry Vicksburg by mere storm; it demonstrated that the regular approaches of a siege were the only road to its conquest, and inspired one man with strength and volume enough of will to travel that road to the end. While Pemberton is jubilant over our defeat both

upon river and upon land, the parallels, bastions, and batteries which will demolish it are already erected and planted in the mind of Grant. While McClelland is wailing over failure, Grant is writing him, "If there are men enough in the West, Vicksburg will fall."

SUMMARY.

I have eliminated from four operations against the enemy, through which I have already traced Grant, four maxims, which his experience in this war had inculcated respecting the mode in which it should be fought; and, as these maxims essentially control and illustrate his future military policy, I will here recapitulate them:—

BELMONT.

I. When both belligerents are undisciplined, nothing is gained by a procrastinating drill; because the enemy improves as fast as yourself, and the manifold advantages of promptness are sacrificed.

DONELSON AND SHILOH.

II. In a hotly-contested action, when it appears that both parties are shocked, the one which first attacks vigorously is sure to win.

AFTER SHILOH.

III. Campaigns in this war should be addressed chiefly to the annihilation of the enemy's army, rather than to the mere capture of his strongholds, or the mere occupation of his territory.

HOLLY SPRINGS.

IV. The "movable column" can be safely and successfully employed.

CHAPTER X.

HE BESIEGES VICKSBURG.

[JANUARY TO MAY, 1864.]

AS you descend the Mississippi from Memphis in the season of the spring freshet, you are at every step impressed with the idea, that the mighty stream is too big for its basin, and that its pent-up current is continually struggling for relief. You are also seized with the thought, that the alluvial region through which it flows is favoring this effort; for it has been described with poetic license, but with much truth, as "neither sea nor strand." The unsubstantial soil presents but a feeble obstacle to the tortuous inclination of the torrent. It therefore winds through the yielding morass wherever it listeth, abandoning its old channels for new, breaking out into innumerable side reservoirs and bayous, and, as it approaches its mouth, incessantly seeking additional outlets to the gulf.

As you approach its junction with the Yazoo, you become aware that the river is about to indulge in one of its serpentine freaks. The channel reverses its southerly course, and, turning suddenly to the north-east, forms an elongated horseshoe; and, after

you have rounded the toe, and steamed about a third of the way to the down-stream heel, you find on the eastern bank the fortifications of Vicksburg. The peninsula formed on the Louisiana shore by this sharp curve is about two miles in breadth and three and a half miles long.

If the topographical feature I have thus indicated were the sole military advantage of Vicksburg, it would be merely a favorable sight for planting a water battery, to control the river for several miles, and it might be easily approached from the north, and turned or captured. But it possesses two other natural advantages of situation, which fairly daunt the boldest engineer who is devising approaches to it from the north. The Yazoo, although contemptible in size when contrasted with the parent stream, yet belongs to the same class with the Hudson and Connecticut: it not only enters the Mississippi at the toe of the horse-shoe, but overspreads fifteen square miles with that complicated network of mouths, swamps, bayous, and jungles, which distinguish the deltas of this abnormal region, and would of itself constitute no contemptible obstacle to an approach to Vicksburg from the north. The strongest natural advantage of the place remains to be noticed. A range of highlands, from two to three hundred feet in height, start at Haine's Bluff, on the banks of the Yazoo, twelve miles above Vicksburg, and, running southward parallel to its channel, impinge on the Mississippi at Vicksburg, hug the river bend closely where the city lies, and extend to Warrenton on the Mississippi, seven miles below the stronghold. For

nearly twenty miles they present a precipitous ridge which commands at every point the Yazoo and the Mississippi, and also affords a rugged, terraced, and controlling situation for Vicksburg itself, two hundred feet above the water's edge. Such are the natural advantages of this "barred gateway."

What nature has left undone, to present here to the assailant a task of unparalleled difficulty, the genius of military art has completed. Haine's Bluff and Warrenton constitute the extreme right and left of the enemy's line, and are as impregnable to mere assault as the principal fortress. Upon them has been lavished all the ingenuity of the engineer, and a superabundance of superb modern ordnance. If there happens to be, at any point of this long range of ridge, a narrow strip of alluvial between the river and its base, which may offer a foothold to a storming party, it is furnished with line within line of rifle-pits, which render it entirely untenable. In addition to the batteries on every available position upon both of its expanded wings, Vicksburg itself presents to the river the plunging fire of twenty-eight heavy guns, posted at such a height upon the cliff that no cannon afloat can be raised to a sufficient elevation to disturb them ; and, that its command of the channel may be absolutely despotic, a platform for a water battery is placed at the base, while every terrace of the facing acclivity is provided with guns to sweep the river at every conceivable angle.

On the 30th of January, Grant finds himself at Milliken's Bend, facing his enormous task. He has with him an army of fifty thousand men, in four

grand army corps, commanded respectively by McClelland, Sherman, Hurlbut, and McPherson. The military characteristics of these four leaders are already familiar to the reader, and the qualities of their principal subordinates will appear at a later period of the campaign. Hurlbut is left at La Grange, with a part of his division, to protect communications.

The first problem presented to Grant is to secure a lodgment on the eastern acclivities in the rear of Vicksburg, and we must remember that during February and March he is solely endeavoring to accomplish this by a *northern approach*. I propose now to describe the gigantic enterprises which he undertook for the purpose of achieving this object, involving of themselves an amount of labor, hardship, and endurance which would have daunted the most energetic will in the world. They were of sufficient grandeur to stir the mummies of the extinct race which built the Pyramids, or agitate the ashes of the defunct Persians who tunnelled Mount Athos and bridged the Hellespont. They were all deeds for —

“Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.”

CANAL.

The first step towards the solution of the problem is to remodel a physical feature of the globe itself, by turning the channel of its grandest river. The tendency of the Mississippi to take short cuts to the Gulf suggested the undertaking; and it had been commenced the previous summer by a detachment

of Gen. Butler's army, from the Department of the Gulf. I have already directed attention to the horse-shoe bend which the channel makes in order to invest Vicksburg with full command of its course. The scheme now in hand was to dig a canal from heel to heel, convert the peninsula formed by the curve into an island, and thus isolate Vicksburg, and neutralize its control of the navigable current. It was more fascinating to the imagination of a civilian than a soldier, and was prosecuted in deference to the express wishes of the president, although Grant had assured Halleck, early in February, that the exit of the canal into the Mississippi *was under the control of the Warrenton Bluffs*. The excavation here in the summer of 1862 had not penetrated through the alluvium to the crumbling strata of sand which underlies it, and therefore the water, which passed through it with volume and force, had succeeded neither in enlarging nor deepening the new channel. Grant's efforts are chiefly directed to remedies for this infirmity, by the use of dredging machines, and the construction of what are denominated wings, by engineers, placed in the river above, and designed to compel a greater mass of water to follow the new course he was endeavoring to create. Grant continues to proclaim it an abortion in all his despatches to Washington. Four thousand troops, with auxiliary contrabands, were for six weeks employed upon this labor, and at one time fallacious hopes were entertained of its success: but the current proved too mighty to be mastered by man; and on the 8th of March a freshet broke through the dam at its mouth, and a raging torrent poured into the canal, not

to seek an outlet at its lower orifice, but to devastate the levees at its side and submerge the peninsula. Upon the subsidence of the flood, it could only be used for the passage of small boats. Thus, after human toil almost commensurate with a primordial force of nature, the first expedient for reaching the rear of Vicksburg is a failure.

LAKE PROVIDENCE.

Simultaneous with the prosecution of the canal project, another scheme for turning the channel of the Mississippi, of still grander scope and proportion, was employing the superfluous troops. About thirty miles above Milliken's Bend, where our army is encamped, is Lake Providence, on the Louisiana shore. It is undoubtedly the relic of some antique channel of the Mississippi, when upon some primitive excursion in this direction. By means of the Baxter and Macon Bayous and the Washita and Tensas Rivers, the lake communicates with the Red River, which enters the Mississippi scores of miles below Vicksburg, and below Port Hudson. By this inner passage also, the Atchafalaya may be reached, which many presume to have been the original way by which the Father of Waters reached the Gulf. It was hoped, that, in an extremity, the whole of the Mississippi might be turned into this abandoned bed, and our transports pass below Vicksburg, in contempt of its batteries, and reach the coveted rear from the south. A canal was dug which turned Lake Providence into the bayous. McPherson's brigade was employed for several weeks in opening this commu-

nication. But Baxter Bayou proved to be so encumbered with snags and timber, and so tortuous in its course, that it could be made navigable only for steamers of the lightest draught. This expedient for gaining siege-ground to the rear of the fortifications is relinquished about the same time as the canal.

THE YAZOO PASS.

Grant is still fighting Nature to reach the eastern face of the stronghold. At the same time he was attempting to channel across the peninsula, and to open an interior avenue to the Red River by the way of Lake Providence, he detached Col. Wilson, of his staff, to re-open the Yazoo Pass. A hundred miles above Vicksburg, on the Mississippi bank of the river, is Moon Lake, another of the deposits which the great river has left behind in its wanderings. This lake, by means of the Cold Water and the Tallahatchie, which are its outlets, formed in olden time a circuitous channel by which trading schooners sailed from the Mississippi to the Yazoo. But as the inducement which the lake offered to its waters to flow in this direction exposed valuable plantations to inundation, the State of Mississippi had built substantial levees between the river and the lake. Colonel Wilson blows them up by a mine, and makes a crevasse which would admit the largest steamers into Moon Lake. But the rebels were wide awake, and across its outlet erected enormous barricades of timber; all of which with vast toil were removed by the troops, and the lower Tallahatchie finally reached. A mosquito fleet, escorted by two gunboats, received here forty-five

hundred troops, under Gen. Ross; which, after a serpentine course of two hundred and fifty miles, reached the town of Greenwood, where the confluence of the two streams formed the Yazoo. Here Pemberton had erected a fort commanding the approach, and so intrenched in bogs that to storm it is no easy task. An attempt to carry it proved unavailing; and, as reinforcements were being hurried up from Vicksburg by interior lines, it was feared that Ross would be captured before supports could reach him by our circumambient path. He eventually escaped, and this project of reaching the rear of Vicksburg failed.

STEELE'S BAYOU.

Steele's Bayou and Muddy Bayou enter the Mississippi about seven miles above the mouth of the Yazoo, and communicate directly with that submerged jungle where Sherman disembarked on the 27th of December for his unsuccessful assault. On the 16th of March, Sherman, with a brigade of troops, and Porter, with five iron-clads and four mortar-boats, attempt to reach that gloomy lagoon, for the double purpose of creating a diversion in favor of Ross, and finding a practicable passage into the Yazoo, which shall evade the batteries on Haine's Bluff. It is the last expedient, at our command, for reaching dry land in the rear of Vicksburg. A participator in the expedition thus delineates one of the bayous: a narrow stream, "heretofore navigable only by dug-outs, was made of the width of our steamers with great labor, by felling trees and sawing stumps below the surface. Every foot of our way was cut and torn through a

dense forest never before traversed by steamers. I never witnessed a more exciting and picturesque scene than the transportation, on the last day, of the Third Brigade. Crowded with men, the steamers at the highest possible speed pushed through overhanging trees and around short curves. Sometimes they were wedged fast between trees ; then, sailing along smoothly, a huge cypress would reach out an arm, and sweep the whole length of the boats, tearing guards and chimneys from the decks. The last trip through the bayou was in a night pitchy dark and rainy." It was like sailing through a flooded forest. Porter is in advance. Audacious rebels appear in his rear, and, cutting down timber on both banks, form a barricade against his retreat. They force negroes, at the point of the bayonet, to cut down trees on both banks, and throw them over the stream to debar his farther advance. In this secure trap he is exposed to a swarm of sharpshooters in the woods, but is eventually rescued by Sherman, who crowds forward his brigade on coal-barges. Thus is the fourth attempt to reach the rear of Vicksburg defeated.

It was not until April 4, after two months of superhuman toil in a disgusting region of interminable swamp, unfavorable to the health, and disheartening to the spirits of the men, that Grant had exhausted every expedient for reaching the rear of Vicksburg from the north.

The lessons of the school now abandon him : he has gone the full length of their instructions. The approved principles of his art now require him to

retreat to the Tallahatchie, and renew the movement of last winter by the Mississippi Central. But the country can endure no retrograde step: he cannot stand it himself. He determines to rise above all rules and create a precedent.

GRANT'S PLAN.

On the 4th of April, he sends a telegram to Halleck, which first discloses the masterly strategical manœuvre which he eventually executes. He expresses in plain language his determination to march the main body of his army down the Louisiana shore to New Carthage, below Vicksburg, and from that point assail either Warrenton, or Grand Gulf, and gain a foothold on the Mississippi shore from whence he can reach that eastern face of Vicksburg, which has so long defied his utmost ingenuity and toil. He signifies at the same time the daring purpose of running the gunboats and the transports through the gantlets of the batteries; for he would require the gunboats in his attack upon Grand Gulf or Warrenton, and the transports to convey his army from the Louisiana to the Mississippi shore.

Let the student of military history, if he can, produce a plan of more consummate audacity, of more staggering novelty. It directly invades those primary principles of the military art which direct you to tolerate no enemy between yourself and your base of supplies. It was a voluntary surrender to the foe of the position which he employs campaigns; and exhausts all his tactics, to acquire; and, to retain which, you squander means and men, and task to

their utmost the resources of science and skill. Its prosecution involved the hazardous experiment of placing our army between Pemberton in Vicksburg and Johnston in the interior. It indicates a genius superior to all the trammels of rules, to all control from precedent.

It was met with the unanimous dissent and the avowed opposition of all the subordinates upon whom Grant principally relied. By McPherson it was considered as a fatal error, by Logan as a hair-brained adventure, by Wilson as defying the established principles of military science; and all these eminent leaders, in respectful language, and without transcending the limits of soldierly decorum, earnestly protested against it. Sherman, his most intimate friend, his steadfast comrade, jealous of his superior's honor, proud of his reputation, confident of his future renown, not only pronounced against it orally, but placed in the hand of Grant's adjutant-general a communication, couched of course in deferential language, but which was in fact a remonstrance. The paper recommends a council of officers to decide on future operations. It proposes, as a substitute to Gen. Grant's project, to fall back, and make the Yallabusha the base "from which to operate against the points where the Mississippi Central crosses Big Black, above Canton, and lastly where the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad crosses the same river. The capture of Vicksburg would result." It concludes in the following generous strain: "I make these suggestions with the request that Gen. Grant simply read them, and give them,

as I know he will, a share of his thoughts. I would prefer he should not answer them, but merely give them as much, or as little, weight as they deserve. Whatever plan of action he may adopt will receive from me the same zealous co-operation and energetic support as though conceived by myself."

Gen. Badeau informs us, that "Col. Rawlins handed the paper to Grant without saying a word. Grant read it carefully, but in silence, and, after the perusal was finished, made no comment. The orders were not revoked, the council of war was not called, and the letter has never since been mentioned between the two commanders. Its existence was not disclosed by Grant until Sherman himself publicly related the incident after the investment of Vicksburg, when several prominent men were attributing to him the conception of the campaign which resulted in opening the Mississippi River."

This is but one instance of the greatness of soul which was frequently illustrated during the long comradeship of these two distinguished men. When, but a week or two afterwards, Grant is about to throw himself between two armies of the enemy on the Mississippi shore, he wishes that Sherman shall make a *mere feint* against Haine's Bluff, for the purpose of distracting Pemberton. But he forbears to give an order to Sherman; because he fears that the country will regard it as another "unlucky move" of that officer, saying, in the letter which suggests the *feint* to his honored subordinate, "I am loth to order it; because it would be so hard to make our own troops to understand that only a demonstration was intended,

and our people at home would characterize it as a repulse." The generosity of Grant is met by a self-abandonment upon the part of Sherman which is, perhaps, even superior in its nobility ; for he forthwith replies, "I believe a diversion at Haine's Bluff is proper and right, and will make it, let whatever reports of repulses be made."

From first to last, Grant never fails to herald Sherman's illustrious deserts, while Sherman always springs forward in defence of Grant's assailed reputation. No profane hand is lifted to pluck a laurel from either's brow without summoning the shield and the spear of the other to the defence. The amiable and accommodating spirit which passes by the name of friendship exists everywhere ; but thus to put aside the crown of heroic deeds, and place it upon an associate's head, is an example of it which can only here and there be seen in looking down the ages : it honors our common nature. It is like that of David and Jonathan, which, in the lamentation of that monarch minstrel beloved of heaven,—every word of which is swollen with a sigh and broken by a sob,—is called "wonderful." A friendship thus rising into that serene atmosphere, where it fulfils the precept, "In honor preferring one another," only reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection in the most exalted minds.

While I was employed upon this page of my narrative, a weekly journal of repute was placed in my hands, the editor of which says, "Gen. Grant is a sphinx : who can tell us how his victories were won?" He wins his victories by strategical capacity, firmness,

and pluck,—as Marlborough and Wellington did theirs. These, I take it, are the qualities which initiate bold campaigns, and fight out to the bitter end all the battles which they require. These qualities, I maintain, Grant possesses. Do you deny it? Why, you find them all here in one bunch. The firmness and pluck displayed at this crisis, no one has yet been found brazen enough to deny. Is the strategy in question? Whence, then, the conception of this new enterprise, so vast in its prospective range, after every conceivable plan for reaching Vicksburg had failed, if it was not either an emanation of strategical genius, or the result of previous strategical study and meditation? Conceived by a Napoleon, genius it would have been called; by a Wellington, talent. Would any one withhold from it the credit of strategy if either Scott or Sherman or Sheridan had composed it? And shall this meed be refused, because it proceeds from a man whose eye rolls “in no fine frenzy,” who aspires to no brilliancy or dash, who thinks more than he talks, and who emerged from a leather-store to guide armies and plan campaigns? Yet these are the narrow prejudices which instigate the sneer, “Grant is a sphinx: who can explain how his victories were won?” implying that there is nothing in them but successful blunder, or the inexplicable mystery of chance. The victory of the allies at Alma has been attributed to the fact, that Lord Raglan, losing himself in a kind of imaginary fox-chase, finally stumbled upon a hill where the battery could be placed, which decided the contest along the English front. But there is too much system and forethought and combination in

Grant's plan ; it involves a too long succession of self-dependent steps, all pointing to one result, to be resolved by any theory of accident or chance. You might as well assert that the conclusions of Euclid are reached by chance. Yet those who deny to Grant the merit of strategy must attribute the capture of Vicksburg to a series of fortunate fortuities. The successive steps which he devised to accomplish the grand result were as follows, and the conclusion was an abortion if there was a failure in either: 1. March the army from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage. 2. Run the gunboats and transports through the batteries. 3. Silence or turn Grand Gulf, which also blockades the river. 4. Transfer the army from the Louisiana to the Mississippi shore. 5. Fight every array which presents itself between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg. 6. Drive Pemberton, if not annihilated in the field, behind his fortifications. 7. Besiege and capture him and Vicksburg. All these separate beams are to be collected in one focus, or Vicksburg is lost. They were collected, and Vicksburg was won. Was this chance, or strategy ?

I must now direct my attention to the execution of each systematized movement of this progressive series : —

1. *Grant marches along the Louisiana shore to New Carthage and Hard Times.* The whole force must be moved : not in detachments, for there is danger from the strong garrison at Vicksburg, as well as from Dick Taylor's corps, operating in Northern Louisiana ; and, therefore, a division must be moved

simultaneously. Sherman is recalled from the Yazoo, McPherson from Lake Providence, and Hurlbut — still at Grand Junction — drained of every man he can spare. The Northern waters and lakes are laid under contribution for flat-boats and scows. No untravelled citizen of this hill-country can form any idea of the amphibious region between Milliken's Bend and New Carthage; nor can he, of course, conceive the hardships of this dreadful march, in the freshet season, through that maze of bayous and rivers filled with the back-water of the Mississippi, of swamp-thickets alluring to the foot of the soldier, but engulfing him in their treacherous depths of mud, thick, adhesive, bottomless, — all constituting a dreary landscape, which suggests to the imagination the appearance of the new-born earth when the superincumbent waters were first retiring, and it was not yet ready for the habitation of man. The air above is heavy and dismal with miasmatic vapor; rank and noxious vegetation sprouts from the ooze; the cay man crawls in the slime, and the pelican and unclean buzzard flap their wings lazily over it. McClermand leads the advance by what is well christened "Round-way" Bayou. All the provision, ammunition, and ordnance are to be dragged alternately on wheels, and transported on scows, through this forlorn tract, designed for the especial dwelling-place of that species of bird called "waders." The artillery wagons are at the first plunge almost lost in a Serbonian bog. Grant's familiarity with quartermaster's details, learned in a previous war and on frontier posts, is not lost to his country in this emergency; for he personally

supervises the forwarding of stores, — as indispensable to the army as victory itself. The country is already sufficiently watered, but there is a constant apprehension that the enemy will cut the levees and deluge the army. Canals, bridges, causeways, are the daily labor of the floundering columns. After twenty-seven miles of such a march as was never dreamed of even by Alexander, McClelland's advance catch a welcome glimpse of the hamlet of New Carthage, only to find that its inhabitants, by cutting the levee of Bayou Vidal, have covered an area of two miles with an impassable sea. Now, from every bayou on the route, Grant collects the yawls and flat-boats, and forwards them to McClelland's homesick men, who vividly recall the log-cabin on Northern prairies, where from maternal lips they first heard of Pharaoh and his hosts overwhelmed with the waters of the Red Sea. The division is next ordered to Perkins's plantation, twelve miles below. Four pontoons, six hundred feet long, are extemporized from material at hand. Water transportation is prepared; but only a few brigades are moved before the retiring freshet leaves scows and flat-boats stranded in black mud. Nothing remains but the old resort to wading. But all marches have their end; and the toiling troops at length emerge from the lowering cypress-swamp into the dazzling sunlight of Perkins's plantation, where the languid eye is animated by well-cultured acres rivalling in verdure an English lawn, by the banana, the fig, and the orange tree, bending beneath their ripening load. Frames bent by an oppressive journey erect themselves again, and weary lungs joyfully expand

to drink in full draughts of air burthened with the blossoms of magnolia and oleander. It is an oasis in the desert. It reminds Grant of his delightful sojourn in the perennial gardens of Puebla; it recalls to the revived soldier the lines which he had whispered when bidding adieu to loved ones in the frozen North,—

“Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine?
'Tis the clime of the South, 'tis the land of the Sun:
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?”

By the 29th of April, McClernand with the Thirteenth, and McPherson with the Seventeenth Army Corps, have reached Hard Times, opposite Grand Gulf. Sherman with the Fifteenth is still at Milliken's Bend. Grant is with the advance. The first link of the chain which is to bind Vicksburg has been successfully forged.

2. *Grant runs the gunboats and transports through the batteries.* The transportation of supplies by the labyrinth I have just described was a task of so much difficulty, that Grant determines to push three steamers and ten barges through the gantlet immediately. Seven iron-clads are promptly ordered by Commodore Porter to convoy the frail and combustible flotilla. The steamers detailed to tow the barges through the perilous gateway are the Henry Clay, Forest City, and Silver Wave,—their bulwarks lined with bales of cotton and hay. It is fifteen miles in length, beset by eddies and cross-currents, and hatchelled at every step by twenty-eight guns: they fairly rain upon these tinder-boxes red-hot shot and incendiary

shell. Well might the crews shrink from a voyage of two hours and a half through a pass like that at Lodi or Arcola. But, at the call, volunteers by the thousand contest the honor of joining in this dance of death.

The night of the 16th of April is selected for the enterprise, and eleven o'clock is the hour. Grant stations himself upon a transport, just above the bend, to watch a passage upon which the fate of Vicksburg hangs. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon with a tropical glory which fairly boiled up to the zenith in gold and carmine; and early in the evening the constellations had marched up the celestial concave, their pomp and splendor all unveiled. A planet in mid-heaven shines like a Pharos; the great watch-stars, Sirius and the Pleiades, in full state, are on guard to-night; and the belt of Orion beams like the baldric of an Eastern king. But, suddenly, a thin haze, exhaled from the river, dims the splendor of the vault, and drops like gauze before the outlines of the frowning ridge. At this moment Grant beholds, sombre and silent, the Henry Clay with her train of barges gliding into the shade profound of the Louisiana shore, and hardly distinguishable from the cypresses on the bank. He sees the Forest City and the Silver Wave with a similar following, noiseless, every light extinguished, indistinct, shadowy as the genie which rose in smoke from the jar when the seal of Solomon was broken. The seven invulnerables, the Benton on the lead, with fires all hidden, no treacherous spark darting from their funnels, silent as phantom ships, take their appointed station between

their convoy and the threatening highlands. He can hardly suppress a shudder, as they creep stealthily around the curve into full range of the deluge of destruction, which an unguarded word, or the fall of a handspike, may at any moment unloose. For a second or two, the agony of suspense fairly strains the blue blouse which covers him, as if it were "a world too scant" for the strong passions within it. Will propitious fortune allow them to pass unnoticed? The hope is an illusion. A light is dancing along the heights of Vicksburg; a flame throws itself from the summit; another and another belches from the cliff; and, rapid and more rapid, a momentary fire and roar race along the beleaguered stronghold; and the explosive missiles dive faster and faster upon the flock on the river, and his strained sight can trace their imperilled progress by the increasing intensity of the storm. This nocturnal tornado reaches its height when the citadel's full armament peers out into —

" The dim night haze,
And all gunners with sponge and rammer,
And all captains with cord and hammer,
Keep every muzzle ablaze."

In the midst of confusion worse confounded is heard now the deeper bay of the heavier artillery of the gunboats, outroaring the war-dogs on the heights; and the hope which "springs eternal" begins again to delude Grant with the idea, that the iron-clads on their impenetrable sides will receive the brunt of the storm, and that the "egg-shells," hidden by the smoke, will steal along uninjured in the shadow of the Louisiana shore. But lo! river and ridge are instantly illumi-

nated, as if the sun had burst forth in meridian splendor ; for from what first appears a mere ball of white light a refulgent and lurid flame is born, so powerful, so clear, that, where Grant stands, the shadow of his hand is thrown upon the wood-work of the transport, and, of course, it pours full-orbed radiance into that convex shore where the doomed transports are hiding from destruction. Beacon lights have been kindled on the ridge ! at its base every house is a bonfire ! Grant, however, consoles himself with the thought, that, before these were lighted, the transports had weathered the upper batteries, which are now comparatively dumb ; while Warrenton bellows with all its might. But alas ! another flame begins to ascend into the murky canopy. Has Warrenton also kindled its beacon ? No : for this light is soft and mellow as Aurora's, and climbs slowly into the midnight air, rolling up volumes of smoke, while the beacon, piercing, vivid, unclouded, darts like a panther through the void ; and, by lining the new flame, he can see that it changes its bearing, and is palpably moving down the river. There is no disguising the truth that a steamer is ablaze. Sickened by the apprehension that this mass of light is contributing to the ruin of all the transports, he retires to a restless pillow, as silence and darkness resume their sway along the embattled bluff, and the encircling cypresses bring back the echo of solitary guns. It was not until noon of the next day that the joyful intelligence reached him that the seven gunboats were anchored below Warrenton, ready for action ; and that the Silver Wave and Forest Queen, though somewhat dam-

aged, could yet transfer his troops to the Mississippi shore ; and that the barges, with one or two exceptions, had carried their precious supplies safely through the terrible ordeal. Through the timbers of the Forest Queen a round shot had crashed, tearing her steering apparatus into flinders, when she had been caught by a gunboat, and rescued from the whirlpools which were again hurrying her under the guns. The Silver Wave outrode the tempest, without a wing broken or a feather ruffled. The Henry Clay, crippled at the uppermost battery, and becoming unmanageable, turned the barges adrift ; but the Tuscumbia adroitly caught the tow-line, and under her sturdy protection the fragile craft rode the troubled stream to a secure anchorage. But the wounded steamboat, tossed by the eddies again and again, under the plunging fire from the ridge, received an explosive shell in her cotton-bale bulwark, and, wrapped in flame and canopied and wreathed in angry smoke, whirled down the river, lighting the landscape with a lurid and ghastly glare. On the 26th of April, five transports and six barges also succeed in running the batteries. With this re-enforcement of transportation and supplies, Grant feels strong enough for any emergency before him. And thus the second link of the chain which is to bind Vicksburg is firmly welded to the first.

3. *Grant turns Grand Gulf.*— Reconnoissance had revealed, that the only solid road by which the interior of Mississippi can be reached strikes the river at Bruinsburg, below Grand Gulf, whose bold promontory with thirteen heavy guns and rifle-trenches, confronts the army.

They must be carried, or we are no nearer Vicksburg than when we were exploring Lake Providence and the Yazoo Pass. The 29th of April is assigned for its bombardment. Grant orders the Thirteenth Army Corps aboard the transports, to co-operate with Porter's iron-clads in their assault upon the heights. The Louisville, Carondelet, Mound City, and Pittsburg dash in within pistol-range of the lower batteries, and silence them. The upper batteries defy the cannonade of the Benton, Tuscumbia, and Lafayette, and also of the combined squadron, when all are rallied against them. By no change of position, by no mechanical contrivance, can the vessels lift their Dahlgrens to a sufficient elevation to drive the gunners from the redoubt. After a struggle of five hours and more, Porter fails to silence the enemy, and it would have been the desperation of madness to have landed a storming party while his artillery was active.

This unexpected contingency temporarily arrests the organized plan: the third link cracks in the forging. But Grant meets the dilemma with as much presence of mind as if defeat at this point had been anticipated from the outset. He again disembarks his two army corps upon the Louisiana bank, again resumes his march along its miry strand, and at night, under the wings of the gunboats, again drives the flotilla, still riddled by the iron hail of Vicksburg, through another devastating blast from Grand Gulf. On the morning they drop anchor at De Shroon's Point, on the western shore, three miles below the promontory which had defied our armored squadron.

McClelland and McPherson have reached the same position by the land. The fractured link is replaced.

On this same day, Sherman, ordered by Grant, has led a formidable expedition up the Yazoo, and before Haine's Bluff is making ostentatious reconnoissances, and planting batteries, and stationing storming parties, as if a frantic escalade was forthwith intended. As soon, however, as darkness favors the stratagem, he gathers the Fifteenth Corps again into its transports, disembarks it again at Milliken's Bend, and, upon roads decidedly improved, is marching rapidly to concentrate upon his comrades at De Shroon's.

4. *Grant transfers the army to the Mississippi shore.*—It would be difficult to find language to exaggerate the unwearied industry of Grant during these operations of consummate labor and difficulty which I have just delineated. It is an error to suppose that any great results are attained in war without the most assiduous toil. No great thing is ever achieved without it; neither Nature nor the gods reward either indolence or busy bustle with the attainment of grand ends. There is no royal road to a great success: it is mastered only by the unremitting employment of every means and opportunity which can subserve its far-reaching plans. I have already said that Gen. Grant won his victories "by strategy, resolution, and pluck;" let me add here, that he also won them by industry, constancy, and self-confidence. The tedium of that march alone, through forty miles of such quagmire as troops never encountered before, would have driven any military exquisite to de-

spair. The perils of the gantlet would have been to others insurmountable reasons for abandoning this campaign. The battles yet before him are a war in themselves; yet never for a moment does he wilt from fatigue, waver by hardship, or stand dismayed before dangers. He is lifted through them all, as on the wings of an eagle, by the noble prize in view. During this period, so disheartening to others, his telegrams to Halleck indicate no distrust, no abated confidence in himself; and, after he reaches De Shroon's, they are in the exultant strain which conclusively shows that he feels master of the situation, if he can only take time by the forelock. With a load upon his mind which would have unnerved any man in the land but himself, he takes upon his shoulders all the enormous details of chief commissary and quartermaster, timing marches to supplies, transportation to the exigences of the moment, watching that ammunition is always at hand, and, from apparently conflicting combinations, educing harmony and order. He cannot disguise from himself the immense importance of planting his foot firmly on the Mississippi shore before the enemy can concentrate upon him at the landing. He has thrown overboard the maxim "Hasten slowly;" and "Haste before every thing" is now the rule. Fearing that he had hardly transportation enough to perform this fourth labor with sufficient expedition, he addresses to the chief quartermaster at Milliken's Bend a peremptory order which has *speed* in every syllable. "Run two more tow-boats and two more barges through the blockade. Do it in forty-eight hours. If the crews decline to run through, call

on the commanding officers for volunteers, and discharge the crew." He fortifies Perkins's plantation with a celerity that fairly lifts the hair from McPherson's head. He directs the commissary to issue provisions to the troops without "*even making returns*," to avoid any possible pretext for delay. He takes with him no wagon nor tent, not even a blanket. He waits not for horses, either for himself or his staff; but animating every department with his own breathless speed, every officer with his own restless energy, he leads the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps to the eastern bank of the great river, and thus adds an additional link to the chain.

5. *Grant fights every army which appears in his front between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg.*—Sherman's Fifteenth Corps has not yet come up, and Grant stands in the enemy's country with but thirty thousand men; with but five days' rations, and the Mississippi between him and his base of supplies; without tents and without a wagon. He must draw food and ammunition from Milliken's Bend *via* Roundaway Bayou to Perkins's plantation, and thence by ferriage to such point on the Mississippi shore as he shall occupy.

Even in its present aspect, the campaign is of astounding audacity. The road from Bruinsburg reaches the heights, which are but a prolongation of the Vicksburg Bluffs, by a defile which can be defended against an army by a few resolute foemen; and Grant's anxiety is, of course, intense to secure a lodgment on the highlands. McClelland's van is at the mouth

of the defile ere his rear has landed, and late in the afternoon the coveted position is secured.

The country in his front is admirably adapted to defence, being a wide, waving, champaign country, broken into sharp and difficult ravines, and covered with trees and underbrush where it is not under cultivation. The road to Bruinsburg is but an extension of the main route from Port Gibson — twelve miles off — to Jackson, the capital of the State, and at Port Gibson it intersects the road to Grand Gulf. Here Gen. Bowen is in command of the rebels; and, as soon as he discovers the intention of Grant, he sends a messenger to Vicksburg for re-enforcements, and sallies out himself with between seven and eight thousand men to select a position where he can arrest at once the progress of his antagonist. Just in advance of Port Gibson, he finds a convenient stand-point, where the road presents two diverging branches, which meet again at that town. At the widest point, they are not more than two miles apart; and the interval between them is composed of sharp ravines, filled with a tangled thicket of bamboo and magnolia. He plants his right wing upon one, and his left upon the other, to hold Grant in check, until re-enforcements can arrive from Vicksburg. Both wings are supported by artillery.

As soon as the enemy's position had been defined by skirmishers, McClelland developed a line of battle, faced to the rising sun, which was for some time a great annoyance to his troops. He attacks upon both roads, addressing himself to the enemy's left, and directing Osterhaus against the right. The "shout of

battle now begun, and rushing sound," rouses Grant, at Bruinsburg, who immediately impresses a quartermaster's horse, betakes himself with all speed to the field, and assumes direction of the affair. Three divisions of McClernand's army corps were strenuously crowding back the enemy upon the road before them; but Osterhaus was dealing with more stubbornness, posted in a stronger position. The force in his front held a ridge for their centre, a gulch scooped out from the road for their left, and for their right a thicket-defended ravine. They defy all efforts of Osterhaus to dislodge them. He tussles at every available point with Teutonic *vim*, but they will not yield. Grant gives his personal attention to this part of the field; and as McPherson is now up, with the advance of the Seventeenth, he directs him to throw a brigade through the ravine to the left flank of the corps which is holding us in check, and he orders Osterhaus to assault their front with fury. Grant supervises the flank movement, and, as soon as he feels out the enemy's position, charges down the ravine, through bamboo and magnolia jungle; and, at the same time, Osterhaus's rifles hew the centre. The combined attack is completely successful, and the whole of the enemy's right wing is tumbled into Port Gibson.

Meanwhile Bowen's left wing has been re-enforced by three thousand men under Loring, who have marched this morning twenty miles, from Vicksburg, and arrive upon the field flurried and blown. McClernand is somewhat supplicatory for support, although he has as many troops as can find elbow-room, and his subordinates are steadily pressing the enemy,

in spite of the re-animation he exhibits upon the arrival of Loring. Grant now despatches a brigade to his assistance ; but, just as their bayonets flash upon the rebels' eye, Bowen's line, with the shout, "Feds' left wing yonder !" disappear like children of the mist. Bowen made a stout and gallant defence ; but the weight of our nineteen thousand was too heavy for him, even with every advantage of position. The pursuit is continued until dark, and prisoners are captured within two miles of Port Gibson.¹ The fruits of this decisive victory soon appear. Port Gibson and Grand Gulf are abandoned. We threaten Jackson, as well as all the communications of Vicksburg.

From our front, the rebels scatter in every direction, burning every bridge which they pass, and strewing their retreat with unmistakable signs of demoralization. Our columns crowd close on their heels ; and our excited troops hesitate not to work up to their waists in water, that the bridges may be repaired. Within two days from the action, McPherson and Logan are fifteen miles from Port Gibson, pursuing the broken fragments of Bowen across the Big Black. Within two days from the action, Grant, with a cavalry escort of twenty men, rides into Grand Gulf. He finds it in possession of Porter, who had occupied it in the morning with a detachment of marines. He went

¹ Grant captured 650 prisoners and six field-guns. Loss : 130 killed, 715 wounded.

Bowen reports 448 killed and wounded, and 384 missing. The absurdity of this statement appears from the number of his prisoners which we had in hand. He left a part of his killed and wounded upon the field ; and Grant's estimate was that the enemy's loss was about equivalent to his own. We brought about 19,000 men into action ; and the enemy had, with the Vicksburg re-enforcements, nearly 12,000, which, with his superiority of position, fully equalled us.

aboard one of the gunboats, and penned his despatches to Halleck, his orders to Sherman, and to the commissaries and quartermasters stretched all the way from Milliken's Bend to Perkins's plantation. He assures Halleck, that the road "to Vicksburg is open." He urges Sherman to advance with all expedition, reminding him "of the overwhelming importance of celerity," and informing him that all that is needed "is hard-tack and ammunition; for we can subsist our horses upon the country, and obtain considerable supplies for our troops." To the quartermasters he says, "Hurry on the wagons and the barges;" to the commissariat, "Every thing depends upon the promptitude with which supplies are furnished." The sole uncertainty, too, which had at all hampered his freedom, is here dispelled; for he finds here despatches from Banks which discourage every hope of mutual co-operation and support.

Grant has now, by his advanced columns and outposts, penetrated far enough into the rebel dominions to ascertain his precise relation to their armies. He is within twelve miles of Warrenton,—the extreme left of the enemy's Vicksburg line. He knows that within the stronghold, and on the contiguous railroads, Pemberton has upwards of fifty thousand men. He knows that within the neighborhood of Jackson, fifty miles in the rear of Vicksburg, but united with it by the iron horse, thirty thousand men are collected under Gregg. He knows that his danger lies in being overwhelmed by a concentration of Pemberton and Gregg. And these questions now address him with an importunity which will take no

denial: "Shall I maintain my elongated connection with Milliken's Bend, and approach Vicksburg with 'regular operations,' and therefore risk a junction of these two armies? or shall I burn my ships, cut loose from my base, and by a 'movable column' demolish Gregg before he can unite with Pemberton?" He is aware of all the benefits of "regular operations;" he knows all the perils of the "movable column." An army engaged in "regular operations" has been likened to an engine drawing its supplies by means of long pipes from a river; while the principle of the "movable column" is well enough compared to the "simple skin full of water, which, carried on the back of a camel, is the life of men passing a desert." Of the advantages of the "movable column" it has been truthfully said, that its means of land transportation are comparatively small, and may be proportioned to the limited duration of the service which it undertakes; that it is unhampered by a line of communication, and has nothing to do but take care of itself. And of its drawbacks it has been equally well said, that it is fitted only for temporary use, because it has no resources to rely upon, except what it carries along with it; that it incurs not only the hazard of defeat, but of total extermination, for it has left no dominion in its wake, and, if it falls back, it falls into the midst of enemies having hold of the country around, and emboldened by seeing it retreat.¹

The system of "regular approaches" to Vicksburg was Grant's idea when he crossed the Mississippi; but

¹ Kinglake's *Crimean War*, p. 439.

he again modifies his plan to the emergences of the situation, and the imperious requirements of celerity. The change encounters from his subordinates the same respectful but earnest opposition with which they met the new movement when it was first initiated. They cite the authority of military rules and traditions; they remonstrate in the name of patriotism and an imperilled cause. Sherman, who is on his march, and has not yet heard of the resolution to act without "any base at all," is daily sending telegrams which indicate his distress at the "jammed and cumbered" condition of the "line of operations" between Milliken's Bend and Perkins's plantation, and predicts starvation if fifty thousand men are to be fed by one circuitous and overburdened road, and is beseeching Grant "to stop all the troops until he is supplied with wagons." Halleck has not vouchsafed a syllable of encouragement since Grant turned his face to the southward. And it is fortunate for the country that at this juncture Grant was not in telegraphic communication with Washington; for then he would have received from Halleck the countermanding order, "Unite with Banks between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, so as to attack these places separately with the combined force." The president also was hostile to the advance upon Vicksburg; for he says, in the congratulatory letter which he addressed to Grant upon its capture, "When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river, and join Gen. Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a per-

sonal acknowledgment that you was right, and I was wrong." For the first time since Grant enlisted in the war, he is relieved from the intermeddling interference of bureau generals. He is now, for a short time, lord of himself; and this Vicksburg campaign is the first exhibition of his untrammelled genius.

Unmoved by the ominous silence of the Government, by the faithful advice of his military counselors, by the entreaty of patriotic solicitude, by the warnings of Sherman's anxiety, he adheres inflexibly to his new purpose, loyal to himself and his decision.

"But he took great risks." True, my friend: war is not like your safe avocation, which sedulously avoids every risk which may jeopardize your personal safety; but it is a business of risks. Habitually governed by the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing win," its master knows when great risks will yield superlative returns. Grant does what you would not: he turns from "dominion in his wake;" incurs the hazard, not only of "defeat, but extermination;" and, with that self-reliance which you brand as temerity, places himself between two hostile armies in possession of railroad facilities, and stakes himself, his fortunes, and his country's cause, upon the sovereign convictions of his unsupported judgment. If the memorabilia of the race presents a more supereminent illustration of decision of character, let it be produced. It would almost seem that he regarded Vicksburg as his foreordained prize from the beginning of the world.

He now establishes his headquarters at Harkinson's Ferry; and while still bent upon employing

every stratagem to delude the enemy and distract his councils, by concealing his real intention, his mind is possessed of a purpose which no mortal power can disturb, — to march to Jackson against all odds, and destroy there Pemberton's re-enforcements, and isolate Vicksburg from all communication with the Confederacy. I am writing the biography of a reticent man; and this purpose was born out of that silent meditation which wiseacres sneer at as stupidity.

Prompt upon the resolve, Sherman is met at De Shroon's with transports; Blair's division is hurried from Milliken's Bend; four regiments from Hurlbut, at Memphis, supply his place at Milliken's; and Lauman's division is drawn from the remote boundaries of the command. Provisions are again distributed regardless of requisitions or returns. While waiting for Sherman, McClelland scours the country for supplies, and McPherson reconnoitres all the railroads in the vicinity; and, last but not least, the war-horses of headquarters fortunately arrive at Harkinson's.

McPherson now bears our banner boldly inland, to Rocky Springs on the 7th, to Utica and Auburn on the 10th, and on the 11th flaunts it in front of Raymond. From Cayuga, on the 11th, Grant writes to Halleck, I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more; and from here, too, he disseminates his final edicts from Grand Gulf to Cairo, all enjoining a hearty co-operation with the grand movement, descending even to such minute particulars as, "Let no prisoners be paroled until the fate of Vicksburg is decided." Sherman is hurled off on a tangent to Fourteen-mile Creek, threatening Black-river Bridge; and, after

having distracted and deceived Pemberton, dashes back at an acute angle, and falls into the right of his file-leader, McPherson. McClermand's line of march is directed to guard the ferries on the Big Black, and to deploy into action on Sherman's flank. Thus our battle-line, forty-three thousand strong, with a hundred and twenty guns, — Sherman in the centre, McPherson on the right, McClermand on the left, — marches from Rocky Springs to Raymond.

CALENDAR.

MAY, 1863.		REMARKS.
Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Vicksburg Week.
Twelfth.	Tuesday.	Battle of Raymond.
Thirteenth.	Wednesday.	On the march.
Fourteenth.	Thursday.	Battle of Jackson.
Fifteenth.	Friday.	On the march.
Sixteenth.	Saturday.	Battle of Champion's Hill.
Seventeenth.	Sunday.	Battle of Big Black.
Eighteenth.	Monday.	Grant on Vicksburg Bluff.
Nineteenth.	Tuesday.	Siege begins.

McPherson's army corps is in two divisions. One is under Logan, who, turning with ease into a military channel the genius which had charmed the popular assembly, rapidly rises into a chivalrous and accomplished general; the other is under Crocker, of whom the reticent commander-in-chief says, "I have never known a better division leader, except Sher-

man and Sheridan." Bright and early on Tuesday morning, Logan is on the march, and Crocker following him. Before dawn, their cavalry advance is pestered by the fire of vedettes; and by daylight a regiment is deployed upon each side of the road, with skirmishers in front to clear from the woods flocks of rebel sharpshooters. By eleven o'clock, Farnden's Creek is in our front, and sweeping both bridge and road, are two batteries of artillery; while the summit of that hill upon our left flashes with bayonets, and heavy volleys are already ringing from the ravines and timber at its foot. It is Gregg's command, five thousand strong.

McPherson clears the trains from the road; and Logan spreads out his brigade into battle-line, and advances it within musket-range of the wooded ravine lying along the base of the hill. It is received with a heavy fire from the timber, but holds its ground firmly. The second and third brigades close up their ranks as supports of the first. Our artillery plays upon the woods; the enemy's, upon our infantry. But the pressure of Logan's stanch lines does the work; and, before Crocker's division reaches the field, Gregg is in full retreat, and our artillery ploughing through the fugitives. Pursuit is instantly made; and by five o'clock we drive the enemy through Raymond, and follow him up far on the road to Jackson.¹

Deceived by Sherman's demonstration in the direction of Vicksburg, Pemberton holds his main body

¹ In the battle of Raymond we lose 69 killed, 341 wounded, 30 missing. The enemy, 100 killed, 305 wounded, 415 prisoners, two pieces of cannon, and a quantity of small-arms.

at Edward's Depot in battle array, and issues orders to Gregg — which are constantly intercepted by our scouts — to attack Grant upon the flank as soon as he becomes engaged at Edward's. At this intimation, McClelland quietly withdraws his pickets from Pemberton's front, and marches to Raymond. Grant on Tuesday evening closes McClelland upon Sherman, and both upon McPherson. The whole line is on the march ; drawing rations from the flour-mills and store-houses of the country, and using ambulances as ammunition wagons. The rain falls in torrents from Wednesday night until Thursday noon ; but no ordinary mire, no mere slippery roads, can discourage an army which has waded from Milliken's Bend to De Shroon's. In close order and with elated hearts, our troops easily overcome the fourteen miles between Raymond and Jackson, and find time moreover to dismantle railroads and telegraph poles, catching *in transitu* upon the wires a despatch from Pemberton, which proves that he is still befogged at Edward's Depot.

Forthwith Sherman is aimed at Jackson by the Raymond, and McPherson by the Clinton Road. Both are opened to the city, where Johnston is now in command, and has already ordered Pemberton to fall upon the rear of Grant. Sherman and McPherson have agreed upon the hour of their rendezvous at Jackson. Advancing on the Clinton Road, the pickets of Crocker, who is on the lead, engage the enemy five miles from Jackson, and crowd back the outposts upon the main defences, within two and a half miles of the city. At the same hour, and at about the

same distance from the enemy's front, Sherman, on the Raymond Road, is scattering vedettes and skirmishers. The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps are two miles apart; but Grant is confident that either is a match for Johnston's army, and therefore disdains to connect these wings. Grant is ready for Johnston, strike where he will. McClelland is in supporting distance, — one division at Clinton, another at Mississippi Springs, a third at Raymond, a fourth at Auburn.

Upon our troops in front of Jackson, just as the dispositions were being made for action, the rain descends in a deluge. No man ventured to open his cartridge-box; and it was seriously feared for an hour or two that the elements had taken into their own hands a conflict upon which such mighty issues hung. During the tornado, however, Logan brings up his division as a reserve, and McPherson defines the enemy's position. In his immediate front, the Clinton Road passes through a field broken here and there by ridges, and clumps of trees, and beyond intersects a semi-circular ridge upon which the enemy has planted two batteries, — one seizing the prolongation of the road, and the other scouring the field with an oblique fire. Long lines of infantry are deployed behind the crest, their right protected by a grove, and their left overlooking McPherson's approach through the field. We form our line on both sides of the road, taking every advantage of the swells and the timber; and one brigade of Logan is thrown off to the left, threatening an avenue into the city from the north-west. A Missouri battery finds a station

near a cotton-gin in the field, and an artillery duel rules the hour ; while our skirmishers advance within annoying distance of the enemy's gunners, and are again recalled as they begin to feel the weight of Johnston's infantry. Crocker, who is holding his division in hand, is not given to long ranges or temporizing expedients : the crest, he says, must be carried, or this barking of guns and *chasséing* of skirmishers will last till doomsday. To the whole line he calls, "Charge !" and with flying colors, at double-quick, his well-disciplined battalions sweep through the ravine, and with level bayonets scale the hill. One tremendous volley rocks and tears the well-ordered ranks ; but at the next second, within thirty paces, it is repaid with interest, and we are on the staggered foe with cold steel. Over fences and enclosures, through brushwood, brier, and brake, surges and resurges the battle. For ten minutes there is such a hand-to-hand grapple here as is seldom seen in war. The enemy stands for an instant, then quivers, then braces again, then wavers, and finally wilts into the dissolution of chaos : our reloaded muskets have only to goad a terrified flight.

Meanwhile Sherman, on the Raymond Road, brushes from his path a battery on a bridge, and, with a stiff line of skirmishers, worries into their intrenchments a skittish line of infantry. The Fifteenth surmounts the bridge, and emerging from the woods, and deploying into line beyond the creek, finds itself confronted by an ostentatious display of rifle-pits, and enfiladed by a serious artillery fire. Sherman storms the batteries, and captures ten pieces and a hundred

and fifty gunners. The enemy break from their intrenchments like schoolboys. The resistance here is a mere feint. McPherson, on the Clinton Road, had defeated Johnston's entire army. Before the feebleness of the enemy's line here had revealed itself, Grant had directed a flank movement to be made near the Pearl River, and had advanced in that direction himself to supervise its execution, and, seeing at a glance the barrenness of the lines, rode into the enemy's works on a canter.¹

Gen. Badeau relates a little incident which invests Grant's entrance into Jackson with peculiar interest: His son, a boy of thirteen, accompanied his father on the Vicksburg campaign; and, as they were riding together towards the boundaries of the city, "the boy spurred on his horse, and galloped ahead of the army into the capital of Mississippi." The Fifteenth and the Seventeenth, from different directions, reached the court-house simultaneously. Grant occupies Johnston's quarters of the previous night, and sups upon the remnants of the Tuesday's feast with which the rebel general was celebrating the anticipated victory of Wednesday.

Sherman is left to destroy the arsenals and railroad connections of Jackson; but Grant immediately retraces his steps, wheels his army to the westward, and by Friday night is concentrated at Bolton, in Pemberton's front. That distracted officer has not yet heard of Grant's triumph at Jackson, and, in compliance with Johnston's antiquated order, is moving to attack the

¹ We lost in this action, 41 killed and 249 wounded. The enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 845. We captured seventeen guns.

national commander's rear, sublimely unconscious that he has changed front, and will soon meet him face to face. When Grant ascertains that the enemy, at Edward's Depot, is 25,000 strong, he recalls Sherman from Jackson, and orders up Blair from Auburn. There are three roads leading from Bolton to Edward's Depot, which I shall designate as the southern, central, and northern. At Bolton, the northern is about two miles from the central, and the central about two miles from the southern; but they converge as they approximate towards Edward's Depot.

On Saturday morning, Blair and A. J. Smith move on the southern, Carr and Osterhaus by the central, and Hovey on the northern road, where he will be speedily supported by Logan and Crocker. Both Smith and Osterhaus start up the enemy's pickets at nearly the same moment, and before Pemberton has discovered the nature of the disturbance in his front. The startling revelations, however, brought in by his outposts, convince him of the propriety of forming line of battle and awaiting developments. Pemberton occupies a cross-road at right angles with our advance, with Bowen in the centre, Stevenson on the left, and Loring on the right. Stevenson occupies Champion's Hill, a ridge some seventy-five feet above the level of the surrounding country. Its summit is as bare as the "bald head of venerable age," that the action of artillery may be unrestrained; but the approaches up its precipitous acclivities and over the crest, except where batteries are stationed, present such entanglements as ravines, timber, and underbrush. His centre covers the middle road, by which

Osterhaus is approaching, while his right is in the direct pathway of Blair and Smith. His front is four miles long, and leans entirely on Champion's Hill.

Grant reaches Hovey, on the enemy's extreme left, by seven and a half o'clock; and he immediately removes all the impediments in front of Logan's and Crocker's columns. He masses Hovey into regimental columns to assail the western side of the hill, and forms Logan perpendicular to Hovey, that he may address its northern face.

The sharp firing between Hovey's skirmishers and the enemy's, which had continued during the morning, grew into a pitched battle by eleven o'clock. McPherson has stationed two batteries which scalp the crown of the hill; and, under their support, Hovey, after stubborn resistance, escalades the ridge, and carries eleven guns and three hundred prisoners: but his success merely drives the enemy six hundred yards, into a natural intrenchment cut through Champion's Hill by the road, where, by incessant volleys, they defy all efforts of Hovey to dislodge them, and finally force him back, recapturing some of their lost guns. Quimby's brigade is forthwith hurried up to Hovey's support, and both barely hold the position which has been won by a terrible sacrifice. In Heaven's name! where is McClernand? Our situation is too critical to be interesting, especially as the rebels have rallied a storming party to capture those batteries of McPherson, which are dealing damaging blows. All hail! Logan comes to the rescue, and scatters the baffled foe with slaughter. But, during this spasm of success, Hovey is again discomfited and gives ground,

resolutely fighting. Where is McClernand? He has been ordered up, and invoked by messenger after messenger. As there is no prospect of his appearance, Grant commands McPherson to swing all the troops he can collect against the enemy's right, that upon this hill we may not be overwhelmed by his entire line: Blair and Carr and Osterhaus should have attacked it an hour ago. Hovey and Quimby, relieved slightly by this diversion, gain ground once more; but the enemy masses upon them again, and imperils our tenure of the hill. At this crisis, Stevenson's brigade of Logan's division, animated by the persistent struggle on the summit, moves forward at double-quick, and, plunging through a ravine, captures a battery of seven guns and hundreds of prisoners. Logan, too, has, unconsciously to himself, fought his way around the base of the hill into the enemy's rear, and stands there firmly planted, between them and Edward's Depot. A panic paralyzes the rebels; and, just as they are struck by it, a national battery pours on them a devastating fire. Hovey and Quimby are nerved for another mighty effort, and, springing forward with overwhelming *élan*, roll the enemy from the hill. Strange as it may seem, fifteen thousand American troops stood upon the very edge of this combat without participating in it. The country in front of the enemy's line was thickly wooded; and McClernand was held in check by the skirmishing outposts, without once testing the opposition of the main line. While he was reconnoitring and manœuvring, the weight of the enemy was falling upon McPherson and Hovey. If his division had exhibited one tithe of the vigor of McPherson's, Pem-

berton would have been forced to surrender on the field.

Hovey occupied the ground he had so gloriously contributed to win, and slept amid the dead, wounded, and dying, — the wreck and *débris* of Pemberton's army. The Twenty-fourth Iowa of his command is called the "Methodist regiment:" the colonel and captains, as well as the rank and file, are of that religious denomination. Not one of them had flinched in that dreadful grapple on the crest; and now, amid their wounded and lifeless comrades, their enthusiasm remains unabated; and, during the solemn hour of the night, they waft over the hill of death the exultant strains of "Old Hundred," to words which offer up their oblation of gratitude to the great Author of victory:—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him on high, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

There was not during the war a more complete and overwhelming rout. The junction of Pemberton and Johnston is forever postponed. The command of the country and its communications is transferred to Grant. The scattered armies of Mississippi are never reunited; six thousand men are *hors de combat*; thirty guns, with colors and trophies innumerable, are captured; Loring's division is cut off from the main body of fugitives, never to reach Vicksburg, but, roaming for weeks over the desolate and impoverished region, to drag its skeleton at last into the camp of Johnston. Parks of magnificent artillery are thrown

into the swamps. The road from Champion's Hill to Edward's Depot is strewn with abandoned accoutrements. Broken columns of the foe court captivity. By midnight Pemberton is fifteen miles from the battle-field, with a mere remnant around him. The Seventeenth Corps follow the fugitives for five miles. Carr and Osterhaus bivouac at Edward's Depot. Logan reaches within three miles of the Big-Black Bridge. Grant sleeps upon the porch of a rebel field-hospital.¹

Before daylight on Sunday, Carr and Osterhaus are again on the enemy's track. They leave behind the broken hill-country, through which they have marched for the last two days, and descend upon a broad and open plain, which, except in its patches of forest, affords no cover to the enemy. Where the road joins the Big Black, the river throws westward a semicircle; and from near its base, above the bridge, a stagnant bayou of twenty feet width emerges, and, after a circuit of a mile, enters the river below the bridge, serving as a chord to subtend the arc formed by the river. The opposite bank is a succession of ridges. Behind this bayou, — the wet ditch of a regular fortification, — the rebels have raised infantry parapets a mile in length, with openings for artillery. They abut on the river at the north, and at the south upon a cypress bank prolonged to the river. The whole constitutes the most formidable *tête de pont* which

¹ Grant's loss was four hundred and twenty-six men killed, eighteen hundred and forty-two wounded, and a hundred and eighty-nine missing. The enemy's loss was between three and four thousand men in killed and wounded, and nearly three thousand prisoners. A rebel pamphlet at Champion's Hill puts the rebel loss at six thousand men and thirty cannon.

can be contrived. It is garrisoned by four thousand men, with twenty pieces of artillery. The approach is over an unprotected river-bottom, commanded by the bluffs on the western bank. Pemberton holds these works, awaiting the advent of Loring's lost corps.

McClelland develops Osterhaus's division on the left of the road, and Carr's on the right, with Lawler's brigade for extremity, exhibiting a splendid battle-front for an engagement in the open field: but such dispositions, in such an emergency as this and against such an obstacle, betray a novice in military matters; for they can only provoke a futile scuffle between opposing artillery and skirmishers. This was the actual result in the present instance, and the affray threatened to be interminably prolonged.

The day was intensely hot. Lawler, with his coat off, overwhelmed with combined heat and disgust, was meandering in a desultory way around the enemy's left. He happens to discover, that, by masking his force in a copse near the river, he can reach a position from whence a rapid spring may carry the intrenchments. He acts upon the thought, and hides his frontiersmen, from Iowa and Wisconsin, experienced in Indian warfare, under the protection of the bushes. He here espies a break in the abatis with which the bayou has been furnished to add to its strength, and watches it from his retreat with desperate intent. As soon as he discovers that the garrison in this part of the work is engrossed by the skirmishers in front, he rouses up his brigade, watching for the signal, and, quicker than it takes to tell it,

reaches the narrow defile through the bayou abatis. He passes it four abreast, plunges into the green and loathsome water, and with gleaming bayonet cleaves the rebel lines. Emulating his courage, and inspired by his war-whoop, the brigades of Carr and Osterhaus clear the intervening space, and follow in the wake of Lawler. The garrison did not wait to receive them, but, in Pemberton's language, "broke and fled precipitately; and it soon became a mere matter of *saue qui peut*."

There is now a race between officers and men for the bridges: the enemy on the western bank, participating in the panic, break them up before their comrades have secured a passage. Gen. Green and others leap into the Big Black: some escape, but a large number are drowned. Regiments throw down their arms in the intrenchments, dreading our pursuing fire; one entire brigade surrenders. Every road to the stronghold is now thrown open.¹

Lawler's charge was the most discomfiting single blow which was struck during the campaign. It overwhelmed the rebels with a kind of superstitious fear. Pemberton himself was so dazed by the exploit that he was afraid that Grant would flank Vicksburg, or throw a somerset over the intervening twelve miles before he himself could reach it by the road, with a twelve hours' start; for this was gained by the destruction of the bridges. This was the last battle before the siege. And thus Grant achieved the fifth labor which he

¹ Grant's loss at the battle of Black-river Bridge was twenty-nine killed and two hundred and forty-two wounded. The rebels never reported their loss. We captured seventeen hundred and fifty-one prisoners, eighteen cannon, and five stands of colors.

foresaw when this campaign was maturing in his mind at Milliken's Bend.

6. *Grant drives Pemberton, half annihilated in the field, behind the fortifications of Vicksburg.*—Both the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Corps immediately transform themselves into engineers. Never was there so much bridge-building in one Sunday night. On bridges made of cotton bales, on bridges of felled trees, bridges of railroad ties, on bridges made of dilapidated cotton-gins and houses, the victorious army crosses the Big Black, and early on Monday morning are again in march for the “barred gateway” of the Mississippi.

Sherman reaches Bridgeport while the action at the bridge is raging, where he meets Blair with a pontoon train; and, having put to flight a squad of rebels who are guarding the bank, crosses the river early on Monday morning. By nine o'clock he strikes the Benton Road, which is but a few miles from Vicksburg. Grant joins his companion in arms at the Walnut Hills. To Sherman's lot had fallen, during this brilliant campaign, more of weary march than of inspiring battle; and his mind had never attained to that exhilaration which is one of the fruits of successful struggles upon hard-fought fields. Gen. Badeau, who I believe was an eye-witness of the scene, thus relates the interview between the two veteran commanders: “As they rode together up the farthest height, where it looks down on the Yazoo River, and stood upon the very bluff from which Sherman had been repulsed six months before, the

two soldiers gazed for a moment on the long-wished-for goal of the campaign, — the high dry ground on the north of Vicksburg, and the base for their supplies. Sherman at last turned abruptly round, and exclaimed to Grant, ‘Until this moment I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly until now. But this is a campaign. This is a success, if we never take the town.’ The other, as usual, smoked his cigar, and made no reply. The enthusiastic subordinate had seen the dangers of this venturesome campaign so vividly that his vision was dimmed for beholding success until it lay revealed on the banks of the Yazoo ; but then, with the magnanimity of a noble nature, he rejoiced in the victories whose laurels he could not claim. His chief had believed all along that he should accomplish what was now performed ; and the realization of this belief neither surprised nor elated the most equable of commanders.”

Sherman pushes his columns up the bluff. By night he clears the outworks of the enemy, capturing prisoners and abandoned guns, and reaches within rifle-range of the principal fortifications. As McPherson leads forward the Seventeenth crowned with all the glory of triumph, Grant directs him to invest the enemy’s centre ; and McClelland, as he comes up, is ordered to environ the left. And thus the sixth labor is performed, which the heroic commander had imposed upon himself and his noble army.

Through what marches, toils, batteries, battles, has Gen. Grant conducted the complicated combinations which plant his foot in triumph upon this coveted

spot! Can any one reflect upon the boldness and originality of the design thus far achieved without conceding to him strategical capacity? I have already characterized it as of unparalleled audacity in conception, and executed with unexampled rapidity, in defiance of danger, obstacles, and labor. It has been compared by some to the renowned exploit of Frederick when he redeemed the disaster of Kolin by defeating Soubise at Rosbach, and Charles of Lorraine at Leuthen. Nor, as a specimen of strategy, does this campaign suffer by comparison with achievements of which the greatest modern master of the art of war has said, "that they were sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank among generals." In his second Italian campaign, Napoleon turned upon Alvinzi and routed him, and then upon Provera and vanquished him; and this has been likened to Grant's treatment of Pemberton and Johnston: nor does he suffer by the parallel.

During this entire campaign, Grant endured all the privations and hardships of the humblest soldier in the ranks. I have already said that he was the first to land from the grim old iron-clad *Benton*, on the Mississippi. There, at the dilapidated plantation of Bruinsburg, the first man he encountered upon landing was a loyal American of African descent, who gave him trustworthy information respecting the routes into the interior. He was without a horse, and followed his colored guide to the heights, in order to reconnoitre the country. Many will be curious to know how a major-general of the army was equipped for the expedition. I am fortunately able to gratify

this curiosity. Mr. Washburne of Illinois was with Grant at the time; and he informs us: "When he left his headquarters at Perkins's plantation for this great campaign, he did not take with him the trappings and paraphernalia so common to many military men. As all depended on quickness of movement, and as it was important to be encumbered with as little baggage as possible, he set an example to all under him. He took with him neither a horse, nor an orderly, nor a servant, a camp-chest, an overcoat, nor a blanket, nor even a clean shirt. His entire baggage for six days — I was with him at that time — was a *tooth-brush*. He fared like the commonest soldier in his command, partaking of his rations, and sleeping upon the ground, with no covering excepting the canopy of heaven. How could such a soldier fail to inspire confidence in an army, and to lead it to victory and to glory?"¹

¹ Hon. Mr. Washburne's speech on the bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-general.

CHAPTER XI.

HE CAPTURES VICKSBURG.

[MAY 21—OCT. 3, 1863.]

MR. POLLARD, in his "Lost Cause," concedes that the fate of Vicksburg was decided at Champion's Hill and the Big Black, and informs us that when Johnston heard of the last disaster he telegraphed to his subordinate that an ultimate surrender was inevitable, and advised him to save the army, at least, by an immediate evacuation. The same author also furnishes us with Johnston's criticism upon Pemberton's tactics: "Had the battle of Baker's Creek not been fought, General Pemberton's belief that Vicksburg was his base rendered his ruin inevitable. He would still have been besieged, and therefore captured. The larger force he would have carried into the lines would have added to and hastened the catastrophe. His disasters were due, not merely to his entangling himself with the advancing columns of a superior and unobserved enemy, but to his evident determination to be besieged in Vicksburg, instead of manœuvring to prevent a siege." He also gives us a glimpse of the interior of Vicksburg on Sunday evening: The fugitive and disorderly

troops are pouring in, and the citizens behold with dismay the elated army which had marched forth to fight returning a wild and blasphemous mob, overwhelmed by shame and defeat. The most self-possessed and temperate city would have been distracted by such an influx. But the normal state of Vicksburg is neither cool nor sedate: it is prone to chronic hysteria; and on this occasion, so trying to the steadiest nerves, a mass of frenzied planters and their families are driven into the over-crowded mad-house by our advance, and the scene beggars description as they inflame each other's delirium by the shouts, "Pemberton is a traitor! The army has sold us out! The Yankee butchers are coming!" The only sane and reliable part of the population, either military or civil, were the eight thousand troops who had been left behind in garrison, and were not yet demoralized by defeat, and haunted by palpable images of terror. They petition to be assigned to the post of danger; they review the line of defences; they restore the shivering fugitives to discipline and subordination; they re-invigorate the will and courage of their drooping comrades; they inspire a determination to yield neither to assault nor famine.

There was nothing to justify this unnatural alarm. The towering bluff is still unrocked by the storm; still wind through it labyrinths of entangled ravines: the sharp and serrated ridges which Nature has stationed around its borders have not yet yielded to the blast which tore up Champion's Hill; they are still crowned by forts, still guarded by guns, still connected by continuous intrenchments. What has

Vicksburg to fear from a mere assault? If eight miles of enveloping fortresses, but five hundred yards apart, self-reliant, and supporting each other; if embankments stretching from fortress to fortress, and the whole mighty barricade extending from the river on the north to the river on the south, and resting at both extremities on unassailable heights; if the breastwork in front of the forts, and the gorges channelled along the declivities, so difficult and entangled that with no enemy in front the foot-passenger can only ascend them by the aid of his hands; if an abatis of trees felled outwards, and encircling the whole line within these outer works; if the dense forest which covers these fortified acres; if a natural situation which renders all celerity of movement and unity of effort upon the part of the assailants impossible, — if all these advantages combined cannot defend a town against any storming party, however great in numbers or invincible in spirit, then its garrison does not belong to the race which fought at Donelson and Shiloh. In spite of his depletion in the field, Pemberton, as is abundantly demonstrated by the number which he surrendered, has still behind these barriers upwards of thirty thousand men, and more than a hundred pieces of artillery. He confronts Sherman with eight thousand veterans under Gen. Baldwin; McPherson, with the survivors of the battle-fields under Smith and Forney; and has twelve thousand left to assign to Gen. Lee, who, stationed on the Warrenton Heights, is directly opposed to McClernand.

The geologic features of Vicksburg reach in a

modified form the ground occupied by Grant. The soil is sun-baked clay, cut up by water-courses; it has rocky upheavals, rugged chasms, both covered and filled in with dense brakes of cane and willow. It is only penetrated by two or three forest roads. Any advance against the fortifications in a cohering battle-line is altogether impracticable; and the only attack feasible is by isolated columns, precluding all mutual support and co-operation.

Haine's Bluff has been evacuated, and our communications re-opened with Milliken's Bend by way of the Yazoo, which is a great relief to an army which for ten days has been without regular supplies. Porter and his gunboats keep watch and ward of the line, and patrol the Mississippi. The enemy is frugal with his ammunition, and Pemberton's prohibition of skirmishing and artillery practice enables Grant to select the most favorable sites for his batteries, and to force pickets and sharpshooters within annoying distance of the rebel gunners. The *morale* of the victorious army is so superb, that an assault upon Vicksburg cannot be denied to its impatience, and is an indulgence needed, that it may cheerfully submit to the threatened dominion of the pickaxe and the spade. The lions of Cybele were not yoked until they were first foiled in their spring. The behavior of the rebel army at Big Black, its demoralized retreat, do not render preposterous sanguine expectations of the capture of Vicksburg; and the number of Pemberton's forces were at this time largely under-estimated. On the first day of the investment, Grant orders his whole line as near to the enemy as practicable; and,

at a signal of three volleys from all guns in position, the whole of Sherman's front charges, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, and testing the strength of the resistance. Blair's division closes in upon the foe through the chasms and jungles which I have already described, reaching even the main works, and planting its colors upon the counterscarp of one of the irregular redoubts which crown the ridges. It is occupied for the day, and sharpshooters test the accuracy of their fire upon any rebel head which rises above the parapet. At night the troops are all withdrawn; and nothing is gained by the movement, except an advanced station for artillery.

The 22d of May is assigned for a general assault. The leaders of army corps and divisions survey all the roads and approaches from their respective fronts to within musket range of the hostile works. All watches are set by Gen. Grant's chronometer, that, at the appointed moment, from the extreme right of Gen. Sherman to the remotest left of Gen. McClelland, the immense semicircle of twelve miles may project from every point penetrating lead and iron upon the hideous length of fortifications which they envelop; that, at the same second, furious columns, pointed with bristling spears innumerable, and clothed in thunder, by momentum irresistible may rend with a crash bastion and embankment. Skirmishers and sharpshooters are to accompany every detachment; forlorn hopes with pontoons attend every party which has creeks or wet ditches in its pathway; brigades are to be massed into columns of such front as the nature of the ground will admit; not a musket is to

be fired until the outer works are stormed. The aid of Commodore Porter is invoked ; and on the afternoon of the 21st he promptly despatches three of his iron-clads to engage the water batteries on the river front, and plants on the peninsula six of those implements which are the terror of beleaguered cities, — tremendous mortars, capable of throwing to a distance of three miles and a half an explosive bomb of thirteen inches in diameter, and weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds.

At three o'clock in the morning, around the vast circumference of our lines, the crack of the rifle rings like the first patter of a threatening tempest ; the cannon booms from Haine's Bluff to Warrenton ; balls hurtle through the woods, and shells fly shrieking as when erst was lifted that imperial ensign in Pandemonium, and first were heard those deep-throated engines —

“ Whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore.”

But above the astounding base of Parrotts and field-batteries is heard the deeper thunder of the mortars sounding and resounding from the cliffs ; and up, up, with the train of a meteor, with the quaver of ten thousand organs, soars the black terror a mile and a half into the placid depths of air, and then, curving with majestic slowness, dives faster than light into the treasonable ramparts. Three, four, five, at once may be counted, tracing fiery parabolas on the dark background of the sky, or swooping down like an eagle on its quarry. Such a bombardment was never

before heard by the astonished rebels, who now burrow in the dens and caves of the earth, and tunnel those subterranean caverns which were their dwelling-place during the siege. It is the most protracted artillery-storm which is endured during those terrible months, continuing until eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 22d; and its uninterrupted devastation, as well as the incessant cannonade from our batteries and the fatal volleys of our sharpshooters, entirely divert the attention of the garrison from our storming parties, which are now forming upon every avenue.

But all this is mere prelude to the main drama of this ensanguined day. I will now pass rapidly round our entire investment, from McClelland on Warrenton Heights to Sherman near Haine's Bluff on the Walnut Hills, and designate the perilous roads by which each of the army corps must advance, and the position of each of their heroic storming parties, that you may see through what extremities of peril, and by what deeds of daring, the waters of the Mississippi were rescued from rebel thralldom. Before even reaching McClelland's army corps, I must notice that McArthur's division, which is advancing this morning from the Big Black, has been met by an order to move up the heights at Warrenton, and penetrate into the city as far as impediments will permit.

From McClelland's line, a ravine first presents itself, which pursues a general direction towards the point where the Jackson Road enters Vicksburg through a bastioned work; but it is swept through its entire course, both by artillery and musketry. At nine o'clock, Carr occupies the ravine with Lawler's

brigade, — which did the deed of *derring-do* at Big-Black Bridge, — and with Laudrum's, Benton's, Burbridge's commands. As you advance farther to the right, a gully is seen, which, affording partial cover, runs within twenty yards of the nearest intrenchment; and, at nine o'clock, this has been seized by A. J. Smith's division. The cross ravines which cut these two approaches are steep and rugged, but not heavily timbered like those which intersect the paths of McPherson and Sherman. The siege-artillery of thirty-pound Parrotts is with this army corps, and in this morning's duel has breached the enemy's works in McClernand's front, and silenced two of their guns. The Thirteenth, in grim and desperate earnestness, thus await the signal for assault.

From the woods where McPherson's army corps lies, the Jackson Road emerges, and, following a meandering path over a crest between two deep ravines, strikes the rebel centre at a point where the fortifications conform to the irregularities of the cliff, which is here three hundred and thirty feet above the river. These lofty works, not only control the Jackson Road, but hatchel it with criss-cross fires. At nine o'clock, upon this perilous route, lies Leggett's brigade, supported by John E. Smith's, both in regimental columns with platoon fronts. Stevenson's brigade lies in the ravines which open to the south, and his battalions propose to move in battle-line. This is the storming party which McPherson marshals to its desperate morning task.

The Grave-yard Road emerges from the forest in Sherman's front, and crossing a deep ravine, and run-

ning along the crown of an inferior ridge, enters the gorge of a redoubt at the north-eastern angle of the defences. At nine o'clock, at the head of this road, where it is still covered by woods, lies Blair's division, with Tuttle's for a support; and, at half a mile to the left, Steele is massed, and directs his attack against a battery at the mouth of a creek which enters the Mississippi at the north-western angle of Vicksburg. But it is upon the storming party posted upon the road that our interest concentrates. It consists of a forlorn hope of a hundred and fifty men, furnished with poles and boards for crossing the dry ditch of the redoubt; and close in their rear are the brigades of Ewing, Kirby Smith, and Giles Smith. You cannot look at this detachment without a premonitory shudder. These are the bold men whom Sherman sends on an errand of death to-day.

Yes, from right to left, before all these storming parties of the three army corps, there is death in every breath of air. Roads, gulley, ravine, are all swept by death. Every approach but one is fairly deluged with grape and canister; and not one reaches even the frowning outposts without crossing deep and rugged passes, semi-precipitous both in descent and ascent, and entangled with every embarrassment. An assault is to be made to-day which rivals in consummate boldness any which Saragossa or Badajos saw. Are these men of mere mortal mould, who for flag and fatherland thus leap into the jaws of death as into the open arms of blooming joy?

Grant is stationed on an eminence, near McPherson's front, which commands a view of the operations

of all three of the army corps. The blast of the bugle gives the preconcerted signal; and, at ten o'clock precisely, along the whole line, the various storming parties leap forward at double-quick. Sherman advances five batteries to a ridge, which assail with concentric fire the north-western redoubt. The forlorn hope, armed with rafters and planking alone, followed closely by Ewing, Kirby and Giles Smith, clear the intervening space, and are for a moment engulfed by a ravine in their front. Loaded with timber and arms they plunge into its depths, and scramble through the jungle up its steep ascent within eighty yards of the enemy, and are now seen rushing by the flank upon the nearest salient. All the cannon descend upon them with a plunging fire. The advanced centurion staggers and wavers before the storm; but, crowded on by the heavier columns, it circles round the nearest angle, directed to the gorge. Instantly, within the works, line upon line of rebel infantry spring to their feet, and deliver an overwhelming fire, which halts and temporarily drives back the pontoniers. Ewing still presses them on. They fling rafters and planks over the ditch: they cross it on the bastion's left, and plant their colors on the slope beneath the parapet, where they are partially screened from death. The volley of the infantry now devours the head of Ewing's columns, and hurls its broken body behind such cover as each man finds for himself. It next bursts upon Giles Smith, and hurls him down a side ravine; and now, culminating upon Kirby Smith alone, throws him over a spur, where, with Ewing's remnants, he rains bullets

upon the parapet, without being able to reach the heavy lines of infantry which blockade the gorge. Steele, on his line of attack, fares no better. The wrinkled and timbered region in his front breaks his columns into squads. Four hundred yards of approach, under the fire of concentrated batteries, converts the squads into separate bushwhackers, who still face the withering fire, but throw organization to the winds. By two o'clock, both division leaders report to Sherman that the enemy's position is sustained by too much determination to be mastered by their commands.

There was no hope for McPherson from the start. Of what avail are regimental columns and battalions in line, where the nature of the ground instantly dissolves all banded corps into a mere mob of brave men? What could columns or lines, even if they moved with the precision of the parade-ground, avail against armed cliffs upwards of three hundred feet high, but dash like waves against a mountainous coast? Logan's brigade succeeded in reaching the tortuous pathway between the two ravines; but if each soldier had been an invulnerable iron man, — like Sir Artegal's Talus, — the columns would have been battered off by the mere weight of the metal. Nor did Stevenson fare better in his line approach over — what it is broad irony to name "the fields." He reaches the top of the slope, and presents his long blue ribbon to the whirlwind of shot, when it is immediately rent and torn into shreds and ravellings. At the appointed hour McClernand's storming party advance, encountering all the horrors of war on their

imperilled routes. Protected from artillery fire by the gulley, Smith crowded close to the enemy's breastworks, but found himself confronted by infantry parapets, which broke into fragments every column exposed to its fire. Lawler, followed by his supports, wormed warily his way along the ravine, as if he were moving upon an Indian ambush, until he finally reached its debouch. His brigade, with the Twenty-second Iowa, sprung, with the dash and impetuosity which disembowelled the *tête de pont*, over a rebel ditch, over a rebel breastwork; and, as in Sherman's front, a Union flag was planted on the counterscarp of the redoubt. Then ensues a close scrimmage with hand grenades, cold steel, and with repeaters, breast to breast, head to head, the rebels attempting to dispossess us of the breastwork; but the stout Twenty-second hold on, supported by the sharpshooters in the ravines and bordering thickets. They were joined by an Illinois regiment, which placed its standard also upon the exterior slope. Behind this work were others which completely controlled it; and the brave Westerners contented themselves with their lodgement on its face, and shot every rebel who ventured over the parapet to seize their colors, and maintained their capture with dauntless heroism during the day. Osterhaus and Hovey, by independent manœuvres, succeeded in reaching within four hundred yards of the intrenchment, where they recoiled like the rest, but clung tenaciously to every tenable point, and fired unceasingly from every cover and chasm. McArthur, too, on the Warrenton Heights, bore up against a direct and en-

filading fire, bent upon entering Vicksburg; but was halted, like the rest, by a resistance which was insurmountable.

Thus, along the whole front of our investment, the nature of the ground prohibited the self-sustaining impetus and co-operation of organized bodies. Fragmentary detachments, though persistent in their struggles, individual courage and adventure worthy of paladins or demigods, availed naught against this Gibraltar of the West. In no instance was a storming party driven wilted from the field, but every attack by corps was foiled. Column and line alike met the shock with a terrible sacrifice of life, strewing the enemy's front with their dead and wounded, only to be hurled back into the woods and ravines, broken but undismayed. The brigades of Sherman and McClelland surmounted all the disheartening obstacles of their approach, planted regimental flags upon the exterior slopes of fortresses, but only pierced the hide of the monster, and were as far from its heart as when in the morning they first poised their spears.

In its main purpose, this bloody Jay's work was a failure. Grant was baffled in an undertaking which, considering the comparative numbers of the assailant and the assailed, was never attempted in modern warfare against fortifications of such strength. He was thwarted in an adventure which Wellington himself never dared to initiate in the Peninsula campaign, with the odds against him, and which Grant would not have essayed but for the unreasonable demands of popular sentiment at home. By two o'clock, he had ordered both Sherman and McPherson

to desist from the impracticable design, and along their fronts the tempest was entirely lulled.

While McPherson's corps was in the red-hot furnace of war, Grant, who was upon his lines, received a message from McClernand which announced that he was hotly engaged, vigorously pressed, and asked for a supporting charge from McPherson, and also for re-enforcements. As McPherson was already attacking the precipice in his front with more than mortal energy, Grant contented himself with returning McClernand the answer, "If your advance is weak, draw upon your reserves." But when Lawler's brigade had carried the slope, and set up their ensign, McClernand despatched to Grant the still more flurried missive, "We are hotly engaged with the enemy. We have part possession of two forts, and the stars and stripes are waving over them. A vigorous push ought to be made all along the line." Grant had seen the operations of McClernand's corps. He had beheld the rebuff of all his organized columns, and had noticed, too, the flags upon the slope, and suspected that the commander of the Thirteenth was exaggerating his success. But Grant was induced by the liveliness of the message to move forward, and consult McPherson, when he was met by a note from McClernand, couched in stronger language, louder in its vaunting tone, more earnest in pleading the pressure upon *all* his troops, and requesting that McArthur should be concentrated upon the occupied fort. Grant was constrained to heed this explicit and direct information from a general in the field, and, with many misgivings, ordered both Sherman

and McPherson to renew the attack, and the latter to re-enforce McClelland with a brigade. We paid for the flurry and excitement of this military novice — foisted upon the army by political machinations — with hundreds of lives. Sherman pushed Mower's brigade into the same blast which in the morning had decimated Ewing's, with no other result than to prove that death hath no terrors for resolute souls. McPherson again moved forward against the precipice, only to duplicate his casualties; and the brigade which he sent to the support of the Thirteenth Army Corps, after a march of two miles, found their own troops recalled, sustained the whole brunt of battle which this bombast had rekindled, and left its accomplished commander, Col. Bloomer, dead in front of the redoubt which McClelland had reported as captured. But McClelland was still unsatisfied. After the engagement he issued a magniloquent "order" of congratulation to the Thirteenth, and arrogated to it all the achievements which partially redeemed the disasters of the day, disparaged the performances of the associated corps, and attacked by innuendoes Grant himself. This bulletin to Buncombe was published, of course, by North-western papers, and, in progress of time, reached the commanders of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps. Sherman forthwith addressed to Gen. Grant a letter in which he thus characterized this remarkable "order:" "The document under question is not technically a letter or report, and, though styled an order, is not an order. It orders nothing, but is in the nature of an address to soldiers, manifestly designed for publication for

ulterior political purposes. It perverts the truth to the ends of flattery and self-glorification, and contains many untruths, among which is one of monstrous falsehood." McPherson wrote a letter to Gen. Grant, in which he expressed his views of the order as ungenerous in its tenor, with insinuation and criminations against the other corps, at manifest variance with the facts, and says, "After a careful perusal of the order, I cannot help arriving at the conclusion that it was written more to influence public opinion at the North, and impress the public mind with the magnificent strategy, superior tactics, and brilliant deeds of the major-general commanding the Thirteenth Army Corps, than to congratulate his troops upon their well-merited successes.

"There is a vain-gloriousness about the order, an ingenious attempt to write himself down the hero, the master-mind giving life and direction to the military operations in this quarter, inconsistent with the high-toned principle of the soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*."

The manifesto proved more fatal at the breech than at the muzzle. It was the last of a series of assumptions of independence and superiority, amounting to insubordination, which McClernand had manifested from the commencement of the Vicksburg campaign. Its publication was in direct violation of a general order, issued by the president, and which, moreover, required that offenders against it should be reported for dismissal. It moved even Grant's placable disposition to communicate the transgression of McClernand to the general-in-chief; and the result

of this fortunate disobedience was an order relieving McClernand of the command of the Thirteenth Army Corps.

The 22d of May cost us three thousand in killed and wounded. It is useless to attempt to disguise the horrors of war. The aspirant of mere military glory may well be appalled at the singular conjuncture of circumstances which now induced Pemberton to tender an armistice to Grant. The scantiness of forage within his lines had constrained him to turn loose his half-starved mules upon our front, where some had died from hunger, and some had been shot by our soldiers. Our dead and wounded were scattered for eight miles along his embankments; and the apprehension that a pestilence might be bred by the mingled decomposition of men and mules moved his sentiments of humanity to beat a parley for temporary peace. The offer was gladly accepted by Grant; and while our surgeons were carefully tending the wounded, and our burial parties were bestowing a soldier's grave upon our noble dead, the garrison were burning the carcasses of mules, and tolerating the interment of the dissolving images of their Maker. Hamlet is obliged to borrow the aid of his imagination, and to trace the ashes of Alexander to the bung of a beer-barrel, in order to point a moral upon the vanity of human ambition; but this genuine scene upon a battle-field suggests a more impressive homily upon the hollow pageantries and pomps of military grandeur, and responds with more emphasis to the Prince of Denmark's exclamation, "To what base uses may we return, Horatio!"

Neither personal cravings for military renown, nor the unhallowed aspirations of national aggrandizement, can offer the feeblest apology for such horrors: the defence of a nation's life, the preservation of the most beneficent Government from an anarchy more terrible than war itself, can be their only justification.

The arrival of Lauman's division enabled Grant to commence the siege with forty thousand men. Before it had proceeded far, he was re-enforced by twenty-one thousand from his own department; and, in the course of three weeks, he was made complete master of the situation by the arrival of Herron's army corps from Schofield's command, and by two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps under Gen. Parke, swelling the aggregate of his forces to seventy five thousand men.

I have already said that Sherman held the Walnut Hills on our extreme right with three divisions, — Tuttle's, Steele's, and Blair's; that McPherson united with Sherman's left, and with his three divisions — Hovey's, McArthur's, Quimby's — extended our investment along the enemy's centre; that McClelland with three divisions — Smith's, Carr's, and Osterhaus's — continued it to the Warrenton Heights; and I have now to add that Herron with three divisions prolonged it to the Mississippi River, thus swinging around Vicksburg a vast arc of twelve miles' sweep.

The main problems presented by the siege were, from different points of this immense semicircle to advance artillery ensconced in screened batteries within striking distance of the enemy's works; to cover every approach to them from our front, that

the ingress and egress of our soldiers might not be extra hazardous; to unite these approaches by such connecting parallels¹ as will permit the safe intercommunication of our entire army; to place the heads of columns under cover, and so near the enemy's line that the interval can be passed without the destruction of our men; to protect sharpshooters so close to the rebel front that they may contribute their aid to all these principal objects.

In describing the assault, I have already indicated the nature of the ground between us and the enemy. I have directed particular attention to two highways, a ravine, a gulley, a railroad, all death-swept in every direction, by which the storming parties endeavored to reach the hostile fortresses on the 22d of May. Grant cannot repeat that calamitous experiment, but must accomplish his object by the sure but insidious advances of a siege. He therefore invokes military science to throw such a shield and buckler over these perilous pathways that his soldiers may march up to the enemy's guns, and stare into his eyes, without being the target of his shot. "Impossible!" There is no such word as "impossible" in the engineer's vocabulary; and Grant, after more than forty years' search, has not yet found "can't" in his dictionary. The impossibility will be overcome.

How shall I describe the devices by which the severe task was accomplished? It would prolong this volume to a folio to minutely relate them. Without detailing the enormous labor of our troops day by

¹ A wide trench for communication between the approaches of the besiegers.

day ; without specifying the ingenious expedients of the different commanders ; without journalizing the peculiar toil and peril of every night and every day ; without following step by step the majestic advance of eighty-nine batteries with their stupendous accompaniments of trenches and parallels ; without dwelling upon the military skill and science with which the enemy incessantly opposed this irresistible progress, — the counter-intrenchments, cannonades, pickets, sharpshooters, hand-grenades, mines, with which he assailed every aggression of this strangling coil upon his eight miles of fortification, — I must content myself with summing up in a single paragraph the grand result of forty days of such labor as built the Pyramids and tunnelled the Alps. Grant protects these natural approaches with so much engineering skill, — channeling artificial ways safe from hostile fire, and in some cases roofed by gabions,¹ through precipitous crests, up and down the acclivities of rocky ridges, through the Graveyard and Jackson road-beds, along the railroad cut, the Walnut Hills, the Warrenton Heights, — that on the 1st of July he has in cannon-proof earth-works, within the easiest range of the enemy's fortifications, two hundred and twenty cannon. His saps² are within a few feet of the enemy's ditch ; and, at ten different points, he can place under cover the heads of his divisions, within an average distance of two hundred yards of the rebel lines, and with means of debouching on comparatively level ground.

¹ A basket made of twigs and saplings, and filled with earth, cylindrical in form and open at both ends, about nine feet long by two wide ; and used to shelter men from an enemy's fire.

² A near approach to a fortified place.

Nor were these the only means adopted to break the barriers which held in subjection the channel of the Mississippi. An annoying redan stopped the progress of the sappers in Logan's front. With immense labor he moles his way through the rugged earth beneath it, and, from the main subterranean passage, tunnels under the redan to the right and left, and hides in these cavities twenty-two hundred pounds of gunpowder. In the afternoon of the 25th of June a heavy column of troops lies covered in Logan's approaches, and the artillery opens from every battery which bears. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a vivid glare for a moment dazzles the vision: an explosion which outroars the cannon jars the earth. Rebel soldiers are tossed high in air; the redan is torn from its rock-bound foundations; a crater, large enough to hold two regiments, occupies its site. Our columns spring forward into the chasm with the Northern "cheer," and are received with the Southern "yell," and, after a hand-to-hand fight, force the rebels back to interior parapets, with which they had provided themselves in anticipation of the catastrophe. For weeks the crater is the prize for which the belligerents contend. Pemberton meets our mines with countermines, and perils under the earth are as common during this beleaguering month as perils above it.

To Grant, the siege is forty days and nights of watching and sleeplessness. While superintending all these approaches, he is continually threatened by the efforts of Johnston to raise the siege. It is no unreasonable apprehension, that he may succeed in placing

the besiegers between two hostile armies; and, while meeting one in the field, Grant may be overwhelmed by a sally of thirty thousand men from the stronghold. In addition to his other labors, Grant constructs a vast line of countervallation from the Yazoo to the Big Black, which presents to Johnston the same obstacles in reaching us which we have in entering Vicksburg. He fortifies Haine's Bluff, which becomes now an outwork of as much importance to Grant as it was formerly to Pemberton. He despatches Osterhaus to the *tête de pont* on the Big Black, and orders him to hold that line against all enemies. He sends Blair to scour the delta and jungles of the Yazoo, that no foe may lurk in their recesses. He disseminates orders to all the division commanders to hold a part of their troops in readiness to march at a moment's notice. He stimulates their vigilance with an incessant stream of admonitory telegrams. He sequesters *in transitu* all the despatches of Johnston. He instructs Sherman to attack him within fifteen miles, at least, from Vicksburg. He watches every courier of Pemberton with the eye of a falcon. He thwarts an attempt of the garrison to escape by boats. He invokes the vigilance of Commodore Porter. By a resolution which surmounts all dangers which are present, by a watchfulness which meets in advance all which are imminent, by providing beforehand for every contingency which human prescience can anticipate, and by a presence of mind which meets unforeseen contingencies as if they were embraced by his original plan, by the confidence in himself generated by this wakeful superintendence,

— he awaits serenely the hour when the “barred gateway” of the Mississippi shall sullenly yield to his ripened combinations.

While Grant is concentrating his two hundred and twenty guns upon its front, and Porter’s squadron is thundering against its back, scantiness, famine, havoc, are serviceable auxiliaries in the interior of the fortress. The ammunition is so nearly exhausted that every grain of powder left in our trenches is carefully gathered up, and the cartridge-box of our dead preferred to all trophies; percussion caps only reach the garrison by smugglers, disguised in the national uniform, who throw them over the trenches in canteens. Pemberton’s wails to Johnston for relief are piteous to read. Fodder was long since exhausted, and the war-charger of the general is fed on husks. All the beef, cattle, flour, tobacco, beans, held by non-combatants, have been already impressed by the commissary; and the troops subsist upon half-rations, while the citizens starve. Quarter-rations soon become the order of the day. Mule-meat is a luxury, and they covet those carcasses which were offered as a *placebo* to the pestilence. Round shot and shell incessantly assail the town. Seven mortars by night and day drop incendiary and explosive shell into the dwellings, and the unwholesome caves which they have burrowed into the cliffs are the sole refuge of the inhabitants from omnipresent destruction. Buildings are destroyed, hospitals demolished; the old and the infirm, the women and the children, are scourged by the enraged national arm, which the treasonable leaders have so flagrantly provoked.

The hope of succor from Johnston is already a vanished illusion. Haine's Bluff is impregnable; Big Black is held by an army; clouds of cavalry envelop the country, and patrol every avenue. The war creeps nearer and nearer: artillerymen are upon every crest; sharpshooters are in every ravine; every morning discloses new breastworks, and new batteries like mushrooms spring up every night. The approaching circles of fire, like the waves of the ocean, move those in advance, and are moved by those behind; and "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," is powerless to arrest their march. The rank and file have been canvassed by officers, and refuse to go out and fight. A definitive treaty has been ratified between the rebel and national pickets at one point of the line, which provides for the absolute cessation of hostilities by night, and authorizes our sappers, without even the protection of a sap-roller, to lead their approaches up to the angles of the redoubts. Civilities are constantly interchanged between the belligerent outposts. Deserters flock to our trenches. The soldiers of the two armies not only brag of their prowess, and chaff each other across the parapets, but meet by night, and drink at the same well of refreshing water between the two lines, exchange rations and quids, discuss the abilities of the two commanders, wrangle and jar, but use no sharper weapon than the tongue, and part as if the secret truce was authorized by orders from their respective headquarters.

Grant wants no Daniel to inform him that the end is near. He does not even wish to be befriended by the torpor and irresolution of the garrison; for he is

fully prepared to enforce his claim upon Vicksburg by his might. I have already recounted the progress of his approaches up to the 1st of July; by the 3d, the pickaxe and the spade have spent all their strength, and the cannon and the musket are about to resume their undivided sway. Grant has appointed the 6th of July for the assault. But what is this? At ten o'clock on the morning of the 3d, a white flag suddenly appears upon the precipice in McPherson's front, heralding the approach of Gen. Bowen and Col. Montgomery, the aide of Pemberton, with a communication for the general-in-chief. It proposes an armistice, and the appointment of three commissioners by each commander to arrange terms of surrender, in order to "spare the effusion of blood." Gen. Grant replies, that "the 'effusion of blood' can be ended at any time you may choose, by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and, I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

Gen. Bowen and his companion were received by Gen. A. J. Smith. The rebel officers expressed a strong wish to see Gen. Grant; but, when this was respectfully declined, they requested that he would appoint the time and place for an interview with Pemberton. To this Gen. Grant readily assented, and named three o'clock in the afternoon, between McPherson's front and the enemy's intrenchments.

A sturdy old oak which had weathered the storms of centuries stood upon the hillside, midway between the embattled lines, with its midsummer burden of leaves torn and blasted, and even its branches splintered by passing shot. It had been appropriately selected as the place of rendezvous. The crack of the rifle, the boom of the cannon, are hushed in deference to a negotiation upon which such weighty issues hang. Soldiers of both armies swarm the confronting parapets, as if they would read their fate upon the impenetrable faces of the two commanders. The preconcerted gun echoes and re-echoes from the cliff. The day is sultry. The clouds hang lowering. Not even the rustle of a leaf, nor the fall of a raindrop, breaks the ominous silence of the hour. The general-in-chief is already on the spot, attended by McPherson, Ord, Smith, and several members of his staff. It is noticed, that, in honor of the occasion, Grant has thrown off the blouse which he habitually wore during the siege, and doaned a weather-stained frock-coat, decorated with the tarnished insignia of his rank; and he even dignified the ceremonious interview by wearing a regulation sword, which had not appeared in public for months. Gen. Pemberton presents himself, accompanied by Bowen and Montgomery. The tall and lithe figure of the Confederate officer is incased in a fresh suit of gray, with all the decorations of his rank. As he approaches, his full black beard, his bronzed complexion, his regular profile, his dark locks, his deep-set black eyes, with the burdened expression which they habitually wore, arrest the earnest gaze of the spectators. He was a West-Point graduate, and had risen to the

rank of major in our army. He was a Northerner by birth. He took chivalry by inoculation, and, of course, had the disease with greater severity, reversing the rule which governs kindred maladies. Pollard describes him as "of a captious and irritable nature, a narrow mind, — a slave of the forms and fuss of the schools;" as "one of those men whose idea of war began with a bureau of clothing and equipment, and ended with a field-day and dress-parade." There was sufficient hauteur in his bearing, but none of the incivility which he exhibited the next day. The two generals advanced and shook hands. Pemberton immediately asked, "What terms of capitulation will be allowed me?" — "The same," said Grant, "which I expressed in my letter of this morning." — "If that is your ultimatum," replied Pemberton, "the conference might as well terminate, and hostilities be immediately resumed." — "So be it," said Grant, and turned away.

Both Bowen and Montgomery were disappointed at this abrupt termination of the conversation, and proposed that two of the subordinates present should agree upon the basis of a capitulation, and report it for ratification to their respective chiefs; and, as the proposition received a tacit assent, he selected Gen. A. J. Smith, and withdrew for imparlance. Grant and Pemberton had, in the mean time, been drawn together, and were promenading within two hundred yards of the rebel parapet. The whole party soon rendezvoused at the oak, when Bowen reported the basis, as if it had received the assent of his colleague in the negotiation: "Vicksburg will capitulate, on condition that the garrison shall march out with the honors of

war, carrying with them side-arms, muskets, and field-artillery, but surrendering the heavy battery guns." The proposal was immediately rejected by Grant with a smile of derision. It was finally agreed that the armistice should continue until morning, and that in the course of the evening Grant should forward to Pemberton in writing the terms of capitulation. In compliance with this promise, Grant addressed Pemberton the following communication:—

"In conformity with the agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, &c. On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march in one division, as a guard, and take possession at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. As soon as paroles can be made out, and signed by the officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines; the officers taking with them their regimental clothing, and staff, field, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property.

"If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them; thirty wagons, also, counting two horse or mule teams as one. You will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and privates as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

Pemberton accepted the terms contained in the foregoing letter with these modifications: "At ten o'clock in the morning to-morrow, I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession. Officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected." Grant assented to the first amendment, but said to the second, "I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations."

The minds of the two commanders finally meet upon every point, and Pemberton sends his unqualified assent in the course of the night. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, along eight miles of fortification, from every gorge and sally-port emerge columns in gray, bearing the familiar arms and tattered standards of an army. The officers and soldiers assume a composure and indifference which imperfectly hides their visible humiliation, as they stack their guns and prostrate their colors before their conquerors, acknowledging their defeat upon the very ground which is signally the arena of the trial by battle.

The soldiers in blue throng the opposite parapets, tendering the homage of respectful silence to "foemen worthy of their steel," and with all feelings of

exultation tempered by genuine sentiments of compassion. But little personal acrimony entered into the struggles around Vicksburg; and the privates of the two armies had frequently met, rather as compatriots than foes. Even the inspiration of our national jubilee failed to elicit from our generous troops any manifestations of triumph. The motives which had induced Pemberton to select this day, which in the estimation of the victor added to the *éclat*, and of the vanquished to the abasement, of the surrender, he himself has assigned; justifying his choice by reasons which, in the judgment of his superiors, constituted the *gravamen* of the offence: "If it should be asked why the 4th of July was selected as the day for surrender, the answer is obvious. I believed that upon that day I should obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foes, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance on the 4th of July into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time."

It is a wonderful illustration of the vigor and energy with which Grant pursued the business of crushing the Rebellion, that, on the first intimation of an intention to surrender, he commenced issuing orders to Sherman, and organizing a force for the pursuit of Johnston, and the recapture of the capital of the State. He paused not for rest, however severe were his labors; he reposed not upon laurels, however glorious, while there was still work to be done. At midnight of the 3d, when he is dictating terms of capitulation

to Pemberton, he is writing to Sherman, "Vicksburg will surrender to-night or in the morning: make your calculations to attack Johnston, and destroy the north road to Jackson. I have directed Steele and Ord to move the moment of surrender. I want Johnston broken up as effectually as possible. You can make your own arrangements, and have all the troops of my command, except one corps." Before Grant had actually entered Vicksburg, forty thousand men of his army were retracing their weary footsteps to the Big Black, Edward's Depot, Champion's Hill, bent on the conquest of another army and another stronghold of Rebellion.

Logan's division, which was the most advanced of our army, was honored with the commission to occupy Vicksburg. But four thousand inhabitants remained within the town; and the ravages of war and the manifest distresses of the beleaguered citizens fairly moved the commiseration of soldiers who had themselves endured the sufferings and hardships of the march, the battles, and the siege. Grant accompanied the columns of Logan.

While I was in Washington, I had the pleasure of hearing General Grant describe the meeting between Pemberton and himself on this memorable occasion. Immediately after listening to the account, I returned to my own room, committed it to paper, and sent it to my family at home. I transcribe his description from my own letter, now before me:—

"While one of the Illinois regiments," he said, "was raising its flag upon the court-house at Vicksburg, I deemed it but an act of courtesy to pay my

respects to Pemberton, and went in search of his headquarters. I found him seated on the piazza of a house, surrounded by his officers and staff. No one advanced to receive me, or recognized my presence in any way. I dismounted my horse, and joined the party on the porch, when Pemberton acknowledged the acquaintance by a slight nod. He offered me no seat; and I remained standing, while he and his subordinates were sitting. A Mississippi general finally arose, and pushed towards me his chair. The day was oppressively warm and dusty; and, to relieve the constraint of the interview, I asked for a glass of water. Pemberton pointed to the interior of the house; and I groped my way through it to a well in the rear, where I found a negro, who drew up a bucket, and tendered me a drink from a gourd. I returned to the party on the piazza, and found my chair re-occupied, and, although I remained standing for twenty minutes, I was not offered a seat again; and I left Pemberton, and went on my way. Our sole conversation was about the supply of rations for his troops; and I learned then, for the first time, the number of men who had surrendered, having presumed all along that there were but fifteen to twenty thousand men in the garrison." Can there be any doubt that Pollard is correct when he describes Pemberton as having a "captious and irritable nature, a narrow mind." He can fawn on national vanity; he can humiliate his clan by enhancing the glory of the conqueror, in order to secure favorable terms of surrender; but, after they have been once obtained, he can insult a generous adversary, in the presence of his staff, while

he is supplicating him for rations for a starving army. This is chivalry when it is taken by inoculation. He can beg from a victor to whom he disdains to offer a chair or a cup of water.

Grant reported to Halleck, that thirty-two thousand troops, fifty thousand stand of arms, and a hundred and seventy cannon were surrendered. An enormous amount of ordnance and ordnance stores fell into his hands. Among the prisoners were two thousand one hundred and fifty-three officers, including fifteen generals. When General Mack filed his thirty thousand Austrians, sixteen generals, and sixty cannon before Napoleon at the capitulation of Ulm, Jomini represents the emperor as saying, "I had already within the last ten years gained many brilliant successes; but never had I enjoyed a triumph like that of an entire army defiling before me, and laying down their arms, their colors, and their cannon. Placed on an eminence which commands the city, and all the basin of the Danube, I could contemplate at my ease the spectacle which promised me such high destinies." How did Grant contemplate a triumph still more gorgeous? He betrays no emotion: he assumes no more airs than when he was selling wood at St. Louis, and dealing in leather at Galena. If modesty is a cardinal virtue, you have it here, with supererogation enough to equip Bombastes Furioso for a saintship. He narrated the achievement to Halleck with an absence of parade and ostentation which would hardly be credited if the documents were not seen and read by all men. The highest strain of exultation, in the various com-

munications which he writes at this time, is reached by Grant in his letter to Thomas of July 11th, in which he says, "The capture of Vicksburg has proved a bigger thing than I supposed it would. There were over thirty thousand rebel troops still left when we entered the city. The number of small-arms will reach fifty thousand stand I think, and the amount of ordnance and ordnance stores is enormous. Since crossing the Mississippi, an army of sixty thousand men has in the various battles been killed and wounded, captured and scattered, so as to be lost to the Confederacy; and an armament for an army of a hundred thousand men has departed from them forever."

Mr. Alison, the historian of Europe, speaks of the spectacle exhibited at Ulm as "unparalleled in modern warfare, and sufficient to have turned the strongest head." But Ulm is no longer paramount; and the surrender of Vicksburg, which pales its splendor, was the work of a head which no military success can turn. England's great admiral described the battle of the Nile, "not as a victory, but as a conquest." The language is singularly applicable to the Vicksburg campaign. In five pitched battles, two rebel armies were vanquished, in the heart of their domain, in the centre of their resources. Sixty thousand men were killed, wounded, and captured. Armaments and munitions of war sufficient for an army of a hundred thousand were among the spoils. Port Hudson immediately fell, and the two strongest fortified positions of treason were the first fruits of this magnificent triumph. But into what

depths of insignificance do even such trophies sink, compared with the severance of the Confederacy, the domination of the channel of the great river, the unchallenged control of the empire watered by it and its tributaries, — which alone would satiate any thirst for military aggrandizement save that of the man who “wished for another world to conquer!”

When Congress assembled, the president nominated Grant as a major-general in the regular army, with a commission to date from the 4th of July, 1863, and promptly addressed to him the following autograph letter: “I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did, — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition, and the like, could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river, and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.” Vicksburg converted even Halleck. He had persecuted Grant without any justification, and almost driven him to resignation, after the victory of Donelson; he had withheld from him all commendations for his subsequent

triumphs; he had treated him during the Corinth campaign as a mere successful blunderer, and had such a contempt for his military abilities that he would have superseded him by an unknown quartermaster, who had "never set a battalion in the field," in the command of the Army of the Tennessee. But even Halleck bestows upon him generous praise.

In a letter acknowledging the receipt of Grant's modest account of the capitulation, he says, "Your report, dated July 6, of your campaign in Mississippi, ending in the capitulation of Vicksburg, was received last evening. Your narration of the campaign, like the operations themselves, is brief, soldierly, and in every respect creditable and satisfactory. In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country; and it will be the boast of your children, that their fathers were of the heroic army which re-opened the Mississippi River."

His companions in arms, who best knew by what generalship Vicksburg had been won, presented to him an elegant sword, with appropriate ceremonies, as a permanent memorial.

The moment Sherman succeeds in vanquishing Johnston, and recapturing the city of Jackson, Grant aims at new conquests. He scrutinized the rebel domain for any assailable point where a lodgement would be most damaging to the Rebellion. The telegram which announced to Halleck Sherman's triumph carried also an intimation from Grant, that the capture

of Mobile would strengthen all our positions in the South-west, and seriously threaten Bragg, in Northern Georgia. From the 18th of July to the 1st of August, he is continually reminding the general-in-chief of the practicability of capturing Mobile by an expedition through Lake Pontchartrain; but Halleck's policy was neither bold nor comprehensive, and the Mobile plan met the same cool reception with the other projects which Grant had initiated. Special reasons were also assigned for its rejection. The intrigues of France in Mexican affairs, and rumors of negotiations between England and Texas, increased the anxiety of the president to place an efficient force upon our south-eastern border as soon as the progress of our arms at the east would justify it.

The emancipation proclamation of the president had now become operative; and Grant entered zealously into the organization of the negro regiments, which were at this time authorized. He expressed in decided terms to the Confederate officers upon his borders that any treatment of colored troops inconsistent with the acknowledged rules and usages of war would be met by prompt retaliation. He vigorously opposed, in his correspondence with the heads of department at Washington, the plan which had been adopted of opening trade with the rebellious States; contending, that, without benefiting the honest merchant, it would encourage dishonest smugglers bound by no oaths or restriction, furnish to the army articles contraband of war, delay the subjection of the States, and weaken the strongest motives which were leading them back to their old allegiance.

In the mean time, the great army which he had created and disciplined, and furnished with officers of unsurpassed merit, was scattered from Arkansas to Chattanooga. A part of the Thirteenth Corps was sent to the Department of the Gulf; a division from Hurlbut and one from McPherson were despatched to reinforce Rosecrans. Grant had been instructed to co-operate with Banks in the unfortunate Red-River expedition; and this constrained him to go to New Orleans, to learn the precise scope and purpose of the movement. He was here thrown by a vicious horse, at a review; which confined him to his bed for several weeks, and disabled him from resuming his duties at Vicksburg until the 26th of September. Upon his return he found an order from Halleck, which directed him to send Sherman to Rosecrans. He acted promptly upon the command, and had embarked Sherman's corps in transports, when the news reached him that the blow which had been long anticipated had descended upon Rosecrans at Chickamauga. On the 10th of October he received an order from the general-in-chief which called him to Cairo; and, after his arrival there on the 17th, he was required to report "for field operations" at Louisville.

CHAPTER XII.

HE RELIEVES CHICKAMAUGA, AND WINS ITS GREAT BATTLE.

[OCTOBER, 1863, TO MARCH, 1864.]

ON the 17th of October, 1863, I find Gen. Grant at Louisville, Ky., called there for an interview with the secretary of war. Mr. Stanton immediately invested him with the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, embracing a jurisdiction over all the territory between the Alleghanies and the great river. The three departments — Tennessee, which Grant commanded; the Cumberland, under Rosecrans; and the Ohio, under Burnside — were thus united under one leader. The policy of subjecting to one administration operations which had the same essential objects, and which were upon the same general theatre, that out of conflicting measures and independent movements order and harmony might be evoked, had been advised by Grant more than a year ago; and it was at length adopted by the authorities at Washington.

Rosecrans had just fought the battle of Chickamauga, which, after he had retired from the field, the consummate generalship of Thomas had redeemed from irretrievable disaster. The situation of things at the

front was exceedingly critical. Rosecrans had yielded to the enemy positions which were essential to the security of the army; and he was now driven into the closest straits, and was meditating the evacuation of a strategical position of inestimable value, and which had been purchased at a fearful sacrifice. Grant, though still lame from his New Orleans accident, immediately started for the front. The first order which he issued placed Thomas over Rosecrans in command of the Army of the Cumberland. His second instructed the new commander to "hold Chattanooga at all hazards;" to which he received the memorable reply, "I will hold it till we starve." His third order placed Sherman in command of the Department of the Tennessee. Grant is on his way to the front by rail, but halts at one station to telegraph Burnside — who is at Knoxville, where he is threatened from the east — "to fortify his position by intrenchments;" at another, to request Porter "to furnish a convoy to Sherman," who is winding his way up the Mississippi with his army corps; and at a third, to instruct the chief commissary at Nashville "to forward supplies forthwith to Chattanooga." And thus, fulminating important telegrams in every direction, the indomitable man, still crippled by his fall, over difficult roads, by rail, on horseback, on foot, sometimes borne over torrents in the arms of his companions, wended his way to Chattanooga, and reached Thomas's headquarters on the evening of the 23d.

He found the condition of affairs sufficiently disheartening. The straggling village of Chattanooga is situated in a bend of the Tennessee. Three miles to

the right of the town in a south-westerly direction, rising to a height of twenty-two hundred feet, is Lookout Mountain, — a rocky upheaval a mile or two wide, and stretching a hundred and fifty miles to the south. It presents its northern and eastern front to Chattanooga; but its western face is turned towards a parallel ridge, two miles farther off, called Raccoon Mountain, with a valley between them named Lookout Valley. The bases of these two mountains descend to the Tennessee and command its channel, which alone renders them sufficiently obnoxious to an army occupying Chattanooga; but, in addition to this, the railroad from Nashville courses along the front of Raccoon Mountain, crosses Lookout Valley, winds round the controlling northern face of Lookout Mountain, and then enters Chattanooga. Upon the Nashville Road we depended entirely for our supplies. Both of the mountains and the valley, which thus held Chattanooga in their grasp, had been yielded by Rosecrans to the enemy, and were now occupied by Bragg.

Such was the unfavorable condition of things upon our right. Nor was there much consolation when Grant turned to his left; for here, rising to a height of four hundred feet, was Missionary Ridge, another narrow upheaval of seven miles in length; and the spurs which it projected towards the river were also held by Bragg, and fortified with substantial earthworks. The rifle-pits and outposts of the enemy reached from the base of Lookout Mountain, on the right, to within a mile of the Tennessee, and from Missionary Ridge, on the left, to within the same distance of the river.

The fact stares Grant in the face that Chattanooga is invested, — that our army is besieged. From Look-out Mountain, Bragg throws shells into our camp; from Missionary Ridge, where he is securely seated, he watches all the movements of the army cooped up at its foot: from the former, by approaches nearer than our own, he strikes our communications with Nashville; and from the latter, seriously threatens those with Knoxville. Our trains, with medical stores, ordnance, and ammunition, are continually harassed and captured by Bragg's cavalry detachments. There is only powder enough in camp for a single action. We are even compelled at this time to drag all army stores in wagons for sixty miles, and over abominable roads. But ten days ago, Jefferson Davis himself stands upon these surrounding summits, and casts his delighted eyes upon the Chattanooga Valley, and counts and measures the victims which are to smoke on his altars, and exclaims exultingly, "The green fields of Tennessee will shortly again be ours." So sanguine of conquest was Bragg, that he affirmed in his report, "that these positions, faithfully sustained, insured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest route to his dépôt, and the one by which re-enforcements must reach him, *we held him at our mercy; and his destruction was only a question of time.*"

When Grant inspected the temper and spirit of his command, he found but little to relieve the gloom. Chattanooga was crowded with three thousand wounded and forty-five thousand debilitated troops. All

were living upon half-rations, weak from want of nourishing food, without suitable raiment, wilted by disaster. The soldiers were but partially protected by tents from the chilling blasts and rains of autumnal nights. In their front were inaccessible heights; the enemy's pickets were within speaking distance; the river was at their back; the railroad was severed, and they were thus separated from the dominion in their wake. The expectation of relief was abandoned. Reinforcements would merely add to the distress of hunger and the danger of starvation. There is no forage: the artillery horses are sent to the rear; mules and cavalry chargers are dying daily; and even the guards and soldiers on duty are dragging round weary bodies and heavier hearts upon lifeless feet, like respited criminals awaiting the day of execution. Grant can look nowhere for consolation but to the indomitable pluck of Thomas's corps, which held the left at Chickamauga against the concentrated rebel hosts.

When Grant turns to his supports upon the outside, he finds but little to exhilarate his spirits. Knoxville, isolated from relief, is held by Burnside with a precarious tenure, which continually agitates the authorities at Washington. Squadrons of cavalry and guerrillas are between Chattanooga and Nashville. Sherman is on a hazardous march, with prolonged and imperilled communications, in the centre of a hostile country. The only bright spot on Grant's whole horizon is at Bridgeport, thirty miles to his right, where the Nashville Road crosses the Tennessee, which Hooker is now holding, with two veteran divisions of the Army of the Potomac.

The first effort to which Grant addresses his energies is to disembarrass his communications, and open an unimpeded pathway to ammunition and rations. I have already stated, that the Nashville Railroad skirts the northern spurs of Raccoon and Lookout Mountains, and the deep vale, or glen, which lies between them. Both the valley, and the hills at its mouth, are held by the flower of Bragg's army, Longstreet's famous corps; and their pickets extend to the margin of the Tennessee.

Grant determined to seize Lookout Valley and the adjacent spurs, by a combined movement which pushed Hooker over the Tennessee into the mouth of the valley, Palmer from Chattanooga to hold the road passed over by Hooker in his movement, and ensconced William F. Smith in ambush on the northern bank of the Tennessee, opposite Brown's Ferry, with directions to improve the earliest opportunity to cross the river rapidly, and surprise the secondary crests at the valley's debouch. The night of the 27th of October was dark and foggy. Sixty pontoon boats, with eighteen hundred armed men, were launched upon the rapid current of the river, and were borne swiftly past the pickets of Longstreet, along the spurs of Lookout Mountain, around Moccasin Point, and reached Brown's Ferry, where a heavy rebel volley announced the movement to the camp of Longstreet. The pontoons were laid; and Smith darted from his ambush across the river, forced back Longstreet's outskirts from the mouth of the valley, and held the adjoining hills with breastworks and abatis.

On the evening of the 28th, Hooker, with two divis-

ions under Howard and Geary, having marched fourteen miles from Bridgeport, was encamped on the southern bank of the Tennessee. Howard is one mile from Brown's Ferry, and Geary three miles to the south of it, at Wauhatchie; and both are plainly visible from Lookout Mountain. As fast as Hooker had advanced, Palmer had followed in his wake, occupying the road, fortifying controlling positions on its borders, constructing breastworks across its bed, and abatis in its deep cuts. Longstreet saw at a glance that our success would relieve Chattanooga from investment. At one o'clock at night, he sprung upon Geary's flank at Wauhatchie with the fury of a tiger. And now ensued one of the most romantic scenes of the war, — a desperate struggle between well-matched troops, on moon-lighted hills, down deep ravines dark at high noon, the flashes of the discharges only showing foe to foe, and the numberless mountain echoes beguiling the ear into the belief that there was nothing in earth or air but an incessant and universal fusillade. Enveloped on three sides at once by a corps unaccustomed to be foiled in its spring, Geary, though frequently overborne, held his camp with a tenacity and skill worthy of his established renown. He met the charging columns with lines of bayonets, and, after a three hours' conflict, repelled every attack, and drove Longstreet discomfited into the recesses of the mountain. Hooker heard the mutterings of the storm, and, through blind and unfamiliar roads, moved with Howard's nearest brigades to the relief of their comrades. Howard fairly felt his way; but a blaze of musketry soon illuminated his path, revealing a hill two hundred

feet high on which the enemy was lodged. Up its acclivities his dauntless regiments charged, received by yells and taunts of defiance and rending volleys and blazing rifle-pits. They carried the parapet on its summit by a dash with cold steel which wrung even from the composed mind of Thomas this high eulogium: "The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill over two hundred feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on the top, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war." By four o'clock on the morning of the 29th the conflict was over, and Hooker's army corps securely ensconced at the mouth of Lookout Valley, with Smith in possession of the adjacent spurs, and Palmer occupying the approach. Every detachment engaged in the combined movement has successfully accomplished its allotted task. As its crowning results, the enemy is put upon the defensive; the road is free to Nashville; artillery horses are again seen in the streets, and steamboats at the wharves, of Chattanooga; food and ammunition flow in; and, with full rations, and confidence in the ability of a commander who works such miracles, the soldiers again assume the air and bearing of conquerors. Within six days from Grant's arrival, the tables are turned! The historian of the "Lost Cause" admits, that "Grant's lodgement on the south side of the Tennessee was assured. He was in firm possession of the new lines of communication; he had attained all the results he had anticipated; and his relief of Chattanooga was now to be taken as an accomplished fact."

Fortune, it is said, always befriends those who befriend themselves; and, while Grant was thus breasting with determined resolution the embarrassments of Chattanooga, he received assistance from an unexpected quarter. Rebel accounts of the war explain many movements which were mysteries to us at the time; and we learn from these sources why Bragg, when his hold upon the mountains was daily becoming more precarious, and he was in hourly expectation of a battle, detached Longstreet's corps of fifteen thousand men upon a Quixotic raid against Burnside, in the loyal mountains of East Tennessee. Mr. Pollard informs us to whom we were indebted for this foolhardy diversion. "President Davis," he says, "on the 12th of October, visited the fields of Chickamauga. He planned the expedition against Knoxville. His visits to every battle-field of the Confederacy were ominous. He disturbed the plans of his generals; his military conceit led him into the wildest schemes; and so much did he fear that the public would not ascribe to him the hoped-for results of the visionary projects that his vanity invariably divulged it; and successes were foretold in public speeches with such boastful plainness as to put the enemy on his guard, and inform him of the general nature of the enterprise. He was in furious love with the extraordinary design; and, in a public address to the army, he could not resist the temptation of announcing that 'the green fields of Tennessee would shortly again be theirs.'"

Grant did not believe until the 5th of November that this strange design was actually accomplished;

and, although his own immediate front was relieved, it created apprehensions in another quarter, which were more troublesome to him than all his other anxieties combined. During this campaign, the president and Halleck incessantly worried Grant with their Knoxville panic. He would have purchased Burnside's safety by any personal peril: it was one of those tribulations which are "new every morning, fresh every evening, and repeated every moment." The telegraphic wires, of which Grant's auricular nerve is a mere prolongation, were surcharged with Washington fears for Burnside. Although unprepared for battle, he determined to attack Bragg at once, with the expectation that his choicest corps would be immediately recalled from its chase after Burnside, and the fears of the cabinet allayed. On the 7th of November he ordered Thomas to storm Missionary Ridge; but that valorous chieftain, who was not easily staggered by difficulties, pleaded the want of horses to move his artillery, and the absolute impracticability of the movement until he was supported by Sherman. Grant is obliged to yield; but it was one of the most trying periods of his life, and, for the first time during his military career, I discover that his equanimity of disposition is visibly disturbed. He is indignant at Bragg's coolness in bearding him to the face, chafed at Thomas's caution, chagrined even with Sherman, who is marching with seven-league boots, and wished, like Napoleon, to surmount impossibilities by a general order.

Do not suppose that Grant's labors are bounded by the Chattanooga lines. He makes his three scat-

tered armies one man. He concentrates the resources of his vast military district, with its two hundred thousand men, upon Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. He organizes co-operating efforts from Knoxville to Milliken's Bend, from the Ohio to the Gulf. He collects locomotives and cars from Jackson, Miss., to Chicago. A thousand steamboats obey his commands to quartermasters and commissaries. His railroad repairs employ an army of operatives. Telegrams and despatches, drawn from him by these details, are Grant's commentaries,—equal in bulk to Cæsar's. He moves a million hands: Eastern foundries blaze by day and night, Northern workshops groan, grain elevators creak from Dubuque to Albany, butchers with lowing droves cover the highway and the prairie, Western lakes and rivers are buffeted by fleets, great States tremble beneath the tread of armed men,—the continent is laid under contribution, that the Cumberland Mountains may bend their haughty necks in obedience to the supreme law of the nation.

His supervision of Sherman's march alone would have established the reputation of any other man for unwearisome activity. Sherman had steamed four hundred miles to Memphis, and was now toiling over the wearisome interval of four hundred miles which divides the Mississippi from Chattanooga, through a country infested with guerillas and sharpshooters, which continually hung upon his flanks, severed him from his base, and burned the bridges in his front. Steadily and swiftly the noble corps push forward to the relief of their commander, repairing and

guarding the roads in their rear, which connected them with Memphis. Sherman encountered at various points organized bodies of the enemy, and maintained his progress by determined battles, of sufficient magnitude to have been trumpeted as triumphs in the war of 1812.

As soon, however, as Grant was seated at Chickamauga, he began, by his telegrams, to transform Sherman's march — which had hitherto been conducted by regular operations connected with a base — into the nature of a movable column, and to expedite it by hurrying supplies to points on its line, and by every incentive which he could administer to its spirit and energy. When, near the middle of October, Sherman reached Eastport on the Tennessee, he encountered another formidable force of the enemy, but found at its wharves gunboats, transports, and rations, which the providence of Grant had despatched from St. Louis by the circuitous channels of the river, and a telegram also, which said, "Increase your moving columns to the greatest possible strength." Pursuing thence his impeded march, Grant supervises every step, reining the columns in this direction or in that, to threaten Longstreet or support Burnside, urging and spurring them, too, occasionally, that they may reach Chattanooga at the earliest possible moment consistent with the other interests they are made to subserve. Watching Sherman's progress hourly, Grant feeds him by telegram ; saying, for instance, to one of his chief commissaries, "Sherman will reach Fayetteville tomorrow without any thing to eat. See the shipping commissary, and direct him to secure transportation,

and send a hundred thousand rations to-morrow morning." When Sherman is within fifty miles of Chattanooga, Grant in his behalf turns surveyor of highways in Southern Tennessee and Northern Georgia, telegraphing to his trusted comrade, "By the way of New Market and Maysville, you will avoid the heavy mountains, and find abundance of forage." On the 14th, Sherman has reached Bridgeport, and Grant is beginning to feel relieved, when the Burnside trouble breaks out afresh. "I fear," says Halleck, in a telegram of the 16th, "he will not fight, although strongly urged to do so. Unless you can give him immediate assistance, he will surrender his position to the enemy." Grant determined that the only effectual way to relieve Knoxville was by fighting Bragg; and when, on the 15th, Sherman entered Chattanooga, accompanied by him and Thomas, Grant rode to the front, and there planned the movement which redeemed Burnside from peril, and enabled Sherman to scourge Rebellion from Atlanta to the sea, and from Savannah to the Cape Fear. The Fifteenth Army Corps was still at Bridgeport; and, although the orders for battle were issued for the 17th of November, rains, freshets, and pontoon entanglements postponed it until the 23d.

Bragg's line extended from Lookout Mountain, where his left was seated, twenty-two hundred feet above the valley, and then swept in a semicircle of seven miles in length, its centre and right occupying the fortified crests of Missionary Ridge, four hundred feet high. Grant, therefore, addressed seven miles of fortifications, garrisoned by forty-five thousand vet-

eran soldiers. His own army is one vast storming party ; not one effectual forward step is to be made without the desperate temerity which gives to the forlorn hope its name.

The succession of battles which is named after Chattanooga lasted for three days, commencing on Monday the 23d of November, and closing on the night of Wednesday the 25th. The operations of Monday were entirely confined to Thomas's corps. The attack then made constituted a part of the plan of battle which Grant had intended to execute on the following day ; but it was expedited twenty-four hours, in consequence of reliable information which had been communicated to headquarters, that Bragg was evacuating the mountains. Grant ordered Thomas to ascertain forthwith the truth of the rumor. Thomas's intrenched line confronts the centre of Missionary Ridge, occupying a series of hills about a mile from Chattanooga, with the highest and most commanding one crowned by a redoubt called Fort Wood. The first rebel line was on the fronting acclivities of Missionary Ridge, and nearly a mile from the outworks of our redoubt.

From all the batteries along Thomas's front, from Fort Wood, and from our guns on Moccason Point, a cannonade opens, echoing through the resounding mountains down into the heart of Georgia ; while from the crest of Missionary Ridge, and from the artillery on its face, a counter-peal rolls far away into the distant forests and gorges of Eastern Tennessee. Nature, in all her grandeur, contributes to the moral sublimity of an engagement which is to decide the destiny of

the seven great States which these mountainous battlements overlook. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Gen. Granger's corps of the Army of the Cumberland, with its right division commanded by Wood, deployed its majestic columns in front of Fort Wood. Heavy divisions emerge from the intrenchment to its support, — Palmer's to its right, and Baird's division *en échelon*, with Howard's magnificent corps massed behind the centre of Granger. For an hour or two, an army of thirty thousand men expanding into lines, moving into columns with the precision of a parade, covering with their glittering bayonets the valley far and wide, presented to the eager spectators on Missionary Ridge a splendid pageant, which they mistook for a review. Nor were the rebels entirely disenthralled when, at a signal given, Granger's martial corps advanced in the same superb style, and with an exactness of formation which seemed but a part of the grand spectacle. The pickets of the enemy, however, soon discovered that no mere show was intended, and scattered before the columns, which speedily struck artillery and musketry volleys as they entered the woods, and captured Bragg's grand guards, and, finally, encountered the enemy's intrenched line far up on the inferior crests, which proved no more impediment to the resistless advance of Sheridan and Wood than the outposts which they had brushed from their path. Before re-enforcements can reach the intrenchments from the main camp on the ridge, Granger's division has cleared them with the bayonet. The first lines of the enemy, including Orchard Knob, — a point of no small impor-

tance,—are carried after a struggle of fifteen minutes. The advance gained is immediately fortified with breastworks, and with artillery on controlling positions. Our pickets are pushed upwards on to the ridge far towards the enemy's front. Howard's massed division instantly expands into lines, and, unawed by the artillery on the summit of the ridge, which is now concentrated upon it, moves to the left of Granger, and fortifies its front; thus presenting twenty thousand bayonets in intrenched line of battle, a mile and a half nearer to the foe than was our most advanced post in the morning. The army is wonderfully elated by this triumph, and the brilliant manner in which it is achieved dissipates the last remaining vestige of the Chickamauga despondency. The artillery on both sides prolong their roar far into the night.

The operations of Tuesday were conducted by Sherman against the enemy's right, on the northern spurs of Missionary Ridge; and by Hooker against Lookout Mountain, Bragg's extreme left. Thomas, on the afternoon of yesterday, had accomplished the work which had been originally assigned to him for this morning. Sherman, who had occupied a concealed camp on the northern bank of the Tennessee, crossed the river on Monday night. Tuesday morning was rainy and lowering: the summits of the mountains were covered with thick veils of mist, and heavy clouds dropped in drizzling rain upon the valley. The apparition of Sherman's army looming from the fog had not yet startled Bragg. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the Fifteenth Corps, in three

columns, commanded by Morgan L. Smith, John E. Smith, and Ewing, move forward under cover of the clouds, gain the foot of the ridge, and commence ascending before the movement is detected by the enemy. Heavy skirmishers are in front of each column, and they advance rapidly up the acclivities, followed by their supports. Sherman pushes three brigades at double-quick to the top of the first crest before Bragg is alarmed, and by three o'clock reaches the position which he had been ordered to capture. The enemy now opens upon him with artillery and musketry in a futile effort to dislodge our brigades, but soon retires as we also intrench and place field-batteries in position. Sherman found that he had only scaled a secondary ridge, and that between him and Tunnel Hill, where the foe was ensconced in breastwork and batteries, a rough valley intervened, half a mile in width. He contemplated, with grave but determined aspect, the serious obstructions before him to-morrow, and was reminded of the formidable bluffs which had so long confronted him from the Walnut Hills of Vicksburg. Under cover of the clouds, and during the night, he employed heavy details in securing his position, and gradually wound his intrenchments round the ridge, and connected himself with Howard on its front. Sherman's movements had all been concealed from Grant, in the valley, by the volume of clouds which hung over the mountain; and the emotions of the commander may be imagined but not described, when at midnight a north wind cleared the heavens, and he discovered a continuous line of camp-fires

studding the western face of Missionary Ridge, passing from Sheridan's to Wood's, — Howard's, — Sherman's line, and sweeping around the northern face until they were finally lost behind the ridge, where Sherman's left brigades were bivouacked.

Lookout Mountain on Tuesday morning, like the rest of the landscape, is shrouded in clouds. Hooker confronts its northern projection, which presents to him a wrinkled surface, with sharp crags beetling out from forest and undergrowth. Half-way up, an arable plateau encircles the whole mountain; and above all rises a palisaded crest, some fifty feet high, which is its topmost summit. Lines of earthwork surround the plateau; while down the acclivity, redans, redoubts, rifle-pits, are scattered in every direction where an ascent is practicable. A zigzag road climbs from crest to crest, and affords some assistance to a scaling party.

Early in the morning, Hooker has three detachments, — Geary's, Grose's, Osterhaus's, — which have all moved from different points, and now unitedly attack this northern nose of Lookout. Geary is on the lead, and passes unscathed the point swept by the guns from the summit. Up he mounts, over ledges, bowlders, stones, through forests and tangled thickets, with such battalions and companies as he can hold together on such wild and broken ground, using every aid which the road affords, assailed from every crest and brake along his pathway. He fights persistently, and dislodges the detachments which oppose his progress by every bush-fighting expedient which can be devised. No science is needed here, but a foot

which never fails, hands which at the same time can cling to branches and poise muskets, an ear sharp and detective, an eye alert and sure in its aim. Of what avail are combinations in a strait where every thing depends upon individual valor and discernment? Geary is, moreover, befriended by the clouds, and the advantages are not *all* on the side of the assailed in an up-hill fight. I have heard good soldiers affirm, that they would choose the down-hill side, that the foremost rank alone can maul you from a crest, that the trees always indicate that bullets from acclivities fly too high. It is full noon before Geary surmounts the plateau, where are farms, cultivated fields, and orchards, and a summer resort; and where, too, the enemy's works are the strongest. Grose and Osterhaus are following in Geary's wake, and now Hooker's line extends from the palisade rock to Chattanooga Creek. The mist rolls down the mountain's side in great volumes, shrouding the combatants: a flash which pierces the vapor, a standard looming from some lofty crest, the glimmer of a line as the fog lifts for an instant, alone disclose to the rapt spectators in the valley the surging of the fight. For two hours the vivid flashes and the incessant rattle of small-arms proclaim the furious struggle for the possession of the plateau. It is hemmed in by skirmishers, and charges and counter-charges are made, and embankments stormed, in such obscurity that foe stumbles upon foe. Thicker and blacker descend the lowering masses from the sky, until, at two o'clock, the battle is arrested by the darkness profound. As soon, however, as the clouds drop into the valley,

again the volleys rattle, again fire darts through the mist, again bayonets are crossed, until finally the enemy is driven to the uppermost crest. By half-past five, Hooker has fortified himself in his position, opened communications with Chattanooga, and reported two thousand prisoners captured. Gen. Carlin is sent to his support, and, after contesting his march with broken fragments of the enemy, joins his brigade to Hooker's left. The fight, however, rages during the evening. Signal-lights blaze, and flashes run along the palisaded summits, which the enemy still holds; and farther down in the mist are heard sputtering shots, and even the muffled sound of contending skirmishers, and above all the rebels' defiant yell. But the same clear weather at midnight which discloses to Grant Sherman's position upon Missionary Ridge reveals our camp-fires still steadfast on Look-out's plateau, while all indications of rebel domination have faded even from the crowning crest. To Grant's announcement of the success of these important movements the president replies, "Well done! Many thanks to all! Remember Burnside." Halleck responds, "I congratulate you on the success thus far of your plans. I fear that Burnside is hard pushed, and that any further delay may prove fatal." A quiet smile relaxes for a moment the habitual rigor of Grant's countenance, when he thinks that his astute superiors at Washington have not yet detected that Thomas, Sherman, Hooker, were to-day and yesterday contributing more effectually to the deliverance of Burnside than if all their divisions had been flying to Knoxville on the wings of the wind. As he

glances once more on the unbroken girdle of camp-fires around the Ridge, and sees Hooker's beacon still blazing on the heights of Lookout, with the full confidence of a victory won, he says, "The president and Halleck will own it to-morrow."

Grant is thus sanguine because Hooker's success this afternoon necessarily drives the enemy from Lookout Mountain and the Chattanooga Valley. In one respect, moreover, it essentially contributes to the pre-arranged manœuvres for to-morrow; for it gives Hooker the control of a mountain road down the eastern face of Lookout, over the Chattanooga Creek, until it penetrates the southern extremity of Missionary Ridge by the Rossville Gap. Nor has Grant less occasion to exult over the easy victory of Sherman this morning, which has greatly subserved the fore-ordered plan of battle.

Sherman finds the secondary crest, which he has won, more available as a position from which to threaten than to assail the enemy's right. He scans the valley before him, entangled with extraordinary obstructions. His rapid eye travels up and down the sides of the nearest ridge, which, whether timbered or wooded, are not easily surmounted, and then dwells longer than is its wont on the hill through which the railroad passes, commanding the valley and inferior heights with the plunging fire of its embrasured works. Beyond even Tunnel Hill, a vision not apt to quail perceptibly droops before the supreme crest, covered with gray masses of the enemy. Nor can Sherman disguise from his mind, what he cannot discern with his eye, that there are gorges and involved railroad-

cuts between himself and the fortified heights to which he aspires, which may present more formidable difficulties than any which he is permitted to survey.

But while, as a point of attack upon the enemy's northern forts, the crest upon which he stands possesses no great merit, it is, nevertheless, of vast use to Grant's ulterior designs ; for Bragg cannot afford to slumber on these posts, or detach a man from these garrisons, while an antagonist of Sherman's character is waiting and watching for a chance to spring, especially when the same alert and wiry foe is within striking distance of the bridge by which the railroad to Cleveland and Atlanta — upon which the rebel army depends for supplies — crosses the South Chickamauga River. Sherman summed up the whole merits of his position when he reported to Grant, "I esteem the crest which I secured to-day as but of little value, but made as much noise about it as possible, to alarm Bragg for the safety of his right wing and the railroad bridge in his rear." Grant unquestionably hoped that the mere appearance of Sherman's large army corps in its present position would force Bragg to enfeeble his whole line, for the defence of his right.

Bragg now holds a contracted line of immense strength, six miles in length, on the intrenched crest of the Ridge, from Fort Breckenridge on its southern spurs — which will be addressed by Hooker — to Fort Buckner on its northern front, — already addressed by Sherman, — while the superior acclivities of its western face are also protected by two ranges of rifle-pits. Grant now develops the bold plan of battle, for which the work of Monday and Tuesday was merely prelimi-

nary. He intends to attack both of the extremes with so much vigor as to compel Bragg to weaken his centre, and then, by an audacious charge up the western face, break through the vital point which he has forced the enemy to deplete. You see Sherman in position for the assault upon the right; I have pointed out the Rossville Road which opens Hooker's path to the left; I have already exhibited Thomas's corps posted on the western face of the ridge for the decisive movement against the centre. If Grant accomplishes these results, he virtually controls by his own will the motions of his foe; and, if there is a higher attainment of generalship than this, I have yet to discover it.

Wednesday morning, the 25th of November, broke clear and cold, without a cloud on the azure face of heaven, or a haze in the transparent atmosphere. Grant stationed himself on the elevated mound which Thomas wrested from the enemy yesterday, called Orchard Knob, commanding a view of a battle-field of unsurpassed grandeur. Directly in his front were the crags of primitive rock which elemental forces had upheaved as a battlement worthy of a contest between two mighty armies. The stupendous masses of the Cumberland Mountains, within reach of his heaviest artillery, were the imposing boundary of this arena of conflict upon the west. Between the two ranges I have thus delineated, a knotted country, corresponding with such a setting, scathed of every vestige of human handiwork by the footsteps of war, rolls away to the south in massive hills of barrenness, while the broad and rapid channel of the Tennessee

winds in huge coils along the northern border. From Orchard Knob, Grant sees Hooker's ten thousand, clambering mountain ridges, preparing to leap into the Chattanooga valley, and then climb again to the Rossville summit; he sees Sherman, already on his charger, marshalling his noble soldiery for the desperate assault upon the right fortifications of the ridge; he finds at his feet, surrounding him on every side, the vigilant and eager army of Thomas, awaiting but a signal—but a glance of the eye—to hurl their impetuous but disciplined valor against the vital centre of Bragg's intrenchments.

The sun had well risen before Sherman's bugle sounded. He moves a deployed battle-line, whose right almost reaches Howard's left, on the Chattanooga front, and, encircling the entire northern face, extends to Boyce's Station on the eastern acclivities. This line of bayonets, thus clasping, as with a gigantic embrace, the southernmost projection upon all its sides, sweeps up grandly against the withering fire of all the batteries, overwhelming the rifle-pits in its unbroken advance, and, storming through the intervening valley, scales the second ridge of the series, and permanently seats itself there, and also in a work which terminated the rebel line. He throws off Morgan L. Smith to his left, to threaten the railroad bridge, the communications and depots of the enemy. From this position Sherman was not dislodged during the day, nor did he successfully establish himself beyond it. Between here and Tunnel Hill was the arena of his terrible conflict. He stormed up to within eighty yards of it, and surged back

again disastrously ; stormed up again, and again withdrew his bleeding columns, draining re-enforcements from the enemy's centre at every spring, voluntarily aggregating the hostile forces upon himself by repeated demonstrations both against their works and their supplies, — intentionally drawing the enemy hitherward, and performing in a masterly manner his part of the consummate intrigue. Grant repeatedly tenders re-enforcements to him ; but Sherman declines them, saying that he has men enough for the alluring and seductive *rôle* which has been assigned to him to play.

While the battle is thus raging furiously in Sherman's front, Grant more than once turns his eye anxiously towards Hooker, who is delaying the *dénouement* of this grand drama. He has descended from Lookout, and entered the valley, where he finds the Chattanooga Creek swollen by rains, and impassable by artillery. Grant beholds him vigorously bridging. Early in the afternoon, he sees the head of his column filing over the creek, and soon mounting the southerly acclivities of Missionary Ridge. By two o'clock, he hears the thunder of Hooker's guns on the enemy's fortified left, where he, like Sherman, is arrested, but storms again and threatens uproariously, demanding every battalion of the foe to withstand his impetuosity and vigor. As the afternoon begins to wane, Sherman, on the right, arrays his columns ostentatiously for another assault ; and Grant sees that along the ridge a heavy division of the enemy is hurrying towards the point threatened by his favorite lieutenant. Bragg has at length been

inveigled into the precise movement which his adversary has plotted from the commencement of the engagement. The moment for which Grant has quietly waited during the day has finally arrived. Sheridan, Wood, Baird, are all with him on Orchard Knob; and he gives three orders, "Carry the rifle-pits; re-form; storm the second rifle-pits and the summit."

Never were troops more eager for the fray. Safe in their ambush, they had been for hours passive spectators of the struggle, while their comrades were bleeding on the perilous edge of battle. For three days they had confronted the desperate task assigned to them. Every soldier had cast his eyes forward upon his imperilled path; had scaled in imagination those frowning heights; had measured the distance, and selected his track,—through the open timber in front,—across the unencumbered third of a mile,—the rifle-pits,—the steep ascent of five hundred yards, rugged with rocks, and embarrassed with timber,—the second ragged range of rifle-pits,—and, finally, the topmost crest, black with artillery. When the word "Forward!" was given, the soldiers all started to their feet with alacrity, and sprang to their work with the pent-up fury and ardor which had been rioting in their breasts since the dawn. Their disciplined alacrity preserved the precision of the line through the open grove, although the guns were belching death from the crest: but, as the excited troops emerged from the timber, the entire formation broke into a double-quick; and Sheridan, who was in advance, and happened to be looking back, afterwards said, "I never saw such a terrible sight as the mass of approaching bayonets:

the men were on the run, the line had become almost a crowd. The rebels were unable to resist the effect upon their nerves of this waving, glittering mass of steel." Against such an irresistible onset of thirty thousand men, the rifle-pits were but bulrushes: and such was the accelerated impulse and exultation of the line that Sheridan assumed the responsibility of countermanding the order to "reform;" for he saw the flags moving so triumphantly towards the steep ascent which was next to be won that the assurance of victory was already glowing in his heroic bosom. As that frightful mass of steel comes nearer and nearer, terror storms in front of it; for the rebels in the second range of rifle-pits prostrate themselves to the ground, burrow in the trenches, and the national troops trample over them like infuriated squadrons of cavalry. The victorious line still sternly advances right into the muzzles of thirty cannon, which not only tear its face, but hatchel and enfilade its flank with slaughtering grape, — right into the well-filled rifle-pits on the crest, which fairly singe it from blazing barrels, — unshaken in its well-knitted combination, though furrows are torn through it, and men drop from it by the hundred, over the crest, at six points at once, on to the embankment, — on to the cannon, slaying the artillerymen before they can discharge their pieces, and then, wheeling to the south and to the north, sweeps the works in both directions with its reserved fire and with the captured field-batteries which were just devastating it from the blackened ridge.

Instantly the soldiers, who have hitherto maintained

their ranks, break into scourging parties. Regiments of rebels drop their arms in dismay, or cower down into the intrenchments, overwhelmed with unnatural fear. Wherever a stubborn detachment stands, it is devoured either by volleys or the bayonet; and, if the stricken fugitives presume to show an organized front, they are dashed over the eastern brink, and pelted in their descent with stones, or any other weapon which fury furnishes. Hardee, with anguish in his face, rushes from Fort Buckner, and attempts to stem the tide of defeat by forming across the ridge the division which had been withdrawn from the centre and which was yet intact; but the men drop from their ranks, and throw away their guns, and refuse to stand by their artillery. The shattered fragments which were driven towards the point that Sherman was assailing, Bragg impotently struggled to rally. He advanced into the fire, and exclaimed, "Here is your commander!" and was answered by the derisive shout of an absurd army catch-phrase, "Here's your mule!"¹

While these events were transpiring, Hooker, on the left, breaks through the first rebel line. He encounters a second, which he scatters like chaff from the threshing-floor. Now commences a process so fatal to a battle-line,—the rolling up of the left wing upon the exultant conquerors at its centre. Hooker sweeps forward on the crest, unresisted, driving an entire rebel division into the arms of Thomas, and capturing numerous detachments in his progress. The intrenched line of Missionary Ridge, from Fort

¹ Pollard, p. 457.

Breckenridge to Buckner, was carried in an hour from the time that Grant had ordered the charge.

The general-in-chief was on the ridge, and crowded the pursuit with as much vigor as he had fought the battle. Glancing over the western brink, and seeing a long, straggling corps of fugitives with wagon-trains and field-batteries, he launched Sheridan's division upon their track. That officer clung to his prey with characteristic pertinacity, and, having driven it to bay upon a ridge a mile to the south of the battle-field, stormed up on three sides at once, dispersed the brigade, and captured artillery, prisoners, and the wagon-train. Hardly halting for breath, in the night and over unfamiliar roads, he follows on to Mission Mills, seven miles from the battle-field, gathering in trophies, spoils, and captives on the entire route. Promptly by daylight Sherman moves in pursuit by the Chickamauga Station, and Hooker by the Atlanta Railroad. Having given orders to Major-Gen. Granger to lead his corps forthwith to the rescue of Burnside, Grant accompanies Hooker's columns, for the purpose of supervising movements of so much importance. Late in the forenoon of the 27th, Davis, who was leading Sherman's advance, reached the Chickamauga depot, to discover masses of flour and meal, wagons and caissons, gun-carriages, pontoons, the equipage and the accumulated provisions and stores of an army of fifty thousand men, rolling up volumes of flame and smoke into the sky. Driving the enemy from the hills in the rear of the town, and following over a road strewn with the wrecks and *débris* of a vanquished army, he

encountered the rearguard of Bragg, and, after a sharp fight, scattered it in flight; when darkness intervened, and drove Sherman to his bivouac. Hooker had found the railroad bridge over the Chickamauga Creek burned, and he was delayed for some time until his pontoons could be brought up. He finally crossed the river, and advanced to the Chickamauga Hills, where he discovered the camp-fires still blazing in the enemy's abandoned camp. At ten o'clock he established here his position for the night. In the course of his march, he had despatched Palmer with his brigade to Greyton, where he captured guns and prisoners. At early dawn on the 27th, Sherman resumed the chase, and, having reached Greyton, was joined by Palmer. The Atlanta Road was already overburdened by pursuers; and Sherman deflected to the east, and destroyed the railroad between Cleveland and Dalton, which was a part of the connection with Longstreet. While thus employed, Sherman received a message from Hooker, that the enemy was in his front in force.

Hooker had continued his advance the same morning towards Ringgold, over a road covered with broken artillery vehicles, ambulances, and the abandoned accoutrements of a demoralized army. He passed through the town, and found Cleburne, with a strong rear-guard of Hardee's corps, posted in a narrow gorge of hills, almost unassailable by its great natural advantages. Hooker had in vain endeavored to carry the position by storm, and was reluctantly constrained to wait for his artillery. Grant was upon the ground, who, seeing Sherman moving from the

east, directed him to strike Cleburne on the flank; but, before Sherman could form his line, the enemy gave way precipitately before Hooker's field-guns, having withstood our assault sufficiently long to secure the safety of the flying baggage-trains. At one o'clock in the afternoon, Grant directed the pursuit to be discontinued, and drew back Sherman to Chattanooga. He left Hooker to hold Ringgold, and sent off detachments, in various directions, to sever every communication of Longstreet with his base of supplies. Thus terminated the series of engagements which bear the name of Chattanooga.¹ Col. Parker, Sachem of the Six Nations, who was with Grant as aide during the pursuit of Bragg, furnishes us with some graphic particulars of Grant's behavior in the field. He says, "When at Ringgold, we rode for half a mile in the face of the enemy, under an incessant fire of cannon and musketry; nor did we ride fast, but upon an ordinary trot; and not once, do I believe, did it enter the general's mind that he was in danger. I was by his side, and watched him closely. In riding that distance, we were going to the front; and I could see that he was studying the positions of the two armies, and, of course, planning how to defeat the enemy, who was here making a most desperate

¹ Grant's losses in these battles were seven hundred and fifty-seven killed, four thousand five hundred and twenty-nine wounded, and three hundred and thirty missing; total, five thousand six hundred and sixteen. The enemy's losses were fewer in killed and wounded, owing to the fact that he was protected by intrenchments, while the national soldiers were without cover. Grant captured six thousand one hundred and forty-two prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, sixty-nine artillery-carriages and caissons, and seven thousand stands of small-arms, — by far the greatest capture, in the open field, which had been made during the war. — *Badeau's Military History*, p. 524.

stand, and was slaughtering our men fearfully. After defeating and driving the enemy here, we returned to Chattanooga.

“Another feature in Gen. Grant’s personal movements is, that he requires no escort beyond his staff, so regardless of danger is he. Roads are almost useless to him; for he takes short cuts through fields and woods, and will swim his horse through almost any stream that obstructs his way. Nor does it make any difference to him whether he has daylight for his movements; for he will ride from breakfast until two o’clock in the morning, and that, too, without eating. The next day he will repeat the dose, until he finishes the work. Now, such things come hard upon the staff; but they have learned how to bear it.”

This battle of Chattanooga was a specimen of the grand manœuvring by which one general is constrained to move according to the behests of the other. Even the splendid pageant presented to the gaze of Bragg’s soldiers on Monday, when in front of our intrenchments Thomas’s army of thirty thousand men was deploying into line and massing into column, was designed to contribute to the triumph of Wednesday; and that it did not entirely fail in its purpose is proved by a paragraph in the rebel commander’s report, which accounted for the overthrow of his veterans, in a position “so strong that it ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column,”¹ by saying, “They had for two days confronted the enemy, marshalling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight

¹ Bragg’s Report.

such a superiority in numbers as may have intimidated weak minds and untried soldiers.”¹

The occupation of Lookout Mountain, the demonstrations of Sherman, which threatened not only the right, but the supplies of the rebel army, compelled — as by the command of Grant — his antagonist to concentrate upon both wings; for both were seriously imperilled. The continuous pounding at the same time, both by Sherman and Hooker, at his northern and southern gates, constrained Bragg finally to withdraw troops from the vital centre, which, with a full complement of defenders, was absolutely invincible. The natural strength of this part of his line was so great that Bragg never dreamed it was the main objective point of his enemy; and, in relating our decisive charge, Pollard says, “It was late in the afternoon, when, *with an audacity wholly unexpected*, Grant ordered a general advance of his line to the crest of Missionary Ridge.”

So completely were all these effects anticipated in the preliminary orders which initiated the movement of Monday and Tuesday, that they constitute a veritable record of Wednesday’s performance. Chattanooga is remarkable as a battle in which all the concerted combinations worked harmoniously: there was no failure nor break in any of the successive operations upon which victory depended. No triumph on record was more decisive. It was not only a complete and thorough-going rout upon the field, but it foiled every ambitious hope which the Confederate leaders entertained of capturing our army at

¹ Bragg’s Report.

Chattanooga, and carrying the war to the green acres of Tennessee, — to the wheat-fields of Ohio. It surrendered, as a strategical line, those mountains which are the natural boundaries between the temperate and semi-tropical States, from which we were enabled to hurl expeditions to the centre and extremities of Rebellion. It erected a mighty barrier between the cotton States and the wheat-plains of Kentucky and Tennessee, like the great river which the same sword had opened between the eastern and the trans-Mississippi domain of treason. Thus, within about a month from assuming command at Chattanooga, Grant had entirely redeemed the fortunes of war in the Southeast, and given us unchallenged and secure dominion where he found disaster and impending subjugation. Argument would be wasted upon a mind which can resist such evidence of the ability which could accomplish such results, or which can fail to see that this success was won more by the skilful dispositions of the commander than by the *vis inertiae* of numbers, or can attribute to accident momentous effects which are so signally due to achievement.

When Grant returned from the pursuit of Bragg, he found Granger had not moved to the relief of Burnside with as much good-will and energy as was required by the crisis; and the apprehensions at Washington induced him to send Sherman's corps, also, to raise the siege of Knoxville. I do not intend to follow these expeditions, nor to devote any time to the orders which Grant daily despatched for their direction, nor to the success which eventually crowned these movements. Such details would be merely

cumulative proof of that activity and vigilance as a commander of which the whole career I have already detailed is a conclusive exemplification.

I wish to improve this opportunity to illustrate another of his distinguished traits as a general: I allude to his care and watchfulness over the sick and wounded of his armies. Grant found at Chattanooga upwards of three thousand maimed survivors of the Chickamauga catastrophe; his own victories had added nearly five thousand additional inmates to the hospitals; while the mere ordinary ratio of sick in a population of sixty thousand would, with his wounded, constitute as large a force of invalids as the whole army which Scott led from Vera Cruz to Mexico. I will show that Grant was not so absorbed in what the French call "grand tactics," and the multitudinous details of his vast military jurisdiction, but what he could render pliant to his purpose every aid and advantage which could be derived from a condition of public sentiment such as never before existed in the world. Our great Rebellion, which stands out unique in history, furnishes more contrasts than parallels. It was more colossal in its proportions than any other war; it was waged by millions of people, suddenly summoned to the camp from every avocation of peaceful life; it raged through an immense territory, greater than all the European States which were the theatre of Frederick's, Marlborough's, Napoleon's, most extensive campaigns.

But in bold relief stands out this remarkable contrast with all previous wars, that never before were the people of a nation so immediately concerned in

the support and direction of hostilities: it was, in fact, a war accepted by the people, and maintained by the people for the people. When it became unavoidable, every loyal non-combatant in the nation for whom the combatants were contending determined that the inevitable hardships and sufferings of the camp and the battle should receive every alleviation which sympathy could dictate and wealth command, and that the moral stamina of a nation thus turned into the field should, at least, be saved in this terrible contest. It was this determination which led to a self-sacrifice, devotion, munificence, upon the part of the citizens, which is altogether unparalleled in the history of our race. There was not a loyal woman in the North who did not contribute time or labor or money to the success of our arms; and even little girls went from house to house collecting small sums, comforts, and delicacies for the army. The names of "Nimble digits," "Busy bees," "Alert" clubs, will be a perpetual memento of the labors of ministering spirits too young to understand that the agony of a nation struggling for its sovereignty impressed even their little feet for errands of mercy, exacted for its deliverance the service even of their infantile fingers.

But there was another class of intrepid women whose adventurous disposition urged to more hazardous enterprises, where they displayed a fortitude and courage as signal as that which carried the Maid of Saragossa to the battery where her lover had fallen, to the battered wall to lead the sallying host; as noble as that which bore Grace Darling through the

treacherous breakers; the heroine of Scutari with robe unsullied through the pestilential camp. These were they who followed their husbands and brothers to the field of battle and to rebel prisons; who went down into the very edge of the fight to rescue the wounded, and cheer and comfort the dying with gentle ministrations; who labored in field and city hospitals, and on the dreadful hospital-boats, where the severely wounded were received; who penetrated the lines of the enemy on dangerous missions; who were angels of mercy in a thousand dreadful emergencies.¹ Indeed, the surrender of old and young, of every age and of both sexes, of all ranks, of every public place and of every private retreat, to the armies who were battling in the field, was a complete illustration of Wordsworth's ideal picture: "When a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played, the chambers in which the family of each man has slept, upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered, in the gardens of their recreation, in the street or in the market-place, before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted."

But even more noticeable than this universal ministration of loyal females were the great organizations to which they so largely contributed,—the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, disbursing millions annually for the physical relief and spiritual care of the soldiers; and which could have existed in

¹ Introduction to "Women of the War."

no other country upon the globe. It was these institutions which, acting independent of the purveying department and as adjuvants of the medical department, without controlling or interfering in any way with the arrangements of either, extorted an admission from "The Edinburgh Medical Journal," "that the sick and wounded soldiers of no other service were so well cared for as in the federal army."

Grant first became acquainted with these commissions at Fort Donelson, where the number of wounded was so great that all the ordinary means of relief were entirely inadequate, and the whole force of these self-organized sanitary associations were called into service. He was not only influenced to lend them his hearty co-operation and support from sentiments of humanity, but also because the restoration of a disciplined veteran, who had been baptized in battle, was of inestimable value to the nation. He believed with Lander, that "kings play at war unfairly with republics: they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves." The hearty aid and support which Grant in his capacity of general constantly furnished to the agents and delegates of these commissions constitute one of the most interesting chapters in his war experience. While engaged in his onerous duties at Fort Donelson, he found time to write with his own hand the passes which admitted the clergymen and laymen sent by them through all the lines of the Army of the Tennessee. At Shiloh, where their services were so imperiously required by the con-

gregated wounded of both belligerents after two days of battle, he not only furnished passes and orders for transportation to the deputations of both commissions, but he accompanied them from tent to tent, and assured them "that the army felt the same gratitude to them which the loyal public felt for the army." When the agent of the Christian Commission first appeared at Chattanooga, after Grant's jurisdiction was extended over all the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, he manifested a stronger interest in the alleviations which these noble charities furnished to his suffering soldiery. I cannot better illustrate his zeal and heartiness in this philanthropic service than by quoting from the letter of one of the missionaries of the Christian Commission, written during that period of immense labor which Grant endured immediately after assuming command at Chattanooga. The letter is dated just a week previous to the battle. "I went to the headquarters of the Division of Mississippi this morning. With fear and trembling I appealed to Gen. Grant, preparing my document carefully, and making it general, so as to cover all his command. I asked for five things: 1. An indorsement of the commission by the commanding general to his officers, authorizing them to give all facilities not inconsistent with the public service. 2. Passes for delegates within the lines. 3. Transportation for delegates and stores. 4. Use of military telegraph. 5. Privilege of purchasing of commissary and quartermaster's department for the use of the delegates. The general received me easily; read my papers with

attention; said an order should be issued, covering the points made, as soon as he had leisure to prepare it; laid my paper on the adjutant's desk, saying, "There is a paper to which I wish to give attention." He then directed the adjutant to make out a pass and free transportation for me to any part of his entire command till further order, and put his autograph to it. I came back all the way to our quarters with my heart full of the first line of the doxology in 'long metre.'"¹ It is unnecessary to say that these privileges were all granted by General Order No. 33; and the grateful agent writes in addition, "Gen. Grant's facilities have given us an entirely new footing."

According to the testimony of the agents of the commission, Grant did not restrict his sympathy for the soldiers to the official aid which he furnished to those who were ministering to their welfare; but he visited the cots of patients, and even sent aides and ambulances to the infirm who desired a personal interview with the commanding general of the department. A delegate writes, "An old soldier, lying on his cot, bent up with rheumatism, beckoned me to his side. He asked if Ulysses Grant was in Chattanooga; and, giving me his name, he instructed me to tell the general how he was, and that he should like to come and see him as soon as he could walk. I sent the name to headquarters, with the statement of the soldier. An orderly came down at once to the hospital, with the compliments of the general. He would be happy to receive Private ———, and would send

¹ *Annals of the United-States Christian Commission*, p. 149.

an ambulance for him when he could ride. Under this treatment the stiffened limbs grew supple, and in two days the private reported himself at the general's quarters. He afterwards told me that the general was very glad to see him, and that they talked over old times, when they were boys, and lived in the same neighborhood; and, said he, 'The general owned up, that in wrestling I used to throw him more than half the time.'" We have also presented to us in the "Annals of the Christian Commission" an inside view of its famous kitchen at the Point of Rocks, which represents the milder characteristics of the inflexible and stern soldier who was at that time engaged in prosecuting his plan of wearing out armed resistance by "mere attrition:" "These kitchens were the most important in the entire service. Their fame was spread abroad; and many came from far and near to see for themselves whether it were true that sick and wounded in a field-hospital, within range of the enemy's guns, could be so well provided for, and so delicately and systematically served. Gen. Grant made a special visit to these kitchens, in disguise. He examined the diet-lists, and stood by and saw the ladies issue dinner, and then went through some of the wards while the patients were eating. A soldier, mistaking him for a delegate of the Christian Commission, called out, 'See here, Christian, won't you bring me a pair of socks?' The general responded, 'I'll see that you get them,' and passed on. I had often spoken to him of our work, and as often urged him to visit some of our kitchens; and I was very much gratified when he told me that he had visited

the kitchens at Point of Rocks, had seen the ladies issue dinner, and found that the patients in that hospital lived better than he did, and that he was very much pleased."

While dwelling for a moment on the personal characteristics of Gen. Grant, I cannot omit the evidence which Gen. Badeau has furnished, that during this trying year the friendship between the superior and his favorite lieutenant continued warm and unbroken. When Grant despatched Sherman from Vicksburg to re-enforce Rosecrans, he wrote to him, "I hope you will be in time to aid in giving the rebels the worst, or best, thrashing they have had in this war I have constantly had the feeling that I shall lose you from this command entirely. Of course I do not object to seeing your sphere of usefulness enlarged; and I think it should have been enlarged long ago, having an eye to the public good alone. But it needs no assurance from me, general, that, taking a more selfish view, while I would heartily approve such a change, I would deeply regret it on my own account." When Sherman received the first intimation that Grant was to be appointed to the command of the Military District of Mississippi, the co-adjutor wrote to his chief, "Accept the command of the great army of the centre; don't hesitate. By your presence at Nashville, you will unite all discordant elements, and impress the enemy in proportion. All success and honor to you!" and added, a day or two later, "I am very anxious you should go to Nashville, as foreshadowed by Halleck, and, chiefly, as you can harmonize all conflicts of feeling that may exist in that vast crowd.

Rosecrans, Burnside, and *Sherman*, with their subordinates, would be ashamed of petty quarrels, if you were behind and near them,—between them and Washington. Next, the union of such armies, and the direction of it, is worthy your ambition. I shall await news from you with great anxiety.”

Authentic anecdotes of the foregoing description are exceedingly rare in Gen. Grant's career, — simply because, in his social address and presentation of himself, he is an exceedingly undemonstrative man. With feelings as strong and intense as ever dwelt in the human bosom, the instances and the occasions upon which they found utterance, either in action or speech, were very infrequent. Napoleon, with his impetuous disposition and voluble tongue, would fly through camp and hospital with a canteen in his hand, place it to the lips of the sick and the wounded, and utter to a thousand men lively and pithy sentiments, which became the proverbs and vocabulary of his army. Sherman, with his nervous and enthusiastic temperament, continually betrayed his emotions in words, action, and gestures. When the pontoon bridges were thrown over the Tennessee at Chattanooga, Sherman leaped ashore, and, seizing Gen. Howard by the hand, exclaimed, “The armies of the Tennessee and the Potomac are at last united.” Grant, who was overburdened with joy at the arrival of his favorite lieutenant, with that incomparable army corps at his back, merely greets Sherman with the salutation, “Glad to see you, general.” There is nothing dramatic in Grant's disposition or habits; and, if I should attribute to Grant sententious exclamations and histrionic action, I

should merely belie the subject of this biography, and convince everybody who knows the man that I was drawing upon my imagination for my facts. His nature is reserved and meditative, and his habits are true to his nature. Exhibitions of emotion and sentiment, which give so much liveliness to the narrative of great exploits, are rare exceptions in his career. The tone of his despatches to Halleck, after the most exciting achievements, was his habitual tone with both soldiers and officers under his command.

It is another peculiarity of Grant that he penned with his own hand all his telegrams, despatches, and orders, while in the service. No aide or adjutant presumed to retouch or decorate them. Men most skilful in composition have utterly failed to imitate his style. It is straightforward, unpretending, rugged, and energetic, like himself. He habitually selects the most convenient word or phrase, without any regard to elegance, but unconsciously adopts expressions of vigor and force. The letter to Gen. Sherman which I have just quoted is a fair specimen; another may be found in his letter to Gen. Thomas, after the capitulation of Vicksburg, in which he says, "The capture of Vicksburg has proved a bigger thing than I supposed it would." His letter-books, containing his despatches and communications with subordinates, with the general-in-chief, and the War Department, are most voluminous, and are invaluable as biographic data. They constitute, in fact, Grant's own account of his own campaigns. After the siege of Knoxville was raised, and Longstreet driven into the mountains for winter

quarters, Grant issued a congratulatory order to his three armies, which is more elaborate in composition than any document which I have seen from his pen. I should have presumed that it had been emended by a secretary, if I had not received authentic assurance that it was entirely his own production. It is a sententious compendium of the results of the Chattanooga campaign. I seize it with more avidity, because autobiographic material, in the course of this volume, has but seldom lightened my labor and enlightened my judgment: —

“The general commanding takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave Armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from his great stronghold upon Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga valley, wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Missionary Ridge, repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there, driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State. By your noble heroism and determined courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee.

“You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you. For all this

the general commanding thanks you, collectively and individually. The loyal people of the United States thank and bless you. Their hopes and prayers for your success against this unholy Rebellion are with you daily. Their faith in you will not be in vain. Their hopes will not be blasted. Their prayers to Almighty God will be answered. You will go to other fields of strife; and, with the invincible bravery and unflinching loyalty to justice and right which have characterized you in the past, you will prove that no enemy can withstand you, and that no defences, however formidable, can check your onward march."

The foregoing order was dated the 10th of December, 1863, and the day before the House of Representatives of the Thirty-eighth Congress, then in its first session, unanimously passed a joint resolution of thanks to Major-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, and the officers and soldiers under his command during the Rebellion, and providing that the president of the United States shall cause a medal to be struck, to be presented to Major-Gen. Grant in the name of the people of the United States of America. The design of the medal was executed by Leutze. The obverse presents a medallion bust of the hero, encompassed by a wreath of laurel; underneath the image is the name which he bears, with the dates of his numerous victories, crowded into a space too small even for such brief commemoration. The whole is surrounded by a galaxy of stars. On the reverse is an American eagle, with wings expanded for flight. Seated gracefully upon the bird is a draped

bas-relief of Fame, with the symbolical trumpet in her right hand ; in her left is the historic scroll, with the names of Grant's most memorable achievements compressed upon its narrow tablets. The helmet of Fame is Indianesque, adorned with feathers ; against her breast leans the emblematic escutcheon of the United States. A single sprig of the pine and the palm, typical of the Northern and the Southern States, cross each other beneath this group ; and above it, in a curved line, the words, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land !" The edge is surrounded, like the obverse, with a cluster of stars, in a style peculiar to the illuminated manuscripts of the Byzantine period, and intended to suggest that they may yet be innumerable.

At an early day in the session of this Congress, a bill was offered in the House by Mr. Washburne of Illinois, reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which I happened to be a member. It was well understood that the purpose of the bill was to promote Gen. Grant to the chief command of the army. It was the genuine conviction of those who supported it, that he was pre-eminently qualified for this responsible position, while the real animus of those of the Republican party who opposed it was an honest distrust of his capacity. I do not mean to intimate that any such distrust was openly avowed, but found more courteous expression in various arguments which were devised to defeat the measure. In the House Committee on Military Affairs, consisting of

nine members, five were unconditional supporters of the bill and the candidate ; three were either opposed to the principle or the man ; one preferred a lieutenant-general at the head of the army instead of a major-general detailed to command it, but was unwilling to assume any responsibility in selecting the incumbent.

Mr. Farnsworth of Illinois reported it to the House on the 25th of January, 1864, with a recommendation from the majority of the committee that it should pass ; but its consideration was postponed for a week, on motion of Mr. Pendleton of Ohio, upon the ground that it had not been printed, and that members were uninformed respecting its provisions. When it came up for action on the following Monday, it was opposed as unnecessary for the purpose of centralizing military authority ; because the power to place any general officer in chief command of the army was already conferred upon the president. It was answered to this, that the same deference would never be paid to, nor the same confidence be manifested in, any general officer detailed for chief command, that would be for a general who had won supreme position by gallant and meritorious service in front of the enemy. It was further urged in opposition, that the measure was impolitic ; because competition would be closed, by bestowing the chief prize for martial emulation before the war was finished ; because, if the promotion had been made at an earlier period of the war, demonstrated incapacity would have been at the head of the army ; because, moreover, it would withdraw from active service in

the field a general who had been eminently successful there, and immure him in a Washington bureau. It was said, in reply to these arguments, that, while the fortunes of other generals had fluctuated within a few months, the star of one had been in the ascendant for more than three years, and that the country could not afford to dispense with tried ability in chief position till the war was over. Mr. Farnsworth said, —

“We are now very near to the close of the third year of this war; and, while it is true that many generals in the army may be up to-day and down to-morrow, and that their fortunes fluctuate, it is not true of the general to whom this legislation applies. His star has been steadily rising. He has been growing greater and greater day by day, rising from an obscure position, scarcely known out of the county in which he resided. By his masterly ability he now stands, without saying any thing to the disparagement of other generals, head and shoulders over every other general in the army of the United States. He has been tried, — tried long enough; and, if his star were to go down to-morrow, he has still done enough to entitle him to this prize of which the gentleman from Ohio speaks.”

Mr. Washburne said, —

“A great deal has been said as to what might have happened if some such bill had passed two years ago; that such or such a man might have received the honor, and implying that the party upon whom the honor may be conferred under this bill may prove himself unworthy. How much, I would ask, is now to be required of a general before he can have the confidence of this House? Has not Gen. Grant earned that confidence, and proved himself worthy of full trust in the greatest positions? I demand to know what would have been our position as a nation, in the present struggle, had it not been for the achievements of Gen. Grant. Where can you point to a series of greater triumphs

than he has achieved, — a more complete succession of victories, — which are unsurpassed in history, — and which for the brilliancy of their achievement, and in furtherance of the great cause in which he has so nobly fought, have made his name and his fame as lasting as the history of the nation?”

In reference to the insinuation that the appointment contemplated would withdraw Gen. Grant from the field, Mr. Farnsworth said, —

“In respect to the last branch of the gentleman’s argument, that it is not safe to take this general from the field, I have only this to say: he is no carpet knight; and it does not follow necessarily, that, because an officer is placed in command of all the armies of the United States, he is therefore to keep an office in the second or third story of a building in Washington, whence he is to issue his orders. I expect that the man who will be selected, in pursuance of this act, to command the armies of the United States will command them, and that in the field. Wherever his presence is most needed, there I expect he will be. When Gen. Scott was commander of the Army of the United States, he did not place himself in the city of Washington, and issue his orders, in time of war. He took the field, and put himself at the head of the largest corps. He commanded in the field, — not in the city of Washington. That I expect will be done by whoever will be selected by the president of the United States.”

It was in response to this cavil, that Mr. Washburne stated a fact which is too remarkable an illustration of Gen. Grant’s character to be omitted in any biography: —

“I have spoken of the interest I feel in this bill; but, if I know myself, it is a feeling that rises far above the considerations of personal friendship which I entertain for the distinguished soldier whose name has been connected with it. I am not here to speak

for Gen. Grant. No man with his consent has ever mentioned his name in connection with any position. I say what I know to be true, when I allege that every promotion he has received since he first entered the service to put down this Rebellion was moved without his knowledge or consent; and, in regard to this very matter of lieutenant-general, after the bill was introduced, and his name mentioned in connection therewith, he wrote me and admonished me that he had been highly honored already by the Government, and did not ask or deserve any thing more in the shape of honors or promotion; and that a success over the enemy was what he craved above every thing else; that he only desired to hold such an influence over those under his command as to use them to the best advantage to secure that end. Such is the language of this patriotic and single-minded soldier, ambitious only of serving his country and doing his whole duty. Sir, whatever this House may do, the country will do justice to Gen. Grant. We can see that. I think I can appreciate that myself."

At an early period of the debate, Mr. Ross, a prominent Democrat from Illinois, submitted the following amendment: "And we respectfully recommend the appointment of Major-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant for the position of lieutenant-general," which was finally carried by the strong vote of a hundred and eleven to nineteen. The bill reviving the grade was passed the same day in the House by a vote of ninety-six to forty-one.

The first section of the bill as it went into the Senate was as follows:—

"That the grade of lieutenant-general be, and the same is, hereby revived in the Army of the United States; and the president is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commander of the army, to be selected during war from among those

officers in the military service of the United States — not below the grade of major-general — most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability ; and who, being commissioned as lieutenant-general, shall be authorized, under the direction of the president, to command the armies of the United States. And we respectfully recommend the appointment of Major-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant for the position of lieutenant-general.”

The Committee on Military Affairs in the Senate proposed amendments to the section, which struck out the words “commander of the army” and inserted “lieutenant-general,” and struck out the words “during the war,” so that the clause read, —

“And the president is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a lieutenant-general, to be selected from among those officers in the military service of the United States — not below the grade of major-general — most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability.”

Mr. Trumbull objected to the modification, and said, —

“That amendment involves the whole character of the bill and its importance, as it seems to me. The bill, as it came to us from the House of Representatives, was intended, not simply to confer the honor of lieutenant-general upon the person who should be selected by the president of the United States as most distinguished for his courage, skill, and ability, but it was intended also, in conferring this high honor upon him, to give him some command corresponding with the title conferred by it. If you strike out these words, as proposed by the Committee on Military Affairs, you deprive the resolution of its value, so far as it is intended to place the lieutenant-general in command over other generals.”

Mr. Nesmith, a member of the Military Committee of the Senate, succinctly stated the reasons which had influenced the committee in proposing the amendments:—

“I differ with the senator from Illinois in relation to the construction that he puts on the amendment which was made in the Committee on Military Affairs. I do not apprehend that it is necessary in a bill creating additional rank for an army officer to determine in the terms of that bill what his rights shall be as a commanding officer. If a lieutenant-general is appointed, he will be superior in rank to any officer that we now have in the United-States army; and, in virtue of that superiority, he will be entitled to command all other officers while in service with them. The bill which we passed at the last session of Congress, providing that the president might select any one of two officers of the same grade, serving in the same field or in the same department, and place him in command of that field or department without reference to his relative rank with other officers of the same grade in the service, does not apply to the lieutenant-general,—as there is no lieutenant-general now; and, if the rank is created, there can be but one. The plain inference to my mind is, that, if a lieutenant-general is created, he is the superior military officer in the government, subordinate only to the president of the United States, who is commander-in-chief, and that all other officers are subordinate to him. There is no power by law now to make him subordinate to any major-general, or to place him under the command of any other officer.

“Now, sir, I am opposed to providing by law that any single individual shall be commander of the armies of the United States, for this simple reason: the contingencies and the incidents which are always occurring in war sometimes make it necessary to have changes. Suppose you pass this bill with a provision that the lieutenant-general shall be the commander of the armies of the United States. During the recess of Congress, a dozen contingences might arise which might render it necessary that some other person should have the command of the army, that this officer

should be retired from active duty, or at least deprived of his command. I think with all these contingences, all these probabilities likely to arise, that the president should not be deprived of the discretion of determining in a time of great public danger, when Congress is not in session, who should exercise that command. I shall vote for no bill that provides that any particular individual shall be the commander of the army of the United States for these very reasons."

The first amendment was passed by a vote of twenty-five to fifteen; and a second amendment was immediately offered, as follows:—

"After the word 'ability,' strike out the following words: 'And who, being commissioned as lieutenant-general, shall be authorized, under the direction of the president, to command the armies of the United States; and that we respectfully recommend the appointment of Major-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois for the position of lieutenant-general'"

It was contended, in support of this amendment, that it was an invasion of the prerogatives of the president for Congress to designate by bill who should be commander of the armies of the United States, or whom he should recommend for the grade of lieutenant-general. Senators who favored the modification, and those who opposed it, avowed alike their preference for Gen. Grant, and disclaimed any intention to disparage his eminent services. Mr. Howe of Wisconsin said, "I feel that the striking out of this clause is really a reproach to this gallant officer. I dislike extremely to see the words go out of the bill." Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, said in reply to this remark,—

“I am sure, Mr. President, that the senator from Wisconsin is altogether mistaken in the views he has expressed. There is no reproach intended, and there certainly is no reproach in the amendments themselves. I hope that the amendments proposed by the Committee on Military Affairs will be accepted by the Senate; for the bill, as thus amended, makes a lieutenant-general who commands the armies of the United States under the authority of the president. Full, ample, and complete authority is given. If Gen. Grant should be appointed, — and everybody knows that he will be appointed —

MR. WILKINSON. Then, why not say so?

MR. WILSON. Why should you say so? Why is it proper for the Congress of the United States to tell the president whom he shall nominate? There is an impropriety in it, if not an indecency in it, toward the president. There is certainly an impropriety toward the Senate of the United States, that is to pass upon the nomination, in putting into the act a declaration that a certain man is recommended for the appointment. Everybody knows that the country expects that Gen. Grant will be appointed. We expect it. The president expects it. The president is willing and anxious to do it. He intends to do it. Then, why should we put this provision in this act? Why not trust the president? Why not trust the man who has stood firmly by Gen. Grant? If Gen. Grant should be appointed, as he will be appointed, there will be no man in America who can give an order to him but the president of the United States. Gen. Halleck could not give him an order: nobody could give him an order. Gen. Halleck cannot command the armies with a lieutenant-general in the field. The president of the United States had no authority to make a junior brigadier command a senior brigadier or major general, until we gave him that authority, nearly two years ago. Now the president has authority, when officers meet in the field, to designate which officer of the same rank shall command; but he cannot make a brigadier-general command a major-general. The president of the United States cannot put any major-general under the command of a brigadier-general. There is no law in the country authorizing him to do it. My argument is, that the bill as proposed to be amended by the Military Committee

is framed in the proper manner, and uses the proper language. By it the authority of the executive is not trenched upon; the proprieties in regard to the Senate are not interfered with; and the bill, in that form, makes a lieutenant-general who cannot be commanded by anybody but the president. He will be the commander of the army, unless the president of the United States chooses to set him aside, and send him to some special command, — retire him; in other words, disgrace him. The bill as proposed to be amended gives him the entire power, under the president of the United States, to command the armies; and the president has not the power to put any major-general over him.”

Mr. Lane of Indiana, a member of the same committee, said, —

“ Now, sir, it does seem to me perfectly apparent that the report of the Committee on Military Affairs should be adopted, and that it is all that should be required. We should not in advance tell the president whom he shall appoint. I have no doubt he will appoint Gen. Grant, and I should rejoice at the appointment; but I am unwilling to pass an act of Congress recommending him for it. I have no doubt he will be placed by military law and usage in the command of the army of the United States; but I am not willing to tie the hands of the president, and say he shall not displace him the very first moment he finds him incompetent to the task imposed upon him.

“ I am not willing that this discussion shall assume the shape, that all those who sustain the report of the committee are necessarily opposed to Gen. Grant. There was no such feeling in the committee. We wished to compliment Gen. Grant according to the legislative precedents heretofore established. We wished to compliment Gen. Grant, always reserving our own proper self-respect and the dignity of the Congress of the United States.”

Mr. Nesmith of the same committee said, —

“ I appreciate the services of Gen. Grant. I am anxious for the passage of the bill, and I am anxious that Gen. Grant

shall have the appointment. There is no honor that I would not confer upon him, as I expect myself to vote for him for president of the United States ; and, being willing to cast a vote of that kind, I should not be willing to do any thing here to-day which tended to degrade him. This talk about degradation is mere talk : there is no point in it. The facts are, as has been ably demonstrated by the senator from Indiana, that other officers who have been appointed under previous acts or resolutions of Congress were not designated in those acts or resolutions ; and it was not considered as derogating any thing from their character or their reputation, because there was no such intention."

Mr. Doolittle said, —

"I, for one, feel satisfied that we shall not make a mistake if we say that we create the office of lieutenant-general, and that Gen. Grant is the man to fill it. For two years in succession he has done nothing but win victory, — from the capture of Fort Donelson, at Grand Gulf, on Black River, at Jackson, around Vicksburg, and, last and not least, at the last battles of Chattanooga, where he secured, in my opinion, forever within our military possession Eastern Tennessee. He has gained and earned, by two years of continual success, this rank and grade ; and he is the man whom the war has demonstrated to be the proper man, and which all concede has demonstrated to be the proper man, to be, next to the president and under the president, the commander-in-chief of our armies. As a friend says, he has won seventeen battles, he has captured a hundred thousand prisoners, he has taken five hundred pieces of artillery, and innumerable thousands of small-arms on all these fields. He has organized victory from the beginning ; and I want him in a position where he can organize final victory, and bring it to our armies, and put an end to this Rebellion."

Mr. Johnson of Maryland said, —

"Mr. President, I do not deem it necessary to disclaim any purpose in what I have said, or in what I am about to say, to disparage Gen. Grant or the president of the United States. The

former has covered himself all over with a renown which the country recognizes. The latter is the president of the United States, and as such is entitled to our respect; and, whatever rights may belong to him in that capacity, it is our duty, and it should be our pleasure, to recognize."

Mr. Sherman, who was opposed to all the amendments, and wished to vote for the bill pure and unadulterated, as it came from the House, said, —

"His movement up the Cumberland and Tennessee, the battles at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and afterwards the battle of Shiloh, were victories of which we had no example in this war before. They were victories won at a time when the whole country was under discouragement, when the Army of the Potomac had been defeated, or lay slumbering under its new general. They were the first clarion notes in this war; and the victory at Fort Donelson has scarcely been exceeded since.

"But look a little further. In my opinion, there is not in our history a campaign similar to that about Vicksburg. Vicksburg had been assaulted by land and by water. It had been declared to be impregnable. Our enemy so boasted, and consoled themselves for many losses by their new Gibraltar. The papers that came back to us from Europe declared that Vicksburg was impregnable, and no force of the United States could capture it; and yet, after discouraging failure, a grand campaign was planned by Gen. Grant with his distinguished subordinates, far away from Washington, without any aid or assistance whatever from Washington. Soon we hear, that, with the hearty and important aid of the navy, he had run the gunboats by the forts, had marched his army around on the left bank of the Mississippi, had crossed the Mississippi, and then commenced that unparalleled campaign in which, after a series of battles each one of which was a great victory, he finally came into the rear of Vicksburg, besieged and captured it. In these successive battles and victories, he captured or destroyed an army greater than his own, divided in twain the territory occupied by the enemy, and opened to our commerce the great artery of the West. All that the most sanguine had hoped

for he had accomplished. But this was not all. Gen. Rosecrans, his equal in rank and command, had been defeated at the battle of Chickamauga, and his army was environed with perils and difficulties. Gen. Grant was required to re-organize this army in the presence of a superior force of the enemy. He did so. He melted into one grand army corps and divisions which had never acted together; he retained his position, never receding, and waiting until Gen. Sherman led to his aid, by a march almost unexampled in length and difficulty, a portion of his old army; and then he fought the battle of Chattanooga. It was a grand plan, a poetic battle, with all the surroundings and accessories which can make a battle memorable in all time. It was a battle simple in its greatness and faultless in its execution. It lifted a weight from the breast of a nation. But Gen. Grant did not rest here. Bragg was driven out of Tennessee, but Burnside was besieged at Knoxville. Who does not remember the anxiety felt for his fate? Gen. Grant did not rest. Without delay the column that had taken Missionary Ridge, and had recently left Memphis, were on their way to Knoxville, and in four days had performed much the most rapid march of the war, had relieved Burnside, and were moving back again.

“For these victories and movements, almost without a parallel in any history, equal to any of Napoleon’s, we cannot give Gen. Grant a less compliment than by promoting him one degree in the scale of rank. If his successes had been doubtful, if they rested simply upon one battle, upon one campaign, or upon one victory, I should feel very reluctant to pay him this compliment; but such is not the fact. It has been a series of victories. The number of prisoners he has captured has been in excess of those captured by all the other armies in the field. I believe it is stated that he has captured some eighty thousand or ninety thousand prisoners, — more than twice as many as have been captured by all our other armies. He has captured more flags, taken more guns, fought more battles, and won more victories than any other general. I ask senators whether they will deny him, on a vote by yeas and nays, this honor, stripped of its command, and will say to him that he has not yet won the title conferred upon Gen. Scott for his victories in Mexico. I will no’ record such a vote.”

Even Mr. Garrett Davis of Kentucky, from whom no high-keyed approbation would be expected, condescends to say, —

“ I have a high opinion of the military capacity of Gen. Grant, but not that exalted one which some senators have avowed. From the time of the capture of the post of Arkansas by his army to the present, I think all his military operations have been eminently successful, and have been characterized by ability, courage, and fortitude.”

Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware, when his name was called to vote, said, —

“ As unanimous consent was given to the senator from Maryland to make a remark, I presume the Senate will yield the same privilege to me. I decline to vote on this question for this simple reason, that, in my capacity as a senator, I will have nothing to do with president-making.”

Mr. Fessenden of Maine said, —

“ Now, sir, in regard to Gen. Grant himself, for fear that I may be misunderstood in any sense, I will say, that, in my judgment, if I had the selection to-day, I would select him unquestionably before any one in the country : he would have my vote and my voice, because I believe that of all others he has most distinguished himself. Whether it is owing to great ability or to great good-fortune, I cannot say. At any rate he has been successful ; and in military matters success is the great test of merit, in the first instance. And in the next place, from all I have heard of him, I believe that he is a man of high moral qualities ; that he not only has physical courage but moral courage ; that, if he had been at Antietam, he would have followed the retreating army at once and demolished it ; that, if he had been at Gettysburg, the army of Lee never would have crossed the river • because he would not have consulted those about him, and agreed with them contrary to his own opinion ; he would have acted, he would have taken the responsibility. The great danger we have been in, the great

trouble we have suffered in this country, in my judgment, is, that a great many of our military men have asked themselves the question how misfortune was to affect them, and whether, in case they did not succeed, it would not ruin them individually. If they had taken their lives, and their reputations as well as their lives, in their hands, and said, 'This thing ought to be done, and I will do it, though I perish,' we should have accomplished vastly more than we have accomplished with men who have stood waiting and inquiring, wondering whether they could succeed, and judging that, if they did not succeed, there would be an end of them."

The amendment was carried, and the bill was passed by a vote of thirty-one to six. The House disagreed in the Senate amendments, and raised a committee of conference, in which the Senate joined. The following was the first section, as agreed upon by the conferees; and it finally became the law of the land: "That the grade of lieutenant-general be, and the same is, hereby revived in the army of the United States; and the president is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a lieutenant-general, to be selected from among those officers in the military service of the United States—not below the grade of major-general—most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability, who, being commissioned as lieutenant-general, may be authorized, under the direction and during the pleasure of the president, to command the armies of the United States."

The second section of the bill, upon which there had been no discussion, and no controversy between the houses, provided for the allowances and pay of the lieutenant-general. By its provisions, his receipts from all sources amounted to \$1,340 per

month, or \$16,080 per annum. In this sum are included all rations, commutations, forage, — every thing which constitutes the emoluments of lieutenant-general.

The report of the conference committee was not finally agreed to by the House until Feb. 26; and the bill was signed by Mr. Lincoln on the next day. On the 1st of March, the name of Ulysses S. Grant was sent into the Senate for the office of lieutenant-general; and he was confirmed in executive session the following day.

While this high debate was progressing in the halls of Congress, Grant, at Chattanooga, — having disposed of Longstreet, advanced Thomas to Dalton, and rendered his own front comparatively secure, — was meditating additional conquests, and had revived the plan of attacking Mobile. Auxiliary to this project, he had sent Sherman upon the Meridian raid, for the purpose of destroying the railroad communication between the Gulf States and Virginia. But, while employed in organizing new victories in this direction, he received on the 3d of March a telegram from Halleck, to report to the secretary of war, at the capital of the Republic. He had already received information from a different source that his name was before the Senate for the office of lieutenant-general: the order from Halleck convinced him that his confirmation was beyond all peradventure.

What were the emotions of this man, whom we found less than three years ago in a leather-store at Galena, when first assured of elevation to that exalted rank in the army of which but one of his country-

men¹ had been deemed worthy, and that one the most illustrious the Western continent had produced, — “first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen”? I am fortunately able to respond to this question. He evinces no exultation, no pride, no arrogance, but only genuine humility, conscious unfitness for supreme rank, gratitude to Sherman and McPherson, true nobility of soul. He receives the news of his promotion on the 3d of March. He starts for Washington on the morning of the 4th; but between the reception of the information and his departure for the capital to wield the baton of lieutenant-general, I learn from the pages of Gen. Badeau, that he writes the following characteristic epistle to two of his comrades: it was the first letter doubtless which he penned after he had heard of his nomination. Gen. Badeau was the messenger who bore this communication to the favorite lieutenant:—

“DEAR SHERMAN,— The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington immediately *in person*; which indicates a confirmation, or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order.

“Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it

¹ General Scott was only lieutenant-general by brevet.

has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

“There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance has been of service to me, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

“The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day; but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now.

“Your friend,

“U. S. GRANT, *Major-General.*”

The same historian also furnishes us with General Sherman's reply:—

“DEAR GENERAL,—I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th instant. I will send a copy to Gen. McPherson at once. You do yourself injustice, and us too much honor, in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as heretofore to manifest it on

all proper occasions. You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation ; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, — simple, honest, and unpretending, — you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings that will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability. I repeat, you do Gen. McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near. At Donelson also, you illustrated your whole character : I was not near, and Gen. McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

“Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point ; but that admitted a ray of light I have followed since. I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington ; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be ; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga, — no doubts, no reserves ; and, I tell you, it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me ; and, if I got in a tight place, you would help me out if alive. My only point of doubt was in

your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

“Now, as to the future. Don’t stay in Washington. Come West: take to yourself the whole Mississippi valley. Let us make it dead sure; and, I tell you, the Atlantic slopes and Pacific shore will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk. We have done much, but still much remains. Time, and time’s influences, are with us. We could almost afford to sit still, and let these influences work. Here lies the seat of the coming empire; and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic. Your sincere friend.”

Grant’s route from Chattanooga to Washington was a continuous ovation. People besieged the cars at every station with vociferous cheers, and in every other outward form in which popular enthusiasm finds utterance overwhelmed him with adulation and homage. I happened to be dining at Willard’s, on the 8th of March, when the modest and unpretending recipient of such tributes from Congress and the people as were never yet bestowed upon an American entered the room. It was near six o’clock: the tables throughout that long hall were crowded with ladies and gentlemen. As soon as Grant was recognized, his name was announced, and he was formally presented to the company by my friend Gen. Morehead, member of Congress from the Pittsburg district. The guests all rose to their feet, the ladies

even proffering this high compliment, and waving handkerchiefs and napkins. Huzzas, vivas, bravissimas, in all tongues, impotently endeavored to express the unutterable gratitude and admiration which burdened every bosom. Not content with the vocal tribute, some excited individuals mounted chairs and tables, in contempt of all conventionalities, and manifested their exaltation in jigs and break-downs among crockery and viands. Upon retiring from the dining-hall, I found the general retreating up the main stairway, abashed before a mob of elegantly-dressed ladies, whose admiration was too bold and pronounced to be entirely agreeable to a recluse, unaccustomed to be smothered in roses.

Cabinet meetings in Mr. Lincoln's day were not remarkable for their punctilio. His own free and easy manners were a rebuff to all ceremony. He was consulted once by an incoming minister, who as a former member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet had been habituated to its rigid formalities, respecting the etiquette to be observed in the cabinet meetings of Mr. Lincoln. The president replied, "There is no form about it: we all act pretty much as we please. Seward smokes, and I tell stories." When, therefore, Grant, upon the invitation of Mr. Lincoln, presented himself on the morning of the 9th of March in the cabinet chamber of the White House, he found nothing in his reception which need awe or discompose a man unfamiliar with State occasions. The president, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Chase, Mr. Welles, Mr. Montgomery Blair, Mr. Bates,

Gen. Halleck, Mr. Nicolay the executive secretary, were in the room ; and to all of them Gen. Grant was introduced for the first time, except Mr. Stanton, whom he had met at Louisville prior to the Chattanooga campaign, and Gen. Halleck, with whom he was well acquainted. Gen. Grant's own party consisted of his son, who rode into Jackson in advance of our army and was with his father at Champion's Hill ; Mr. Washburne, member of Congress from the Galena district ; Gen. Rawlins and Col. Comstock of the staff. After the introduction, the president advanced with the commission in his hand, and read from a manuscript the following address :—

“GENERAL GRANT,—The nation's approbation of what you have already done, and its reliance on you for what remains to do, in the existing great struggle, is now presented, with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general of the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves on you a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you. I scarcely need add, that with what I here speak for the country goes my own hearty personal concurrence.”

Receiving the commission, Gen. Grant read from a manuscript the following reply :—

“MR. PRESIDENT,—I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies who have fought on so many

battle-fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibility now devolving on me. I know, that, if it is properly met, it will be due to these armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

CHAPTER XIII.

HE INVESTS PETERSBURG.

[MAY TO JULY, 1864.]

I BELIEVE that both the Donelson and Vicksburg campaigns abundantly demonstrate, that, as a strategist, Grant was superior to any general to whom the chief command of our armies had hitherto been intrusted. I believe that the battle of Chattanooga, as an example of grand manœuvring, deservedly ranks with the greatest exploits of the greatest masters of the art of war. I have quoted largely from the debates in Congress upon the lieutenant-general bill, for the purpose of exhibiting the estimate of those who had watched the whole war with the most intense anxiety, who were the most interested in decisive success, who were in some respects most capable of forming a correct judgment of capacity for superior command. I have exhibited Sherman's opinion of Grant. I have shown that Halleck, who as editor of Jomini and author of a work on Grand Tactics may be presumed qualified to distinguish between accident and achievement, did not hesitate to compare one of his campaigns with one of the most splendid of Napoleon's. "Gen. Grant has

shown more military skill than any general upon our side," was Gen. Scott's guarded indorsement at this juncture. The Richmond papers spoke of Grant, as "a man of far more energy and ability than any who had yet commanded the Army of the Potomac;" but "that his performances would bear no comparison to those of Gen. Lee." Pollard, who uniformly degrades the exploits of Grant, concedes that "his name was coupled with success;" that "no man will deny him credit for many good qualities of heart and great propriety of behavior;" that "he had the coarse, heavy obstinacy, which is often observed in the western backwoodsman, as in a higher range of character."

Grant possessed one qualification for the immense task now committed to his hands as indispensable for its successful accomplishment as the highest martial ability. He was convinced that the armed resistance to the laws which confronted us, both in its military strength and in its animus, was War, gigantic in proportions, infernal in temper; and that it was only to be dealt with by the uncompromising appliance of all belligerent means and expedients. In this respect he differed decidedly from McClellan, Buell, Rosecrans; and he followed this conviction out to all its consequences with more strictness, and devised measures more accordant to its severe requirements, than either Halleck, Meade, or the president. No stronger illustration of the decided spirit, the stern modes, of genuine warfare can be found than in one sentence which he employs to define a part of his policy: "I therefore determined to hammer

continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the Constitution and laws of the land." I am not surprised that a measure so vigorous as "mere attrition" should be condemned by those who were in favor of conducting the war in such a mode as "to conciliate the good-will" of public enemies, and upon principles of "noble moderation." For practising the former method, Mr. Pollard eulogizes Buell; and for the latter, disparages Grant. If warfare was to be conducted to please your enemies, both the praise and the condemnation would be deserved. Grant unquestionably intended to use, unscrupulously, against his armed foe the *vis inertiae* of superior numbers; for I have yet to learn that war is a business so sure in its aims, so certain of triumphs when most wisely managed, that a general is justified in sacrificing any advantage he may possess, and especially superiority in physical force. Grant doubtless designed to carry positions by assault if it was practicable, and to resort to the more dilatory processes when the speediest were baffled. He did not propose to indulge in a siege upon principles of "noble moderation," or in manoeuvres for the purpose of earning from his antagonists the commendation of securing results "by intellect and genius." He proposed to overcome resistance by mere physical stress whenever it was possible, even if it should evoke from the same critics the imputation of having a "low and gross conception of war."

If he had acted in this respect according to the wishes of Mr. Pollard, he would have entitled himself to the condemnation, even in the critic's judgment, of being a mere military fop and exquisite, of hazarding success by vain aspirations; while, from his compatriots, he would have deserved the opprobrium of sacrificing the national cause to personal vanity. The best mode of warfare is that which soonest breaks down armed resistance by the authorized expedients of war. If this can be accomplished by science without slaughter, it is well; but, if in no other way, let it be done by "mere attrition."

Early in the war, it had arrested Gen. Grant's attention, that there was but inefficient concert between our widely separated armies, and no hearty co-operation in any comprehensive plan of subduing the Rebellion. An operation in one part of the vast field was without its correlate in another. Strategic plans were without proper auxiliaries. It did not escape his notice, as the war progressed, that a victory in the Mississippi valley was neutralized by a defeat on the Atlantic slope; and he wisely concluded, that a war must be endless, if military ascendancy should remain in equilibrium between reverse and success. It was this inharmonious use of our military preponderance which he characterized by the apt metaphor, "The armies of the East and West were like a balky team, no two ever pulling together."

The inherent weakness of our own unsystematized military administration was augmented by the adroitness of the rebels in using their interior lines of communication to throw re-enforcements impetuously in

any direction, and concentrate superior numbers upon any vital point which was seriously assailed. Grant therefore adopted another fundamental maxim, when promoted to chief command: "I determined to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting, and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance." For the first time too, in the history of the war, he inaugurated expeditions which were correspondents of each other, both aimed at the same time at vital points of the enemy, and of sufficient magnitude to arrest the entire rebel force in their respective fronts, — like the two represented by the "On to Richmond!" and the "On to Atlanta!" battle-cries. He subserved, moreover, one movement by co-operating movements, — as illustrated by the relations of Sigel's operations in Western Virginia, and Sheridan's in the valley of the Shenandoah, to the annihilation of the principal army of the Confederacy.

Important even as these vast strategical plans, were some personal qualities of the new commander. I have already alluded to the radical methods of warfare which, seated in his convictions, expressed his views of the treatment which a rebellion so portentous should receive; but he possessed other characteristics which were equally essential to the permanent triumph of our arms. Physical courage was not wanting in many of our generals; but there was a deficiency of that moral courage which dared

to stake reputation, as well as life, upon a movement sanctioned by their judgment. This Grant possessed in an extraordinary degree. It was this remarkable distinction of his which Mr. Fessenden commended when he said, "If he had been at Antietam, he would have followed at once the retreating army and demolished it; if he had been at Gettysburg, the army of Lee never would have crossed the river; because he would not have consulted with those about him, and agreed with them contrary to his own judgment, but would have taken the responsibility." Sherman delineated the same characteristic when he said to Grant, "You have always manifested a simple faith in success which I can liken to nothing else than the faith which a Christian has in his Saviour."

In addition to this commanding attribute, three years of experience had familiarized him with the organization of our army, and the qualifications of its officers for responsible positions. He frequently dwells upon one requisite for leaders of divisions and army corps, which, in his judgment, is even more essential than military ability: he speaks of it as the "harmonious putting forth of energy and skill," as "disinterestedness" in every thing except the faithful performance of duty and the success of the cause, as "unselfish co-operation" with each other and the chief in the execution of all necessary plans. He knew where "energy and skill" resided without "the harmonious putting it forth;" he knew where both existed together in the same breast; he knew from whom to expect complete co-operation and who would withhold it; and he was, therefore, better qualified than any of his pre-

decessors to select his subordinates, and to place the right man in the right place. Wisdom in the choice of officers appeared early under the new *régime*, and contributed as efficiently to the final triumph of our arms as any one quality which the lieutenant-general brought to the chief command.

The same three years had familiarized him also with the modes and methods, with the weakness and strength, of the enemy. It enabled him to read all the signs, and interpret all the hieroglyphics, of the battle-field. The *élan* which the rebels exhibit in the onset, he contrives to check by corresponding dash and transports in our charge, or by tenacity and pluck in our endurance. He had found, too, that the crisis of the battle was when both belligerents were shocked, and that at such a juncture a persevering onslaught would determine the fortunes of the day. By a practical application of these two lessons, he invigorated the army in such a manner that shrewd military critics forthwith prognosticated triumph from the unwonted energy of our attacks, — the novel vigor of our pursuit.

In order to understand what Gen. Grant accomplished after he was placed at the head of our armies, it is necessary, first and foremost, to answer this question, What progress had been made in subjugating the Rebellion at the time the supreme direction of affairs was committed to his hands? If I was called upon to answer this question to-day, I should immediately apply to Gen. Grant for the information. No man in the land was better capable of answering this question at the time; no man can successfully

impugn the correctness of the reply he has given ; and no man can presume to present another, when his response is upon record.

When the spring campaign of 1864 opened, "the Mississippi River was strongly garrisoned by Federal troops, from St. Louis, Mo., to its mouth. The line of the Arkansas was also held ; thus giving us armed possession of all west of the Mississippi, north of that stream. A few points in Southern Louisiana, not remote from the river, were held by us, together with a small garrison at and near the mouth of the Rio Grande. All the balance of the vast territory of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas was in the almost undisputed possession of the enemy, with an army of probably not less than eighty thousand effective men, that could have been brought into the field had there been sufficient opposition to have brought them out. The *let-alone policy* had demoralized this force, so that probably but little more than one-half of it was ever present in garrison at any one time. But the one-half, or forty thousand men, with the bands of guerillas scattered through Missouri, Arkansas, and along the Mississippi River, and the disloyal character of much of the population, compelled the use of a large number of troops to keep navigation open on the river, and to protect the loyal people to the west of it. To the east of the Mississippi we held substantially with the line of the Tennessee and Holston Rivers, running eastward to include nearly all of the State of Tennessee. South of Chattanooga, a small foothold had been obtained in Georgia, sufficient to protect East Tennessee from

incursions from the enemy's force at Dalton, Ga. West Virginia was substantially within our lines. Virginia — with the exception of the northern border, the Potomac River, a small area about the mouth of James River covered by the troops at Norfolk and Fort Monroe, and the territory covered by the Army of the Potomac lying along the Rapidan — was in the possession of the enemy. Along the sea-coast, footholds had been obtained at Plymouth, Washington, and Newberne, in North Carolina; Beaufort, Folly and Morris Islands, Hilton Head, Fort Pulaski, and Port Royal, in South Carolina; Fernandina and St. Augustine, in Florida. Key West and Pensacola were also in our possession, while all the important ports were blockaded by the navy.

“Behind the Union lines there were many bands of guerillas, and a large population disloyal to the Government, making it necessary to guard every foot of road or river used in supplying our armies. In the South, a reign of military despotism prevailed, which made every man and boy capable of bearing arms a soldier; and those who could not bear arms in the field acted as provosts for collecting deserters and returning them. This enabled the enemy to bring almost his entire strength into the field.

“The enemy had concentrated the bulk of his forces east of the Mississippi into two armies, commanded by Gens. R. E. Lee and J. E. Johnston, his ablest and best generals. The army commanded by Lee occupied the south bank of the Rapidan, extending from Mine Run westward, strongly intrenched, covering and defending Richmond, the rebel capital, against

the Army of the Potomac. The army under Johnston occupied a strongly intrenched position at Dalton, Ga., covering and defending Atlanta, Ga., a place of great importance as a railroad centre, against the armies under Major-Gen. W. T. Sherman. In addition to these armies, he had a large cavalry force under Forrest in North-east Mississippi, a considerable force of all arms in the Shenandoah valley, and in the western part of Virginia and extreme eastern part of Tennessee, and also confronting our sea-coast garrisons, and holding blockaded ports where we had no foothold upon land.”¹

In this situation of affairs, Grant directs Banks, who was now upon the Red-river expedition, which had been originated prior to the appointment of a lieutenant-general, to expedite those operations, and, having secured by fortifications a few points upon the Mississippi, between Port Hudson and the mouth, to attempt no more conquests in his neighborhood except such as were necessary to hold the territory already occupied by his troops, but direct his attention exclusively to the organization of a force for the capture of Mobile. He directs Steele, who is holding the Arkansas River, to advance a force to the Red, and occupy Shreveport and other points which it was presumed that Banks would reduce. He commits to Gen. Sherman the military district between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, which Grant himself had formerly administered, and ordered him to defend Tennessee and Kentucky against all enemies.

¹ Gen. Grant's Report to Secretary of War of July 22, 1865.

Having thus provided for the security of that part of the domain of Rebellion which had already been partially reduced, he develops an offensive campaign, which consists of two grand correlated movements, addressing the two principal armies of the Confederacy and the cities which they respectively cover. He instructs Gen. Sherman to move against Johnston's army for the purpose of destroying it, to penetrate as far as possible into the enemy's country, and to inflict damages to the extent of his power on the war resources of the Rebellion. If the enemy in his front show signs of re-enforcing Lee, he directs him to follow the re-enforcements up, and prevent the concentration of the two armies. He orders Gen. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, to make the army of Lee his objective point, to follow it up wherever it moves, and to defeat any attempt on its part to unite with Johnston.

It is a great mistake to presume that the sole aim of either of these movements was to capture the strongholds which were protected by the armies of Lee and Johnston. Complete success in such enterprises would have merely changed the theatre, without materially reducing the strength, of war. The occupation either of Richmond or Atlanta, without breaking the two armies, would vanquish the shadow instead of the substance of treason,—win the *éclat* of conquest without diminishing the martial strength and grandeur of the Confederacy. When we reflect that the subjugation of both these armies was an indispensable prerequisite to the termination of hostilities, we see at once the absurdity of those cavils

which suggest modes of reaching the capital without encountering the real dominion, which was posted in the Wilderness. The subjection of that army was more essential to peace than the reduction of its citadel; and every shock it endured, every rebel soldier in it killed or wounded, every capture which debilitated it, every diminution of its *prestige* and arrogance, were blows both at the heart and at the castle of treason. "Why not move the army in transports to City Point, and there secure a *point d'appui*?" has been frequently asked. It is a sufficient answer to say, that we should have then encountered the unbroken army of Lee behind regular fortifications, devised with all the ingenuity of science, instead of behind field-works in the Wilderness. Grant would have then been compelled to abandon his own capital to the mercy of his antagonist, or to have divided and dispersed his army; which was McClellan's apology for the failure of the Peninsular campaign. Whatever route was taken, Lee's army must be met and defeated; whatever device or stratagem was employed for surprising Richmond while that army was intact would have been a mere sop to Cerberus,—a sensation conquest for the North, while the South was yet militant, and might yet be triumphant in the field. Hollow and Buncombe victories were unsatisfactory to the earnestness, and disgusting to the sincerity, of Grant. He craved no triumphs which would turn to ashes in his grasp.

The part of this campaign of which Lee's army, and, in a contingency, Richmond, were objective

points contemplated the auxiliary co-operation of the Army of the James under Butler, and the Army of West Virginia under Sigel. The simultaneous advance of these with the Army of the Potomac was pre-arranged. Grant issued the following instructions to Butler: "The necessity of covering Washington with the Army of the Potomac, and of covering your department with your army, makes it impossible to unite these forces at the beginning of any move. I propose, therefore, what comes nearest this of any thing that seems practicable: The Army of the Potomac will act from its present base, Lee's army being the objective point. You will collect all the forces from your command that can be spared from garrison duty, to operate on the south side of James River, Richmond being your objective point.

"When you are notified to move, take City Point with as much force as possible. Fortify, or rather intrench, at once, and concentrate all your troops for the field there as rapidly as you can. From City Point, directions cannot be given at this time for your further movements.

"The fact that has been already stated — that is, that Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be co-operation between your force and the Army of the Potomac — must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River as you advance. Then, should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and, by means of transports, the two armies would become a unit.

“All the minor details of your advance are left entirely to your direction. If, however, you think it practicable to use your cavalry south of you, so as to cut the railroad about Hicks’s Ford about the time of the general advance, it would be of immense advantage.”

He also adds in his report, “Before giving Gen. Butler his instructions, I visited him at Fort Monroe, and in conversation pointed out the apparent importance of getting possession of Petersburg, and destroying railroad communication as far south as possible. Believing, however, in the practicability of capturing Richmond unless it was re-enforced, I made that the objective point of his operations. As the Army of the Potomac was to move simultaneously with him, Lee could not detach from his army with safety, and the enemy did not have troops elsewhere to bring to the defence of the city in time to meet a rapid movement from the north of James River.”

Grant transferred to Butler’s command Gen. William F. Smith, who had earned deserved distinction as chief-engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. He had been recently promoted to the rank of major-general, for gallant and meritorious service in the Chattanooga campaign. The lieutenant-general’s personal knowledge of the ability of this officer warranted the opinion, that no better selection of chief subordinate to Gen. Butler could be made, nor a more reliable coadjutor found to share with him the responsible duties committed to the Army of the James. Gen. Gilmore, who was unsurpassed as an artillerist, was also ordered with ten thousand men to re-enforce Gen. Butler.

Grant directs Sigel to advance ten thousand men to Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah valley, for the purpose of blockading this oft-frequented avenue to Washington; and to despatch seven thousand men down the Tennessee Railroad, to sever this important connection with Richmond; and to destroy the salt-works at Saltville, which were the main resource of the Confederate armies for this necessary commodity.

Grant re-organized the Army of the Potomac, and purged and reformed its roster of officers. It now consisted of the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps of infantry, commanded respectively by Major-Gens. Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick. The Ninth Corps, under Burnside, was speedily united with it. "I tried as far as possible," Grant said, "to leave Gen. Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac. My instructions for that army were all through him, and were general in their nature, leaving all the details and the execution to him." Gen. Sheridan was placed at the head of its cavalry. It was furnished with a reserve park of artillery, under the direction of Brig-Gen. Hunt, but under the immediate command of Col. H. S. Benton. An engineer brigade and a pontoon-train were also attached to it, under Major Duane.

The Army of the Potomac is now encamped on the north bank of the Rapidan. As Grant looks southward over the river, his eye first encounters the tract called the Wilderness, which spreads for more than twelve miles from the banks of the Rapidan to within cannon range of Spottsylvania Court-house. It is a vast unbroken hedge, seamed by deep ravines, barri-

caded by sharp ridges, — a natural defence raised for the obstruction of armies. The primitive forests had been consumed for fuel by German miners, who, in the last century, worked its iron-ore beds; more recently it has been scoured for gold. It was now densely covered by a second growth of scraggy pines, hazel, and scrub-oaks, constituting a wild and tangled thicket, more forbidding to army combinations than a Mexican chaparral. There are no clearings or patches of cultivation for the deploy of troops. There are roads from the fords of the Rapidan, which intersect a plank road from Fredericksburg to Orange Court-house, and the turnpike between the same county-seats, that passes the Old Wilderness Tavern. Most of its pathways, however, are cart-tracks and cow-paths through the woods, the direction of which is known only to the inhabitants of the region, and to the enemy, who survey and study them with special reference to pending operations. It is a country where familiarity with the course and debouch of these by-paths gives an advantage, both for offence and defence, which no numerical preponderance can counterbalance; where the grand tactics of the most consummate masters would be of no avail, and every attempt at manœuvre upon our part involves us in inextricable labyrinths, or inveigles us into lairs prepared for our slaughter. I am not surprised that Mr. Pollard and his sympathizers at the North resent Grant's reliance upon the *vis inertiae* of numbers, instead of "military genius" and a policy dictated by "noble moderation," while endeavoring to penetrate this wilderness.

Confronting this natural barrier, but looking towards the north, lies the army of Lee, consisting of the corps of Hill, Longstreet, Ewell, with Stuart's cavalry, posted in a strong position, well protected in front by elaborate field-works, with its left flank covered by the Rapidan and the mountains near Orange Court-house, and its right flank guarded by an intrenched line extending from Morton's Ford to Mine Run.

The 4th of May was the day assigned for the concerted movement of the three armies. Butler and Sigel were instructed to move; Sherman, moreover, was directed to advance. Grant in person orders the Army of the Potomac to pass the Rapidan, and turn at Mine Run the extreme right of Lee. Before dawn, Warren's army corps, followed by Sedgwick, crosses the Germania Ford, and, with cavalry in advance and spread upon both flanks, succeeds in reaching the Old Wilderness Tavern, on the turnpike to Fredericksburg, without encountering the enemy. Hancock, with the artillery reserve, crosses at Ely's Ford, and, with heavy squadrons in front and upon both wings, encamps for the night at Chancellorsville on the Orange and Fredericksburg Turnpike, and within supporting distance of Warren and Sedgwick. The immense supply-train of four thousand wagons follows Hancock. By four o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th, the entire army is established in its position beyond the river. "I regarded it as a great success," said Grant; "and it removed from my mind the most serious apprehension I had entertained, that of crossing the river in the face of

an active, large, well-appointed, and ably commanded army."

It is now the foremost wish of his heart to pass without molestation the intervening belt of jungle between his advance and Spottsylvania Court-house. It would have been in accordance with "noble moderation" for Lee to have permitted him to do it; but I have never found the rebels practising this policy (though preaching it earnestly to Grant), or sacrificing any manifest advantage of warfare, for the purpose of establishing a claim upon our favorable consideration. From the position occupied by our army, there were two roads practicable for its advance, — the Orange and Fredericksburg Plank-road, and the turnpike between the same points. They run nearly parallel at the Wilderness, separated by a distance of two miles: both are convenient routes for hurrying up Hancock in support, if an emergency demands it. With the intention of flanking well to the right the intrenchments of Mine Run, Warren and Sedgwick are ordered to march by the Orange Plank-road to Parker's Tavern, five miles from their camping-ground; Hancock is instructed to bend southward on his own left; while Sheridan's cavalry are to scour the country, and feel for the enemy in a south-westerly direction.

While Warren and Sedgwick are on their march, Gen. Meade perceives two army corps of the enemy advancing upon the turnpike. There is no time to deliberate, no opportunity to decline an engagement. Fight or flee are the sole alternatives: the evasion of battle is to recross the Rapidan. Warren is immediately ordered to halt his column, and to concentrate

on the turnpike, and attack the enemy; Sedgwick is directed to plunge into the woods, and, by such cow-paths as he can find, form on Warren's right; Hancock, who is at Todd's Tavern on his southward march, is commanded to face to the westward, and swing in on Warren's left; Getty's division of Sedgwick's corps is sent to the intersection of the Brock and Orange Plank-road, to hold that position at all hazards until Hancock comes up.

At noon Warren is formed across the turnpike, with Wadsworth's division as his left wing in air, awaiting the support of Hancock; Crawford's division is in the centre; Griffin's division is the right wing, with its right flank also exposed; while Sedgwick is groping his way by wood-hidden by-paths to support and prolong the line. The brunt of the first day's battle is endured by Warren: his army corps advances against Hill and Ewell, strongly posted upon a ridge with dense undergrowth, which hides their front, and screens sharpshooters upon the flanks of both. The Fifth Corps, with two pieces of artillery upon the pike, advanced in such order as was practicable in this jungle, and assailed the Confederates with as much heroism as if their line was visible to the eye, and could be reached by our fire. The fusillades which broke from the forest-covered hill, and from masked infantry upon both flanks, was dreadful to endure, but was received without breaking the combination, until a point was attained at last where it was able to sweep the ridge with its musketry, and deliver a fire which forced back in confusion a brigade of Ewell's corps,

commanded by Gen. Jones, who was slain in an impotent attempt to rally his broken battalions. While victoriously advancing, Griffin's uncovered right flank was suddenly struck by a gallant charge of the enemy, of such sheer impetus that it repelled him, with the loss of his two pieces of artillery. Our left wing was more staggered by the musketry from the hill than our right, and was easily driven without fracturing the line of Hill. Wadsworth was flung back with such violence that his junction with Crawford was severed, and the enemy dashed into the fissure, capturing prisoners from the flank which was unprotected. Getty, upon his arrival at the intersection of the Brock with the Orange Plank-road, found our cavalry in retreat before heavy columns of infantry. He immediately deployed into line, and, by repeated volleys, arrested the onslaught in this direction. When Hancock came up at two o'clock, he formed with Getty upon the left of Wadsworth. At this precise period, Hill was attempting to mass his troops to overwhelm Wadsworth's disordered wing. Hancock met the shock of Hill's impetuous attack, and was successfully forcing him back to the ridge, which served as a natural embankment for the foe, when Mott's division of the Second Corps gave way. In vain attempting to heal the chasm, Gen. Alexander Hays was instantly slain. No better commentary upon the inextricable entanglements of the country is needed than the fact that Sedgwick, who is no laggard when his comrades are beset, is struggling all day through the woods and deceptive cart-roads to form a junction with Warren's right. It was not until six o'clock that he brought

the gallant and determined Sixth into line.¹ Thus ended the first day in the Wilderness, with the persistent endeavor of Lee to arrest our advance and drive us beyond the Rapidan signally defeated: we, upon the other hand, were foiled in our attempt to dislodge him from the position which he had assumed in the morning.

It was something to escape defeat, when assailing a wily and determined adversary in ambuscade, with outlets and inlets unknown to us, but which for months he had been skilfully contriving for our surprise and destruction. If there is "refinement" in such a mode of warfare, commend me to "mere attrition." It seems to me more in consonance with barbarian than civilized methods, and undeserving the eulogy of Southern historians. Numbers were as futile as against Indians in an impenetrable forest: not a thousand of the Confederate army were seen during the day. Secure intrenchments against disasters encouraged desperate risks; while nothing more emboldened sudden springs than the possession of such advantages for decoy, and the manifest bewilderment of our troops, entangled in a maze, and delivered blindfolded to the smiter. These odds combined inspirited the rebels to deeds and pranks of daring

¹ My guiding authority in the campaign of the Wilderness is a manuscript copy of Gen. Meade's report, dated "Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Nov. 1, 1864," addressed to Lieut.-Col. T. S. Bowers, assistant adjutant-general, and covering the operations of that army from the 4th of May to the 28th of October. I shall admit no movement of our army into this part of my narrative which is not sanctioned by his report. In regard to the enemy's movements, I shall collate all that we have of Lee's despatches, and also Pollard's account of battles in the "Lost Cause," with the manuscript report of Meade, and Grant's final comprehensive report.

such as may be presumed phantoms would exhibit in a charge upon visible men, — such safe audacity as the Lydian Gyges displayed when rendered invisible by his magical ring.

While such environments animated with supernatural courage the assailed, no language can exaggerate the appalling terrors of such encounters to the assailant. It was not a battle against palpable lines, and columns which could be measured and weighed by the eye, but against unseen lairs crowded with real and chimerical peril, against spectres screened from observation until their presence is declared by overwhelming volleys in the bosoms of our groping columns. It is a fight of the sightless against the seeing, — of an Oriental king against game inveigled into a battue pre-arranged for its slaughter, where the escape of one victim is a humiliation to the hunter. If there is any expedient by which such a monstrous hedge can be purged of impalpable foes but by the abrasion of man against man, I wish self-sufficient critics would condescend to disclose it.

It was developed on the second day¹ of the battle, that, in addition to the controlling advantages I have enumerated, the possession of interior lines rendered the forces of the enemy suprisingly mobile, so that Lee could mass upon his right, centre, and left with magical celerity. The high qualities which distinguished him, and the impetuosity and daring of his cohorts, were never more signally displayed than upon this memorable occasion. It was met by a tenacity of temper in Grant, and a pluck in his

¹ Friday, May 6, 1864.

troops, equally marvellous. The enemy held the position of yesterday upon the ridge, screened from our eyes, and moving and massing his columns in concealment. Hill was upon his right; Longstreet, who arrived early in the forenoon, was in his centre; and Ewell upon his left.

The Ninth Corps of our army, by a march of unexampled rapidity, had reached the field; and we confronted the enemy, with Sedgwick on our right, Warren, Burnside, Hancock, on the left. From dawn until dark, it was upon Lee's part a succession of furious and impassioned leaps, — first upon Sedgwick, then upon Hancock, next upon Burnside, and finally upon Sedgwick. Upon Grant's part, it was inflexible resistance, and counter-charges by Hancock and Burnside of most determined spirit and audacity. Hancock hurled Hill from his position, carried the whole Confederate front, and drove for a mile its broken columns, only to be tossed back by the combined corps of Hill and Longstreet. While struggling at this crisis to redeem the day from disaster, replenishing with his own dauntless heroism his wavering division, and in the thickest of the fire animating his shrinking soldiery, Wadsworth surrendered to an imperilled country a noble life, and inscribed upon her martyr-roll a spotless name. For one wild moment or two, it seemed as if the field was lost. Burnside was hurried to the support of Hancock; but the irresistible mass of Hill and Longstreet swept Stevenson's brigade from Burnside's line, and through the gap the exultant rebels dashed with a frenzy which threatened universal discomfiture. But, fortu-

nately, Hancock had rallied his brigade, and in his turn struck the rebel columns upon their exposed flank, and again precipitated them upon their forest fastness.

Longstreet was rallying some select brigades for a second assault. "As he galloped forward, Gen. Jenkins spurred to his side to grasp his hand, with the pleasure of an old friend; for Longstreet had but newly arrived from several months' campaign in Eastern Tennessee. But hardly had the mutual congratulations passed each other's lips, when a deadly volley from Mahone's brigade, concealed in bushes along the road, mistaking Longstreet, Jenkins, and the rest for a party of the flying foe, was poured into them at short range. Jenkins fell instantly from his horse a lifeless corpse, while Longstreet received a ball that entered his throat, and passed out through his right shoulder. Bleeding profusely, he was helped from his horse, so prostrated that fears were entertained for his immediate death. Placed on a litter, the wounded general was removed from the field; but, feeble though he was from the loss of blood, he did not fail to lift his hat from time to time as he passed down the column, in acknowledgment of its cheers of applause and sympathy."¹ The confusion caused in the ranks of the foe by this disaster was seized by Burnside to charge their line with such determined and successful gallantry that Gen. Lee was obliged to place himself at the head of a Texan brigade to repel the assault, and was only prevented from doing it by the positive remonstrance of the rank and file. In Sedgwick's front

¹ Pollard's *Lost Cause*, p. 515.

the battle had surged and resurged. Ewell had defeated every attempt to roll up his division, and Sedgwick had defied every effort to break his line. Darkness had descended upon the scene before Lee expended his expiring strength by darting at various points of our front, to mask Gordon's final charge upon Sedgwick. Leaping unexpectedly from the woods, the rebel general separated Truman Seymour's brigade from our extreme right, and hurried it into captivity, without tearing Sedgwick from his rooted hold upon the earth. Night fell upon this disputed field with the positions of the morning unchanged. Each party could say at the close of the day, "We have successfully repulsed every charge of the enemy." The carnage was terrible upon both sides; but the sacrifice of blood determined one important question of the conflict. Who can pound the longest? was settled upon this sanguinary day. It was proved that superiority of numbers was more enduring than superiority of position. The losses of Lee prevented him from prolonging the contest in the field, while Grant was able to endure his casualties without relinquishing the struggle. Never in the history of wars did contending causes rest more decidedly upon the predominating characteristics of the generals-in-chief. A dexterity in handling troops inferior to Lee's could not have redeemed his army from irretrievable disaster; persistency less than Grant's would have abandoned the Wilderness in despair. It was our good fortune that the personal endowments of our chief were best adapted to the crisis; for, while no skill in manœuvring could have

essentially varied the result, any vacillation of purpose would have been the surrender of the campaign. When genius was powerless for success, defeat was arrested by will. Nor were the distinguishing merits of the two armies less conspicuously exhibited. None but Northern soldiers could have withstood those impetuous leaps of the fiery Southern from those terror-inspiring jungles; while Northern resolution, in a juncture so momentous, could only have been resisted by the delirium of Southern fury. Early the next morning,¹ the irrepressible determination of Grant directed the renewal of the desperate conflict. Hancock was immediately ordered to attack by the Orange Plank-road; but he found nothing but pickets on the battle-field of yesterday, and skirmishers only on the hotly-contested ridge. Lee had retired to the intrenchments from which he had emerged to assail Grant's advance, when he first developed his operations in the Wilderness. "From this it was evident to my mind," says Grant, "that the two days' fighting had satisfied him of his inability further to maintain the contest in the open field, notwithstanding his advantage of position; and that he would wait an attack behind his works. I therefore determined to push on, and put my whole force between him and Richmond; and orders were at once issued for a movement by his right flank." The march was commenced at night,² but the necessity of moving our immense train by daylight disclosed Grant's purpose to the enemy. Pushing forward on two parallel roads, the

¹ Saturday, May 7, 1864.

² Saturday, May 7.

two armies commenced a race towards Spottsylvania Court-house; but familiarity with the country, and the command of the nearest paths, gave Lee the advantage in the struggle. Early in the morning,¹ Warren, who was in advance, found Longstreet's corps posted on the Brock Road, near its intersection with the Po, prepared to dispute the passage of the river. For the first time, artillery was used in the Wilderness campaign, and the guns with which the enemy scoured the approaches to the banks were answered by counterblasts from our field-batteries. Warren immediately attacks with Robinson's division, and crowds the enemy back, and secures a favorable position for the overtaken Fifth near the Block House. Sedgwick and Hancock, as they come up, engage in the fray. A brigade of the Second Corps routs the enemy, who contest the crossing of Corbin's Bridge. Wilson dashes into Spottsylvania Court-house at the head of his squadrons; but, as the infantry is arrested in its course, he is obliged to surrender his barren conquest. It now, for the first time, becomes apparent that every river, bridge-head, ridge, ravine, on the path to the rebel capital is blockaded with continuous earth-works. The heart of the most intrepid soldier sinks within him as he measures such a length of way, beset with such frightful perils. No voice at the time proposed any better path: the wisdom of sagacious critics was husbanded until the irrevocable step was taken, and the same disloyal tongues which were then praying for the defeat of

¹ Sunday, May 8.

our army are now wailing over the dreadful sacrifices of the journey.

On Monday,¹ Grant finds himself relieved from the unbroken forest of the Wilderness, but in a rolling country admirably adapted for defence, with groves, patches of timber, cañons affording admirable covers, strong positions for determined foes, — one of those regions of the earth which a Leonidas defends against the world. He can now estimate with more precision than before the expenses of the march; but his courage, according to the testimony of his military family, rises with every new impediment which discloses itself. Providence graciously gave us an inflexible will for insuperable obstacles. Name a predecessor in command who would not have recrossed the Rapidan five days ago.

Pursuit is renewed at dawn. Sedgwick and Warren are both directed to feel for the enemy, and develop the position of Hill and Ewell, who are known to be in our front. While Sedgwick, with his habitual care, is aiding his artillerymen in establishing a battery, the gunners are annoyed by the whistling of sharpshooters' bullets from some trees in front. The old soldier attempts to encourage his inexperienced comrades by assuring them that the marksmen are too remote to inflict a wound; but, as the soldiers continue to dodge, he erects his own stalwart form in front of the men, and, facing the woods where the sharpshooters are concealed, says, "Pshaw, boys! they can't hit an elephant at that distance." But he hardly essays the hazardous experiment before a Minie ball

¹ May 9.

strikes him in the face. A wreath of foam encircles his lips, followed by a smile over his placid features. He clasps his arms over his breast, as he falls into the arms of his aide ; and it was hardly known when he ceased to breathe. The army could lose no nobler soldier : a grateful beneficiary of the nation, reared at its military school, he repaid his education by the service, and finally by the sacrifice, of his life. He was a *preux chevalier* of the olden time, brave as a Cid, gentle and loving as a woman ; in battle, more than indifferent, “for he was insensible,” to danger, “daring to lead where any dared to follow ;” in peace, the joy and solace of brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, who fairly rioted in the affection and cheerfulness of their unmarried relative. He knew nought in war but a soldier’s duty. To his comrades in command he was the soul of honor, to the rank and file the most faithful and devoted of leaders : you could always find his plume in the fore-front of battle. Victory perched where his banners waved. In the corps which he led with so much glory, in the Army of the Potomac, of which he was one of the oldest officers, he had made only friends ; and he was followed to the grave by the tears of the soldiers, the lamentation of his colleagues, the sorrow of a nation.¹

¹ John Sedgwick was born in Cornwall, Litchfield County, Conn., in 1817. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837. He was a practical, as distinguished from a theoretical, soldier. During the Mexican War, he participated in the action at Contreras, which routed Valencia in his fortified camp, and on the same day at Churubusco. While Grant was storming the *tête de pont*, Sedgwick was engaged in that determined attack upon the right of the Convent of San Pablo. He stormed Chapultepec with Quitman. In the war against the Rebellion, he first attracted the notice of his countrymen in the Peninsular campaign, and was brevetted brigadier-general

I shall not attempt to follow in detail the embroilments of Tuesday and Wednesday.¹ There is much in them of exciting adventure, but these pages are already overburdened with similar incidents. I find, as I proceed, that I must select for full description those battles only which illustrate some new trait in Grant's character, or point some moral of his life. The operations on these days² were an uninterrupted

in the regular army for gallantry at Fair Oaks, where he is reputed to have saved the day. He led a division at the battle of Antietam, remaining on the field until disabled by two wounds. On his recovery, he was appointed major-general of volunteers. At Chancellorsville, his part of the programme was nobly performed. He captured Fredericksburg, but was compelled to withdraw on account of the disaster of Hooker. After a march of twenty-three miles, he arrived at Gettysburg in time to participate in the victory. The command of the Army of the Potomac, before and after Chancellorsville, was twice offered him, but twice refused.

¹ May 10 and 11.

² Monday, May 9. — On the 9th of May, the Fifth and Sixth Corps continued pressing the enemy, developing his position, and seeking points to assault. During these operations the distinguished and beloved Major-Gen. Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, fell, and Brig.-Gen. Morris, of the same corps, was wounded. Early in the day two divisions of the Ninth Corps had been moved to the Fredericksburg Road, and, finding the enemy on it, had driven him handsomely across the Ny, losing, on the 10th, the distinguished Brig.-Gen. Stevenson. In the evening the Second Corps moved up from Todd's Tavern, taking position on the right of the Fifth Corps, and sending Mott's division to the left of the Sixth Corps.

On this day, the 9th of May, Sheridan, with the cavalry corps, moved southerly, with orders to engage the enemy's cavalry, and, after cutting the Fredericksburg and Central Railroads, to threaten Richmond, and eventually communicate with, and draw supplies from, the forces on the James River.

On May 10th, the enemy was pressed along his whole front. Early in the morning Gibbon's and Barton's divisions, Second Corps, were crossed over the Ny, with a view of turning the enemy's left flank. He was found, however, so strongly posted and guarded by the Ny, that these divisions were withdrawn. Barlow, being in rear, was vigorously attacked by Heth's division, whom he handsomely repulsed, but, in retiring, was compelled to abandon a piece of artillery that became jammed in some trees in a narrow road. On the withdrawal of Gibbon, he, together with Birney, in conjunction with the Fifth Corps, assaulted unsuccessfully the enemy's line. During this operation Brig.-Gen. Rice, of

succession of brave and vigorous assaults upon the fortified lines of Lee, triumphant in some particular instances, but indecisive in their general result. Col. Upton, with defiant audacity, leads a column with arms-a-port over a loopholed breastwork, and grabs nine hundred and fifty men with twelve guns, of the same division which stampeded Seymour one Friday evening. It was two days of assault and counter-assault, — battles, in fact, larger than Saratoga or Yorktown, followed by a grand contest of the embattled hosts on Wednesday afternoon, sublime in magnitude and grandeur. I find nothing in this general engagement which illustrates any trait of Grant's character but his persistency and determination; and, if that is not already established, no cumulative proof can fortify the claim. Nor can I disguise the fact, that, like the rest of the Wilderness campaign, it was a saturnalia where slaughter and death rioted in the blood of the brave, where hosts of noble patriots surpassed even Roman fortitude in squandering life for the sovereignty of the nation. The names of Rice and Stevenson follow Hays, Wadsworth, Sedgwick, on the scroll of honor; while thousands and thousands of unchronicled braves embraced the grim destroyer with heroism even more exalted, because their self-immolation secured no everlasting remembrance. No patriot can peruse these mortuary rec-

the Fifth Corps, ever distinguished for personal gallantry, fell, mortally wounded. Later in the evening, Upton's brigade successfully carried the enemy's line in his front, capturing guns and prisoners; but, not being supported by Mott on his left, Upton was compelled to retire after dark, abandoning the guns. Mott succeeded in forming conjunction with the Ninth Corps, who had moved up to his left from the Fredericksburg Road. — *Mcade's Manuscript Report.*

ords without anathemas deep and long at that arrogant oligarchy which embroiled contented millions in civil war for the sole purpose of perpetuating its tenure upon bodies and souls enslaved, — without reconsecration of himself to the sacred cause of free humanity, — without vowing in his heart of hearts, that the blood lavished on Wilderness battle-fields shall ripen into laws and institutions, which shall guarantee to all children of a common Father all the essential equalities which were their birthright. Glorious martyrs! Touch our hearts with a spark from that flame which burned in your own! inspire us with your unfaltering devotion to freedom! teach us nobly to suffer, bravely to die! ¹

Grant was pursuing a march to Richmond by a series of flanking movements, for the purpose, if possible, of avoiding battle. I find no fault with his skilful antagonist for attempting to foil this manœuvre; but to accuse Grant of courting bloodshed comes with bad grace from the admirers of Lee, who constantly threw himself before the Federal general, presenting to him the alternatives to move on his works, or abandon the campaign. The true cause of

¹ Our losses from May 5 to May 12 were 269 officers, 3,019 enlisted men, killed; 1,017 officers, 18,261 enlisted men, wounded; 177 officers, 6,667 enlisted men, missing. During the same period we captured 7,075 of the enemy. I have found no reliable estimate of the enemy's killed and wounded during the same period. The statement of our own killed and wounded I transcribe from Gen. Meade's manuscript report.

I was in Washington when the wounded were sent in from the Wilderness battle-fields included within this period; and the number of slightly wounded men seen in the cars, in the streets, and about the Capitol, attracted universal notice. Bush-fighting and the Indian modes of warfare were the reasons of the disproportionate amount of "slightly wounded."

their grievance is, that Grant seized the bolder horn of the dilemma, and exposed the lives of his soldiers in the same manner as Lee had lavished the lives of his, to establish his reputation as an invincible chieftain, and withstand for three years the Army of the Potomac. I am not surprised that Confederate critics are nettled when they find that there is now a commander of this army who is the match of their own paged in running risks for victory. I answer their denunciation of Grant in this respect by saying that he was no more prodigal of life than Lee; and, although this is a mere *tu quoque* response, it is all which the imputation from such a source deserves. If the earth-works could have been carried without the loss of a man, Grant would have gladly adopted the expedient; if the Army of Virginia would have laid down their arms and submitted to the laws, he would have joyfully accepted the surrender: but he was no quailing temporizer, willing that treason should remain triumphant. If it was to be subdued by blood, he was ready, though reluctant, to expend the precise amount of that priceless material which was needed to reduce the martial strength and arrogant temper of armed resistance into subjection to the authority of the national government.

Lee still persists in refusing to be flanked, still throws intrenchments in front of every flanking movement, still compels Grant to assail him or retreat. Here he remains in spite of the blood of Tuesday. "On Wednesday,"¹ says Gen. Meade, "finding the enemy's left so well guarded, arrangements

¹ May 11.

were made to attack his centre at a salient point." Hancock moves that night in front of the position to be assailed. Wright, now in command of the Sixth Corps, Warren, Burnside, are all directed to co-operate in the important movement. Between Hancock and the threatened angle is an intervening space of twelve hundred yards, rugged, broken, embarrassed with forests and underbrush. The morning is lowering and rainy; and the fog drops in thick volumes among the trees, clothed with the first foliage of spring. It is now silent as the grave: the first feathered warbler has not yet opened his innocent throat. The devoted band of Hancock stands in two lines, awaiting the signal. The divisions of Barlow and Birney constitute the first; the second is composed of Gibbon and Mott. There they stand, with lips compressed, restless eyes straining in vain to penetrate the dense obscurity before them, muscles all strained, nerves all girded up, and in their hearts those unutterable emotions which throng it in the presence of imminent danger. The signal is given; the noiseless lines, with poised bayonets, cleave the encumbered interval; you can hear the cheers as the exultant soldiers beat against the salient, and finally surge over it upon the surprised defenders. Edward Johnson is captured with most of his division, as well as Stuart with two brigades. Stuart and Hancock had been comrades in the Federal army; and the latter was moved by a generous impulse to recognize his captive, and extend to him a hand, cordially saying, "How are you, Stuart?" The prisoner replied with great stateliness, "I am Gen. Stuart, of the Confederate army,

and under the circumstances decline to take your hand." — "And under other circumstances, general, was the other's becoming response, "I should have declined to offer it."¹ The rebel intrenchments spring to battle, and Hancock has but little time for compliments. He would have perceived, if the darkness would have permitted, that he had severed the rebel centre, and nearly beaten up the quarters of Gen. Lee. Hancock forthwith re-formed his division, and advanced vigorously upon the enemy's second line, when he is met by massed columns gathered in from every side for a terrific struggle; for success in his new adventure would have been the extermination of the Army of Virginia. The ironsided veterans of a hundred fights struggle with desperation, not only for their waning renown, but for life and safety. Warren advances to the support, but Hancock is hurled back into the captured work. Wright and Burnside, inspired by Hancock's example, vehemently contend to convert the advantage into a crowning victory. The commingled roar of cannonade and musketry reminds old soldiers of Gettysburg, when the reserved artillery of Meade and the whole rebel park join their thunder. Hancock turns the captured cannon on the rearward lines, and for a season breaks and scatters them. Lee calls in all his outposts: from woods, ravines, swamps, his sturdy followers collect to redeem the fortunes of the day. Five separate and determined assaults, during this bloodiest of Thursdays, Lee made to recover the captured salient; for five times his

¹ Greeley's American Conflict, vol. ii. p. 572.

bleeding columns are hurled from its face, shockingly torn and mangled. Bayonets are frequently interlocked: at periods the fight is hand to hand. Rival colors are divided but by yards upon opposite sides of the breastwork: men fight with their claws, like ferocious tigers. Golgotha, Aceldama, are no names to express the gory and mutilated victims which upon this day alone Lee offered up to glory and renown; for it afterwards appeared that Hancock's hard-won prize was in no way essential to the security of the rebel lines. A spectator of this savage butchery says, that "in the angle of death the dead and wounded rebels lie literally in piles, — men in the agonies of death groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area of a few acres, in the rear of their position, lie not less than a thousand rebel corpses; many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts through and through their bodies, — pierced on the very margin of the parapet which they were determined to retake, or perish in the attempt. The one exclamation of every man who looks on the spectacle is, 'God forbid that I should ever gaze upon such a sight again!'"¹ The humane Mr. Pollard, who is so

¹ Mr. Swinton, who can hardly be suspected of disparaging Lee, in his work of marked ability upon the "Army of the Potomac," says, "Of all the struggles of the war, this was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. Frequently, throughout the conflict, so close was the contest that rival standards were planted on opposite sides of the breastworks. The enemy's most savage sallies were directed to retake the famous salient, which was now become an angle of death, and presented a spectacle ghastly and terrible. On the Confederate side of the works lay many corpses of those who had been bayoneted by Hancock's men when they first leaped the intrenchments. To these were constantly added the bravest of those who, in the assaults to recapture the position, fell at the

grievously shocked at Grant's waste of life, and is constantly shedding crocodile tears over our wounded soldiery, concedes that Lee's five charges were "of sublime fury and terrible carnage;" that "the dead and wounded lay piled over each other, the latter often underneath the former;" and yet he has not a word of rebuke to administer to the chivalrous paladin who was thus slaying hecatombs of his choicest troops for a point of honor, while, in the next paragraph, he berates Grant as the "Moloch of the North."¹

War is a mere accumulation of curses, and not the least horrible is the one which constrains the most humane leader to estimate the sacrifice of men he must make by the frugality or waste, in this respect, of his antagonist. And no one but an idiot can expect that a battle can be won or a campaign carried against Robert E. Lee, without a liberality in some degree commensurate with his own lavish expenditure

margin of the works, till the ground was literally covered with piles of dead, and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha."

He adds in a note, "I am aware that the language above used may resemble exaggeration; but I speak of that which I personally saw. In the vicious phraseology commonly employed by those who undertake to describe military operations, and especially by those who never witnessed a battle-field, 'piles of dead' figure much more frequently than they exist in reality. The phrase is here no figure of speech, as can be attested by thousands who witnessed the ghastly scene." ("Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," p. 454.) The same author asserts in another place, that "to be superior to your enemy at the actual point of contact is a cardinal maxim of war." Lee signally neglected this maxim in his attempt to retake the salient.

¹ Our losses from May 12 to May 21 were 144 officers, 2,032 enlisted men, killed; 259 officers, 7,697 enlisted men, wounded; 31 officers, 248 enlisted men, missing. A large proportion of the wounded were but *slightly* wounded they went home on furlough, and afterwards returned to their respective regiments.

of the lives of his own soldiers. Unless a general delivers himself bound into his hands, he must repel his violence with violence as great, and the loss must depend upon the length and desperation of his attack. It would be wiser for the historian of "The Lost Cause" either to suppress entirely his reproaches, or distribute them with some slight pretence to impartiality: it would be wisest of all for him to reserve his censure until the day when preference is given to those modes of warfare which please your enemy, or when battles are fought with squirt-guns. The slaughter of our troops, which he professes to lament, lies at the door of those who rebelled against the Government, and not at his who was compelled to fight for its suppression according to the methods which his adversary rendered imperative. It is mere talk for children, to claim that this can be done without a multitude of killed and wounded. No man knows better than the critic, that "noble moderation" never would have conquered the Rebellion; and the reason why he stands aghast at Grant's "attrition" is, because his warfare was as implacable and thorough-going as that which the rebel chieftains initiated. Lee prolonged the contest till midnight, but failed to tear Hancock's hard-won prize from his grasp. No better proof that Lee was merely fighting for reputation, and that his lines were completely secure without the reconquest of the salient, is needed than Grant's forced admission that Hancock's "advantage was not decisive;" and Meade's no less reluctant concession that "the enemy, failing to recover his lost ground, retired into an inner and shorter line," where his position remained as invulnerable as ever.

I cannot dwell upon the marvellous adventures of both armies between the 12th and 20th of May. I cannot pause to describe how our new base of supplies is established at Acquia Creek; how Gen. Sheridan with his cavalry squadron sweeps with the devastation of a cyclone up to the very gates of Richmond; how Gen. Robert O. Tyler, with his veteran artillerists acting as infantry, tears our baggage-trains from the famished hordes of Ewell; how the colored division of Ferrero add insult to ignominy by chastising the hungry rebel leader on his flight; how skirmishing follows the hours, and the crack of rifles tells the minutes. I cannot enumerate the successful assaults, checks, sharp repulses, brilliant affairs, on the Fredericksburg Road, the Ny, at Bowling Green, at Milford Bridge, which fairly consecrate as holy acres the river-banks, highways, forests, everglades, throughout the broad expanse of Spottsylvania and Caroline. Neither can I dwell upon the skill with which Grant planned that perilous flanking movement to the North Anna; nor upon the ability and careful husbandry of troops with which Meade executed it: how it was more of a race than a strategical competition; how at the outset the enemy struck an impotent blow at Wright as rear-guard; how Lee hugged the highlands, measuring our progress with an evil eye, prepared to leap on the flanks of columns on the march; how he selected direct roads; how Grant is obliged to deflect far to the eastward by inferior and meandering pathways.

Ravage and desolation had as yet spared the delightful vales of the Old Dominion, through which

the two armies are now advancing. The beneficent ministrations of Nature to Man are unsuspended: the dew, the gentle shower, the genial rays, unbind the glebe; delicate spires of wheat pierce the yielding mould; the clover blooms as for happy harvest-homes; while over the upland and on the slope the golden leaves of the corn begin to rustle in the breeze, that Industry may again drive the wagon, and Plenty shout again with the reapers, as if pillage was unknown, and the curse on Cain revoked. The diversified landscape still smiles in the sunshine, still lowers beneath the passing cloud; the birds warble joyously in the grove; the cicadæ chirp, as usual, their fated monotone; the streams gurggle in the path; the bruised flower lifts its gentle head under the hoofs of War to dispense its balmiest fragrance in the air, which fierce and implacable legions are breathing only for mutual havoc and slaughter. The blue smoke of homesteads curls up at morn and at eventide; the wondrous eyes of innocent childhood peer with unnatural awe upon the marshalled hosts; mothers hide the curly heads of babes in palpitating bosoms; unterrified watch-dogs start up rampant, and bark to arrest the mighty inroad; the fowls run fluttering as if eagles were hovering over them; swine leap from the mire, and rush for their styres with sonorous grunts of terror. Sabbath days drop from heaven on this crime-stained earth, but bring no serenity or repose to war-tossed armies.

Neither can I detail how Grant's army found the enemy again intrenched on the North Anna, and prepared to dispute the passage; how Griffin with-

stood the fiery assault of the massed foe, and, by the skill of his dispositions and the steadiness of his troops, rescued the Fifth Corps from disaster irretrievable; how we established a secure position on its southern shore; how Grant paused, pondered, and studied the invulnerable works of his foe; how he found that an enormous disparity of force and an immense sacrifice of life were required to wrest them from his grasp; how, under the cover of an attack, Grant adroitly recrossed the North Anna, crept stealthily down its northern bank, and gave a wide berth to Lee, that our extended columns on the march might not be exposed to a disastrous onset; how Grant again wheeled to the southward, and, on Friday the 27th of May, took possession of Hanover Town, within sixteen miles of Richmond, and established a secure base of supplies at the historic White House, on the Pamunkey.

The battles of the Wilderness could not have been evaded without the surrender of the campaign. The battles of Spottsylvania were, perhaps, necessary to damage the *personnel* and break the *morale* of the haughty enemy, and to assert our equality with him in aggressive determination. But, if these considerations were not controlling, I should have preferred that the flanking movements which, even with a shifting base, Grant executed with such masterly skill should have been attempted before, rather than after, the direct issue was tried. The maxim, "Never attack a position in front when you can obtain it by turning it,"¹ may be overruled by the

: Imputed to Turenne by Napoleon, but doubtless his own.

higher authority of Napoleon's example in the Russian campaign ; but it should also be borne in mind that those operations were not specimens of his best style, and that the judgment of the military world sanctioned his precept with more emphasis than his practice.

Flanking movements are sometimes attended with greater risks than trial by battle. No more manifest advantage is craved by a wily chief, familiar with a country, than the opportunity of striking the exposed flank of an enemy upon the march. The repetition of such manœuvres is always hazardous ; for it emboldens a defensive army to address its entire skill and resources to the defeat of these tactics. It must not be known that they are the sole resource of the invader. Grant has shown a manifest inclination to shun an engagement on the North Anna,¹ and to avoid sacrificing his men, if any practical alternative presents itself except the abandonment of the campaign. The time has now arrived when the sterner procedures of war are imperiously required : for a flanking movement to the left will carry Grant away from Richmond ; and the same movement to the right will take him over the James, without authority from Washington. When he reaches the Pamunkey, he finds that Lee's corresponding retrograde was by a much shorter line than our detour. A reconnoissance upon the day after our arrival discloses the enemy in another intrenched position, facing to the north-eastward, covering both railroads and both

¹ Our losses from May 21 to 31, including the march from Spottsylvania, and the battles at the North Anna, amounted in the aggregate to 1,607.

turnpikes to Richmond, and rendering the crossing of the Chickahominy, in order to interpose between Lee and the Confederate capital, a critical movement, which even Grant's temerity cannot essay in the presence of such a foe. Richmond is now the objective point which Grant must pursue, in connection with the destruction of Lee's army; for Butler has failed to capture the capital, and the discomfiture of Sigel in the valley of the Shenandoah enables Breckenridge to re-enforce Lee. The objects of the campaign, and the necessities of the case, imperatively demand a disregard of the enemy's manifest advantage of position, and a re-appeal to radical modes of warfare.

Sheridan is promptly directed to seize Cold Harbor, which is the focus of three important roads converging towards Richmond. He had executed the order as was his wont, and was holding the position, although the nearness of the rebel lines pressed him severely, and he had called for support, which meant something when it came from Sheridan; and he had been ordered to "hold his position at all hazards," which meant something, also, when that order was issued to him. Grant calls up Gen. William F. Smith from Bermuda Hundred, where his force is now merely supernumerary, and determines to assail again the enemy's fortified lines. Both Warren and Smith are sent to the relief of Sheridan, and dispossess the enemy of his exterior works. The Federal commanders close in upon Cold Harbor with all their corps. With Smith's (Eighteenth) for the centre, Warren (Fifth) draws in upon Smith's right, and Burnside (Ninth) upon the

right of Warren ; Wright (Fifth) swings in on Smith's left, and Hancock (Second) upon the left of Wright. Hancock, Warren, and Burnside fought their way to these positions by a series of battles.

The brunt of Cold Harbor rested upon the Eighteenth, Fifth, and Second Corps, converted into a storming party upon the intrenched positions of the enemy. Burnside during the action attacked the enemy's left, and would have damaged it if the engagement had been prolonged. The object of the battle was to open a path to Richmond, and its tactics were simple. I presume that no general orders were given after the corps were brought into line but, "Advance, and carry the enemy's works." There were no features in it which distinguish it from other terrible enterprises of this description. Bravery which contemns death, and mutilation more horrible than death, was required and exhibited by the actors in this frightful immolation upon the nation's altar. It was commenced at four o'clock on the morning of June 3. The enemy's works were behind a marshy front, drenched by a recent thunder-storm. The morning was lowery, with occasional showers. The battle lasted for half an hour; but in this figment of time were condensed the ordinary horrors of decades, and more gory and ghastly minutes can scarcely be found in the records of war. With dauntless audacity, the charging line advances; and moral sublimity is personified in its defiant and desperate precipitation on death and carnage. The roar of the instruments of slaughter is scarcely heard in the heart's convulsed throbbings for the actors. The first of the doubled lines of Barlow's division of

the Second Corps sprang with such supernal might upon the enemy's intrenchments, in a sunken road, that they crushed the garrison by mere weight, and captured three guns and hundreds of prisoners. The second line of the same division, though charging with unfaltering valor, were so surpassed in energy by the first, that their support was unavailing until Hill massed sufficiently to dislodge the victorious assailants;¹ but, with all his accumulated strength, he succeeded only in hurling Barlow a few yards, where he covered his front so speedily that he defied the rebels to dislodge him.

Gibbon, who stormed upon the right of Barlow, was constrained to flounder through the mire, but still mounted the hostile works, and planted a flag upon the death-swept parapets. Eight hundred of Gibbon's men were thrown back but fifteen yards, where they seized the protection of a mound, and, with a heroism for which human annals must be sharply searched to find a parallel, held it during the livelong day, repelling frequently attacks from all the force which Lee could hurl against them, slaughtering the most reckless stormers he could rally from his army, until the noble legion were finally relieved by a sap run out from our most advanced trench to the Thermopylæ which had withstood the entire rebel host. Devens's and Rickett's divisions of Wright's corps found themselves confronted by a pine-grove, with a ploughed field two thousand yards wide for an

¹ I confess my inability to see why the Federal commanders did not mass troops to sustain Barlow, even at the sacrifice of an "assault along the whole line." The expediency of these modes of attack, without having a sufficient force to overwhelm the enemy at the point assailed, may be reasonably questioned.

approach, over which they charged in the face of a *feu d'enfer*, carrying the rifle-pits, but without piercing the enemy's intrenchments. Smith's storming party, staggered at the outset, were rallied by their inflexible commander, and fought with stubbornness, but with no decisive advantage.

We lost upon this day thousands of brave men, but secured Cold Harbor, and maintained and strengthened our position. Our heroic army, by these desperate assaults, which cost us so much blood, so thoroughly reformed Southern opinion of Northern valor, that, after the crossing of the Rapidan, the Army of Virginia never met the Army of the Potomac in the open field. The arrogance of those legions which had for three years domineered the Atlantic basin was completely tamed by this campaign; and, if they still hugged the illusion of invincibility, they contented themselves with asserting it behind breast-works and fortifications. In moral stamina and in the *prestige* of victory lies, after all, the strength and prowess of armies; and, when these are destroyed, the mechanical organization may remain, but the soul has fled. When the principal army of the Confederacy was forced to decline any gantlet tendered by the Army of the Potomac, the triumph of the Union was a foregone conclusion. The residuum of valor, which, ensconced in Petersburg and Richmond, prolonged the contest for months, was insufficient to vindicate the claims of the rival Government to be a military power, or to assert its dominion over a single State. I believe that Gen. Grant correctly described the state of Lee's army after these battles

when he said in his report, "During three long years, the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia had been confronting each other. In that time they had fought more desperate battles than it probably ever before fell to the lot of two armies to fight, without materially changing the vantage-ground of either. The Southern press and people, with more shrewdness than was displayed in the North, finding that they had failed to capture Washington and march on to New York, as they had boasted they would do, assumed that they only defended their capital and Southern territory. Hence, Antietam, Gettysburg, and all the other battles that had been fought, were by them set down as failures on our part, and victories for them. Their army believed this. It produced a *morale* which could only be overcome by desperate and continuous hard fighting. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor, bloody and terrible as they were on our side, were even more damaging to the enemy, and so crippled him as to make him wary ever after of taking the offensive."¹ Here is a palpable weakness

¹ Our losses from June 1 to June 10 were 144 officers, 1,561 enlisted men, killed; 421 officers, 8,621 enlisted men, wounded; 51 officers, 2,325 enlisted men, missing.

Mr. Swinton estimates the losses of the enemy up to the battle of Cold Harbor at twenty thousand. As he has communicated freely with Confederate officers, his estimate is entitled to great weight. Pollard asserts, that, at the commencement of the campaign, "Lee had but forty thousand muskets." If the estimates of both of these high authorities on rebel matters are correct, Lee had lost half of his available force.

Our losses in this campaign were unquestionably heavier than those of the enemy, but his losses greater in proportion to the number engaged: the heaviest item in our list of casualties is the wounded. And any one who was at Washington at the time knows that the city was crowded with *slightly* wounded men, who afterwards returned to the field.

compared with former strength ; here is the shrinking defensive instead of the bold aggressive. Who cares whether it resulted from decayed moral or physical vigor ? Discussions upon the *morale* of armies always run into metaphysical subtleties. The disputants cannot agree in their definition of the word, or in the precise condition of things which it comprehends ; but we all know that it requires a higher order of this quality to fight uncovered than behind intrenchments. When, therefore, we find that an army, which in previous years has faced every odds upon every field, and roamed with claims to supremacy from Munson's Hill to Carlisle, now declines an engagement except behind fortifications so impregnable to assault, that Grant is assailed by military critics for the attempt to carry them, we must conclude that either its *morale* is seriously impaired, or, what is equally to the purpose, that its *personnel* is effectually debilitated. If Grant secured either of these results, he achieved no contemptible triumph. The stubborn fact to which he adverts is, in my judgment, more conclusive upon the question of the condition of Lee's army at this time than all fine-spun theories, or all testimony, however emphatic, in favor of its *morale*, which may be gathered from Confederate officers ; for, while we could not reasonably expect that they would admit a damaging statement, *morale* is so uncertain in its meaning and so variable a quality, that they would be justified in denying the want of it on particular occasions, while the general tone of their troops might have been one of demoralization. An army which is habitually dis-

pirited, discontented, and gloomy may rise to a high degree of elation on the spur of temporary success, and yet be in no condition for "deeds of bold enterprise." That element of *morale* which consists in confidence in a commander never was wanting in the Army of Virginia; but I think it must be admitted that the elements of it which constitute confidence in victory were manifestly deficient after the battles of the Wilderness.

The shock, which had either dispirited or enfeebled the rebel army, now enabled Grant to adopt and execute the audacious expedient of transferring his vast army to the south side of the broad current of the James, in the face of an adroit adversary. Why the accomplished general of Virginia, with his admitted ability, did not arrest the most perilous adventure in which his foe could engage, and the most damaging in its results to the existence of the Confederate Government, is for those admirers to explain who claim that the Army of Virginia was not demoralized by the remorseless battles of the Wilderness. It does not do, in this era of intelligent criticism, to assert "that the south side of the river was the precise place where he wanted Grant;" for this answer is belied by the efforts he made to dislodge him when the position was secured, disclaimed by the approved principles of the science of which Lee professed to be a master, condemned by the calamitous results of the change of base to that cause of which he was the foremost champion. It does not do to say, that "Lee was deceived;" for this is to confess that a "military genius," with the

whole population acting as his spies, is outwitted in strategy by a mere "hammerer," who "never manœuvres." Mr. Pollard says, "Lee did not attack Grant on his movement to the James. He was probably unable to do so." What! unable to do so with an army which, according to the testimony of Confederate officers, was "never in better spirits and condition than after the battle of Cold Harbor." The apology "that he had Petersburg and Richmond to protect, and a force to send to Lynchburg," will not relieve Lee from the imputation either of incapacity or feebleness; for how could the capital, as well as all its communications and outposts, have been more effectually protected than by hurling "invincible veterans" upon a "mob of Northern banditti," marshalled by "Thor the Barbarian," when crossing the devouring waters of the James on pontoons two thousand feet long, and marching with exposed flank to sever the most important communications of the Army of Virginia,—to smite the outposts which were the key to its capital. No answer can be made which is not either an inapeachment of Lee's ability as a commander, or a confession of the weakness of his army. I claim that Gen. Grant gave the true explanation when he said, "After the battles of the Wilderness, it was evident that the enemy deemed it of the first importance to run no risks with the army he then had. He acted purely on the defensive behind breastworks, or feebly on the offensive immediately in front of them, and where in case of repulse he could easily retire behind them."

The movement across the James is certainly fortunate in one respect, — it is one out of the few of Grant's manoeuvres which commands the unanimous approbation of military experts. I find no author, entitled to any consideration, who assails it. It is the sole operation of the lieutenant-general, during the entire campaign, which extorts commendation from the writer to whom the officers of the Army of the Potomac committed their data and material for the compilation of its history. I therefore select the only authority at my command which I could consult for an adverse opinion ; because I believe, that, with Grant's adversaries, the approval of Mr. Swinton ought to be conclusive upon the military soundness of any measure of Grant's which he consents to praise. "The determination of Gen. Grant to transfer the army, by a flank march, to the south side of the James River, involved considerations of a wholly different order from those concerned in the repeated turning movements which he had made to dislodge Lee from the intrenched positions held by him. These were simply manoeuvres of grand tactics, delicate indeed in their nature, but they did not carry the army away from its line of operations, nor from the defensive line as regards Washington which it all the time covered. The resolution to cross the James necessitated the total abandonment of that system of action which aimed, while operating against the enemy offensively, to directly defend the national capital. Moreover, the operation was in itself one of great delicacy, — a change of base being pronounced

by the foremost master of war 'the ablest manœuvre taught by military art.'¹ Gen. Grant manifested as much moral firmness in adopting a line of action which, adverse though it was to the wishes of his Government, he felt to be prescribed by the highest military considerations as he showed ability in executing this difficult operation. The measure itself was not only entirely conformable to the true principles of war, but its execution reflects high credit on the commander, and merits the closest study."²

¹ Napoleon : Memoirs vol. iii. p. 203.

² Gen. Grant, in his report, assigns the reasons which influenced him to make the movements, in the language which follows: "From the proximity of the enemy to his defences around Richmond, it was impossible by any flank movement to interpose between him and the city. I was still in a condition to either move by his left flank and invest Richmond from the north side, or continue my move by his right flank to the south side of the James. While the former might have been better as a covering for Washington, yet a full survey of all the ground satisfied me that it would be impracticable to hold a line north and east of Richmond that would protect the Fredericksburg Railroad, — a long, vulnerable line, which would exhaust much of our strength to guard, and that would have to be protected to supply the army, and would leave open to the enemy all his lines of communication on the south side of the James. My idea, from the start, had been to beat Lee's army north of Richmond, if possible. Then, after destroying his lines of communication north of the James River, to transfer the army to the south side and besiege Lee in Richmond, or follow him south if he should retreat. After the battle of the Wilderness, it was evident that the enemy deemed it of the first importance to run no risks with the army he then had. He acted purely on the defensive behind breastworks, or feebly on the offensive immediately in front of them, and where, in case of repulse, he could easily retire behind them. Without a greater sacrifice of life than I was willing to make, all could not be accomplished that I had designed north of Richmond. I therefore determined to continue to hold substantially the ground we then occupied, taking advantage of any favorable circumstances that might present themselves, until the cavalry could be sent to Charlottesville and Gordonsville to effectually break up the railroad connection between Richmond and the Shenandoah valley and Lynchburg, and, when the cavalry got well off, to move the army to the south side of the James River, by the enemy's right flank, where I felt I could cut off all his sources of supply except by the canal."

I think, then, unless there is a flaw in my logic, I may claim for Grant a degree of proficiency in the highest department of his profession, which enables him "to execute with ability," according to the admission of the most censorious of his critics, what has been pronounced by the foremost master of war "the ablest manœuvre taught by military art."

The change of base was accomplished by stationing Warren upon the New-Market Road, to threaten an entrance into Richmond *à outrance*, and sending Wilson's squadron to drive the enemy's cavalry over White-Oak Swamp. Under cover of Warren's demonstration, the remaining corps of the army marched to Charles City. The Second Corps commenced crossing on the morning of the 14th, by ferry-boats, at Wilcox's Landing. During the same forenoon, Gen. Weitzel, chief-engineer of Virginia and North Carolina, had prepared at Douthard's, a short distance below Hancock's point of passage, the site and abutments of a bridge. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th, Gen. Benham undertook the remarkable achievement in engineering, of laying a pontoon, over two thousand feet in length, from Douthard's, on the north, to Windmill Point, on the south bank of a river navigable by the largest ships. The bridge rested on boats anchored in thirteen fathoms of water, and was completed by midnight of the same day. The Sixth Ninth, and Fifth Corps commenced crossing at about six o'clock in the morning of the 16th. For the next forty hours, a continuous stream of artillery, infantry, cavalry, wagons, and three thousand head

of beef cattle, passed the pontoon, without accident to man or beast.¹

The 15th of June was a notable day in the campaign. Upon the use which was made of a few hours towards its close depended the question whether Petersburg should fall by assault or siege. During

¹ The following is Gen. Benham's account of this notable enterprise: "On the 13th and 14th, in accordance with an order of Gen. Grant, I had sent up the pontoon rafts from Fort Monroe, under the above-named volunteer troops, not feeling then at liberty, from the previous orders of Gen. Meade, to leave my other property and troops to go up myself. But about eleven, A.M., on the 15th, I received the order, and was under way in half an hour, arriving at the position selected at about five, P.M. There I found Gen. Meade and Gen. Weitzel; which latter had prepared the approaches and had the abutment commenced. I was at once directly charged with the laying of the bridge, by Gen. Meade, with the regulars to assist the volunteers; and he smiled, when I told him, 'I should not sleep till the bridge was laid.'

"I distributed my men at once, the regulars at the east end, the volunteers at the west end, and a company of volunteers to prepare a part or raft by my plan of simultaneous bays.

"At about half-past ten, P.M., I received a despatch from Gen. Meade asking the progress of the bridge, to which I was able to reply at once, that the last boat was in position, and the raft of three boats built, ready to close the gap he had ordered left for the present; and that it was ready for completion in fifteen minutes at any time he ordered.

"The gap was closed, but the bridge was not required or used till six, A.M., the next morning; when the regulars were relieved, and the bridge continued under my care, with the volunteers, who carefully watched and repaired it every hour, or oftener, for the seventy-five or eighty hours it was down.

"For the next forty hours after six, A.M., of the 16th, a continuous stream of wagons passed over the bridge (from four thousand to six thousand wagons), — some said fifty miles of wagons, — and nearly all the artillery of this army, and by far the larger portion of the infantry, and all its cavalry present, and even to its head of three thousand or more of beef cattle (the most injurious of all), without an accident to man or beast. My officers and men were scarcely allowed any sleep during this time, nor myself as much even as four hours in the eighty hours preceding the taking up of the bridge; for it was in anxiety, not to say trembling, that I saw the destinies of this whole army of our country even committed to this single frail boat-bridge, with steamers and other vessels drifting against it, and with much of its planking previously worn almost entirely through by careless use upon the Rappahannock; and I dared not stop the living stream of men and matter to sheathe or protect it."

this afternoon it was only defended by a feeble band of disabled and superannuated soldiers, and it is admitted that a prompt and vigorous attack would have delivered it into our hands.¹ Grant has been censured for delinquency at this critical juncture. His own history of this crisis is as follows: "After the crossing had commenced, I proceeded by a steamer to Bermuda Hundred to give the necessary orders for the immediate capture of Petersburg. The instructions to Gen. Butler were verbal, and were for him to send Gen. Smith immediately, that night, with all the troops he could give him without sacrificing the position he then held. I told him that I would return at once to the Army of the Potomac, hasten its crossing, and throw it forward to Petersburg by divisions as rapidly as it could be done; that we could re-enforce our armies more rapidly there than the enemy could bring troops against us. Gen. Smith got off as directed, and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg before daylight next morning, but, for some reason that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his command only, he made the assault, and carried the lines north-east of Petersburg from the Appomattox River, for a distance of over two and a half miles, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery and three hundred prisoners. This was about seven, P.M. Between the line thus captured and

¹ Gen. Butler writes to Gen. Grant on June 13, two days before Smith's attack on Petersburg, "There were this morning but about two thousand men in Petersburg, partly militia."

Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had re-enforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear, — the moon shining brightly, — and favorable to further operations. Gen. Hancock, with two divisions of the Second Corps, reached Gen. Smith just after dark, and offered the service of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named commander, who, he naturally supposed, knew best the position of affairs, and what to do with the troops. But instead of taking these troops, and pushing at once into Petersburg, he requested Gen. Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured works, which was done before midnight.”

In accordance with these instructions, Gen. Butler put Smith in motion early in the morning of the 15th, with his own ten thousand, re-enforced by Kautz's division of cavalry and Hinks's division of colored troops.¹ I am convinced, by an examination of the authorities, that Smith's advance was not as rapid as Gen. Grant asserts. He did not reach the Petersburg pickets until between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, and all his troops were not deployed in action before its fortifications until noon. But this is the only assertion of Gen. Grant, in the paragraph I have transcribed from his report, which can be successfully impugned. It remains, therefore, for Gen. Smith to account for the hours between meridian and seven o'clock in the evening, and to show, moreover, why he suspended operations during

¹ Fifteen thousand in addition to the cavalry: probably eighteen thousand in all.

“the night, which was clear,—the moon shining brightly,—and favorable to further operations,” when the key to Richmond depended on the promptness of his movements. It is proffered in palliation of the tardiness of his arrival, that he was detained until nine o’clock by some rifle-pits, defended by infantry and a light battery, which were easily carried by the colored troops. When he reached Petersburg he was delayed by various impediments. He had been told that “cavalry could ride over the works:” but they actually consisted of “redans connected by rifle-pits;” and, when the squadrons of Kautz attempted this feat of horsemanship, they were arrested by an artillery fire. Gen. Smith finds, moreover, that he is baffled whenever he attempts to place his field-batteries in position. “Wherever I went on the line,” he says in his report, “I found a heavy cross-fire of artillery from the enemy. The few artillery positions I could find, I tried to get our guns to open from; but they were all driven in by the superior fire of artillery from the enemy’s earth-works.”¹ After a reconnoissance, he determined that an assault by column would be attended by too much risk, and therefore concluded to try a line of skirmishers. He did not come to this conclusion until five o’clock in the afternoon, when he was prevented from commencing it promptly by another untoward circumstance, which he thus describes in his report: “The chief of artillery had, upon his own responsibility, taken his guns to the rear, and unhitched the horses to water.”²

¹ Smith’s report of operations before Petersburg.

² *Idem*.

He assaulted at seven o'clock in the afternoon, as Mr. Swinton describes it, "with a cloud of *tirailleurs* advanced from the division of Hinks on the left, Brooks in the centre, and Martindale on the right (the rest of whose command awaited in line of battle to follow up any success), and under a sharp infantry fire carried the line. Brooks captured the works on the salient, with several hundred prisoners, and four guns, which, double-shotted with canister, had been kept in waiting for the expected column of assault. Hinks on the left, and Martindale on the right, followed up the success, the colored troops carrying four of the redoubts with their artillery."¹ Thus a "cloud of *tirailleurs*," — which in the vernacular means a heavy line of skirmishers, — without help from the "rest of the command," standing in line of battle, captured the works which the formidable division of Gen. Smith, re-enforced by Kautz and Hinks, had confronted, not since daylight, as Gen. Grant states, but since twelve o'clock meridian. With this success Gen. Smith rested, for reasons which he gives in his report, in the following language: "We had thus broken through the strong line of rebel works; but heavy darkness was upon us, and I had heard some hours before that Lee's army was rapidly crossing at Drury's Bluff. I deemed it wiser to hold what we had than, by attempting to reach the bridges, to lose what we had gained, and have the troops meet with a disaster. I knew, also, that some portions of the Army of the Potomac were coming to aid us, and therefore the troops were placed so as to occupy the commanding positions

¹ Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, pp. 502, 503.

and wait for daylight.”¹ I presume that Gen. Smith uses the word “darkness,” by metonymy, for that part of the twenty-four hours between sunset and sunrise; for, although Gen. Grant’s statement has been critically searched for flaws, no one has yet presumed to controvert his assertion, that “the night was clear,—the moon shining brightly,—and favorable to further operations.” It appears now, that Beauregard was so much distressed by the progress which had been made towards the capture of these fortifications, that he sent to Richmond in the evening for instructions upon the point, whether he should abandon Petersburg or Bermuda Hundred, affirming his inability to hold both.² Mr. Swinton, who has canvassed the evidence bearing upon this attack with great acumen, and arrived at a conclusion adverse to the one I have ventured to adopt, concedes, in a note which he appends to his pages, that an officer of less deliberate modes of procedure would have won this valuable prize.³

¹ Smith’s report of operations before Petersburg.

² Lieut.-Col. Fletcher’s War in America. He affirms that he obtained this information from Beauregard himself.

³ Gen. Smith might possibly have assaulted several hours before he actually did, had he chosen to take the risk of attacking without reconnoissance. It is likely enough that Sheridan, had he been present instead of Smith, would have done so. But this involves no foundation for a charge of dereliction of duty. It is only a question of choice between two different methods of action,—the method which, taking great risks, may either lose greatly or greatly gain, and that which works by methodical procedure. (Swinton’s Army of the Potomac, p. 503.) Mr. Greeley, who says of the general tenor of his own account of the Wilderness campaign, in his book on the American Conflict, that “no one will accuse him [Greeley] of partiality or special admiration for Gen. Grant,” yet, in the part of it devoted to this attack upon Petersburg, thus speaks of Smith’s failure to carry the fortifications on the afternoon of the 15th: “But there, though moments were inestimable, Smith paused, not assaulting till near sundown, when part of his force was sent forward, forming a very

If Gen. Grant's efforts had ended here, he should be acquitted of any negligence, in making every requisite preparation for the capture of Petersburg on the 15th day of June, 1864. As soon as his army had commenced crossing the James, he had hastened to Bermuda Hundred by steamer; he had sent four-fold odds,¹ commanded by one of his ablest generals, against a garrison of old men and invalids, in works so indefensible, by the force which held them, that "two miles and a half of the line, with fifteen cannon," yielded to a "cloud of *tirailleurs*." Such an impression had been made upon the fortifications by a mere assault of skirmishers, that Beauregard was meditating the surrender of Petersburg. Now the fault, if fault there be, must rest with the officer who resorted to methodical modes of procedure, when a vigorous *coup de main* would have finished the business; who took the responsibility of delaying till morning, when time was priceless. procrastination fatal, and success depended entirely upon promptitude.

But in addition to equipping Gen. Smith fully for this task, that assurance might be doubly sure, orders were issued to Gen. Hancock, on the evening

strong skirmish-line, and cleared the enemy's rifle-trenches in their front, capturing three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns, with a loss upon our part of about six hundred. And now, though the night was clear and the moon nearly full, Smith rested till morning, after the old but not good fashion of 1861-2." (American Conflict, p. 585.) Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, of the Fusileer Guards, who served with the Confederate army and has written a work upon the war, although he intimates, that, from calculations based on distances, Hancock should have reached Petersburg by noon, yet says, "Had Smith pressed forward vigorously on the 15th, the effort was not beyond his strength."

¹ Gen. Butler writes to Gen. Grant on June 15, the day of the attack, "Smith must have at least fifteen thousand men with him, besides cavalry and four batteries of artillery. *I cannot conceive of more force being needed.*"

of the 14th, to advance on the morning of the 15th, and take position with his army corps before the fortifications of Petersburg. Hancock was authorized to wait for subsistence stores from Bermuda Hundred; but he marched "early in the morning," without these supplies. While pushing forward in the direction of Petersburg, he was met at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, with orders from Gen. Grant "to move with haste to the support of Gen. Smith." Hancock forthwith hurried up Birney's division of the Second Corps, which reported to Smith prior to the attack I have already described, and took position on the left of Gen. Hinks. Soon after the attack, Gen. Hancock, with the rest of the corps, arrived. He communicated with Gen. Smith. He waived rank in deference to that general's knowledge of the situation. He was merely requested to occupy with the Second Army Corps that part of the works captured from the enemy. Gen. Smith was therefore furnished with Birney's division previous to the time when he was himself ready to make the attack; which must certainly put to rest the claim, that he had not troops enough to carry the defences against its feeble garrison. Hancock's entire corps was also at his disposal during a moon-lighted night, which was "favorable for further operations."¹

The next morning, for which Smith had taken the responsibilities of waiting, found in the lines which

¹ "During this day, the 14th June, the greater portion of the Second Corps was ferried across the river. In the evening, orders were sent to Major-Gen. Hancock to move early the next morning, and to take position in front of Petersburg. He was, however, authorized to delay until the receipt of subsistence stores, which, in the absence of our supply-trains, were to be sent down from

confronted him a force of veterans whose special function was the defence of redans and rifle-pits, not only against a "cloud of *tirailleurs*," but massed army corps and armies. The works, too, which were so assailable the day before, were strengthened by the best engineering skill, by garrisons and troops withdrawn from Bermuda Hundred, and by Lee's army as fast as it reached them from its recent intrenchments at Cold Harbor.¹

Bermuda Hundred. Major-Gen. Hancock moved without the supplies, his leading division under Birney reporting to Major-Gen. W. F. Smith about an hour before that officer's attack on the enemy; and, by direction of Gen. Smith, Birney took position on the left of Gen. Hinks. Soon after, or about dark, Major-Gen. Hancock arrived with the rest of his corps, and, on communicating with Major-Gen. Smith, was by that officer requested to place his command in a part of the works captured from the enemy." — *Gen. Meade's MS. Report, dated Nov. 1, 1864.*

Gen. Hancock telegraphed to Gen. Butler on June 15 as follows: "My leading division connected with Gen. Smith *about five o'clock, P.M.*

¹ It appears that Gen. Smith's force was regarded both by Gens. Grant and Butler as sufficient to capture Petersburg. It is indisputable that Hancock was pushed forward to Harrison's Creek, a point within a mile of Petersburg. Much stress has been laid upon the fact, that the position to which Hancock was directed was not clearly marked out, and was also wrongly named upon the map; but this is immaterial, because he lost no time upon the march in search for it, and actually, according to his own telegram to Gen. Butler, supported Smith with "his leading division at five o'clock, P.M.," two hours and a half before Smith himself was ready to make the assault. Gen. Hancock, in a letter dated, "Near Petersburg, Va., 26th of June, 1864," and addressed to "Brig.-Gen. S. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General Army of the Potomac," asking for an investigation of newspaper statements which implicated the army corps he commanded in the failure of Gen. Smith's attack, says, "I claim that if Petersburg was garrisoned at that time only, as is now believed, that it should have been captured by the Eighteenth Corps, which was directed to assault the town, with, I believe, fifteen thousand men, and certainly with the assistance of the two divisions of the Second Corps, which I offered to Gen. Smith just after dark on the 15th, — these two divisions being then massed at Bryant's house, on the left and rear of Gen. Hinks's division, about one mile from Gen. Smith's front line."

It therefore becomes immaterial whether Hancock was delayed or not on the morning of the 15th, in waiting for rations, as he actually arrived in season to support the attack of Smith.

Upon this application, which Hancock made for a court of inquiry, Gen.

I have never heard it denied that Grant was required, both by military principles and by the remarkable relations of this fortress, to test in the first instance the resistance of the Petersburg intrenchments by a general assault. The temper of the nation certainly never would have brooked a siege, until the impracticability of capturing *à toute outrance* a prize coveted beyond its deserts had been abundantly demonstrated. Although in monarchical governments it may be considered a proof of military rigor, and of loyalty to the art of war, to condemn popular sentiment in the conduct of a campaign, in a republic, -- and especially in the great Rebellion, which was pre-eminently the people's war, -- no

Meade indorsed as follows: "Had Major-Gen. Hancock and myself been apprised in time of the contemplated movement against Petersburg, and the necessity of his co-operation, I am of the opinion he could have been pushed much earlier to the scene of operations; but as matters occurred, and with our knowledge of them, I do not see how any censure can be attached to Gen. Hancock and his corps."

If Gen. Meade wishes to remain firm in the conviction, that "he was not apprised in time" of the contemplated movement against Petersburg, it will not do for him to compare his recollections upon this point with that of another officer equally well informed. It will also remain for him to explain for what purpose he ordered the Second Corps to Petersburg on the evening of the 14th; why, on the morning of the 15th, he hurried it on without waiting for the wagons to come up and issue rations; why he finally directed the Second Corps to march forthwith to Petersburg without supplies from Bermuda Hundred. But Gen. Meade's knowledge, or want of knowledge, of the intended attack does not relieve Gen. Smith from the *onus* of the failure; inasmuch as Hancock's leading division, after all, reported to Gen. Smith before Smith was himself ready to make the assault. Of what consequence is it that Hancock "could have been pushed much earlier," when "his leading division connected with Smith at five o'clock, P.M.," on the afternoon of this notable 15th of June, 1864? If Gen. Meade's indorsement is to be construed as accusing Gen. Grant of withholding from his coadjutor timely information of this important movement, it is sufficient to say that it is traversed by the recollections of parties who knew all the facts of the case, and by circumstantial evidence of a conclusive character.

general can afford to disregard entirely the sentiment of the citizens. It was proved at a severe cost in the attack of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, that with Lee's veterans in the Petersburg works, strengthened as they had been during the interval, they could resist a combined movement by the Armies of the Potomac and the James. Petersburg, which might have been captured the day before by one of Sheridan's assaults, was now prepared to withstand a siege. The beleaguering was commenced which finally decided the fate of the Confederacy.

More of *éclat* than of substantial triumph would have been won by the capture, at this period, of this important outwork of Richmond. Writers are mistaken when they assume that it would have anticipated by ten months the surrender of Lee, and have terminated hostilities by the middle of June, instead of the middle of the following April. The defeat of our assault was not the most unfortunate incident of the struggle. It induced the rebel leaders to select lines of operations for the definite determination of the issue, which were most favorable to us. No field could have been chosen which provided the North with a more convenient base for supplies and reinforcements, and where its superior resources could more effectually be brought to bear upon the waning Rebellion. Fortune sometimes sees farther than mortals who accuse her of being blind. The siege, instead of entailing, as has been asserted, probably averted, an "Iliad of woes." If the Confederate capital had proved untenable at this crisis by the capture of this fortress on its flank, the Army of Vir-

ginia would have been merely transferred to the mountainous interior, and a theatre of war chosen where our armies would have been separated by long and vulnerable communications from the source of their vitality and dominion. Flagrant war might have blasted this green earth for tempestuous decades; far from the debatable land, peaceful vales, where the bounty of nature and the handiwork of man are now harmoniously blended, might have been desolated by predatory inroads continued until this day; our frontiers, where every man now sits tranquilly under his own vine and fig-tree, might have repeated through a century of partisan strife the border history of England and Scotland; the diatribes of our wrangling Thersites might have been vindicated, the vaticinations of our political Cassandra verified, by the inauguration of military despotism on this republican soil.¹

¹ Our losses from June 10 to June 20 were 85 officers, 1,113 enlisted men, killed; 361 officers, 6,492 enlisted men, wounded; 46 officers, 1,568 enlisted men, missing.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE RECEIVES THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

[JULY, 1864 – APRIL, 1865.]

WITH the siege of Petersburg opens a new chapter in the campaign. The scope of this biography does not require from me a full description of the events of the beleaguering: the limits of my volume certainly forbid it. I am not writing military annals, but am pursuing the question, What did Grant do in the civil war? for the purpose of illustrating his qualities as a general. I shall therefore content myself with characterizing, rather than detailing, the operations from the beginning of July till the spring campaign was opened, by Grant's order from City Point, of the 24th of March, 1865.

Petersburg is at the head of sloop navigation on the Appomatox, one of the affluents of the James, and derives its military importance from being a fortress advanced twenty-two miles from the flank of Richmond, and from being the focus of all the railroads from the south and south-west which converge towards the Confederate capital, except the Danville Road, which finds its terminus directly in Richmond itself. Both cities are in the same strategic series, being, in fact, but the right and left of the same great

line. The bastions and connecting parapets in which Richmond lies unassailable connect themselves with similar defences in front of its chief dependency. Petersburg not only constitutes the right of Lee's fortified position, but, from its relations to the railroads, is the chief source of subsistence and supplies to the whole Army of Northern Virginia. I am not concerned with the works of the capital, except to indicate their connection with those of its advanced stronghold, and to note that the system is of such extent and magnitude that the complete investment of the whole is admitted to be impracticable.

The problem of the campaign was to secure such a fortified position in front of Petersburg that it must either fall by the severance of its communications or by assault. The accomplishment of either of these results was not merely a step to the downfall of Richmond, but the dissolution of all that remained to the Confederacy in Virginia of political importance and military power. The entire strength of the enemy was rallied to prevent it; the entire strength of the Union army was put forth to achieve it.

By the 1st of July, Lee had perfected the fortifications of Petersburg. Butler, at Bermuda Hundred, finds himself confronted by a line of redans, connected by powerful infantry parapets stretching from the horseshoe bend of the James (which forms the peninsula of Dutch Gap) to the northern bank of the Appomattox, opposite Petersburg: these effectually secured the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad from the raids of the Army of the James. Crossing now to the south side of the Appomattox, works of a similar char-

acter commence before the right of the Army of the Potomac, extend along its entire front, and, stretching far beyond the Union left to Hatcher's Run, completely infold Petersburg on the east and south.

Grant did not design the complete investment of this elongated line; but the communications of the enemy were not entirely closed, nor was the connection of the two cities severed, even at the final catastrophe. It was not a siege like Vicksburg; which, it will be remembered, was completely hemmed in, so that a courier could not enter without encountering our works, nor the enemy leave without storming our defences. The investment of Petersburg was the controverted question between the two belligerents; and Grant, at the outset, was obliged to assume a unique attitude towards it, which would secure to him every advantage he could compass, without a complete beleaguering.

By the time the enemy had constructed the works I have described, Grant had stretched, for two miles and a half, a series of redoubts connected by embankments, and had advanced embrasured batteries for storming facilities. His right was the Appomattox; and the labor of the campaign, and the war problem to be solved, was to push and develop this inchoate investment to the left. The relation of the Potomac army to the strongholds of the enemy was not that of an anaconda, but a watch-dog, attempting not to strangle, but to spring on the victim. In selecting this attitude, Grant was controlled by the following considerations: 1. He required fortified lines which could be defended by a tithe of his army, and which

could relieve the great mass of it from the pent-up duties of a regular siege. 2. He wished to operate against the communications of the foe in two modes, — either by extending his intrenched lines to the left, and actually cut and hold the enemy's railroads in the neighborhood of Petersburg; or to project movable columns to a distance, for the purpose of capturing and occupying the keys and intersections of the whole system of railroads, which were too remote to be reached by any prolongation of our works. 3. Grant wished his army left free to seize every advantage for its own welfare, or for the annoyance of the enemy, which might at any moment be presented at any point of the thirty or forty miles of line which Lee was obliged to guard. I should note, in connection with this last consideration, that, in addition to our two main armies on the *south* side of the James, Gen. Foster had effected a lodgement at Deep Bottom, within ten miles of Richmond, on the *north* bank of the same river: Foster's lines were connected by pontoons with Bermuda Hundred. Grant must adapt his plans to the possibilities which might lie dormant in that peculiar post. 4. He must be prepared for an assault, not only on Petersburg, but also on Richmond.

A glance at these considerations will disclose the *rationale* of the various movements during the summer, autumn, and winter which followed: it will show, moreover, their relation to a systematized plan adopted when the investment was commenced; it will relieve them from seeming confusion, and from the imputation of being spasmodic, accidental, tentative.

With this guidance, turn your attention to the

series of engagements which were fought to extend our lines over communications in the vicinage of Petersburg. The nucleus from which our works grew into such tremendous power and magnitude was the intrenchments which we captured from the enemy by our sanguinary assault: they, at first, covered only the Norfolk Road, which, as a communication, was comparatively worthless to the foe. Every successive step towards the left was the price of blood and the reward of victory. It was by what is called a "sharp affair," that Hancock extended our lines to the Jerusalem Plank-road, and connected with Griffin, who held a fortified position still farther to the left. We were thus carried within three miles of that great channel of communication with the fruitful region of the Confederacy upon the shores of the Southern Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The name of the Weldon Railroad has fairly become romantic, and will through all time recall the ferocious encounters of embattled hosts. When Warren finally intrenched himself athwart it, he held his dear-earned highway by repelling assaults from the select brigades of an army determined to tear it from his grasp. The gap between the Weldon and the Jerusalem Plank-road was gained by a severe engagement. For the Boydton Plank-road, still farther to the left, which had become of importance to Petersburg since the capture of the Weldon Road, another battle was fought. Peeples's Farm and Poplar Spring Church recall the bloody struggle of Griffin's division, and Forts Keene and Wheaton are the monuments of his success. The South-side Road now became the bone of contention:

two expeditions were sent to capture it ; and, although the valuable prize at which they aimed eluded their grasp, our lines were extended thereby to Hatcher's Run. It was seven months of incessant warfare which stretched our investment fifteen miles to the left ; and every movement which conquered position was pronounced a failure, because it did not sever a railroad, or instantly demolish Petersburg. It was not until February that our lines covered the enemy's front. Grant was continually censured by unreasonable fault-finders, because every step towards this substantial advantage was not an overwhelming discomfiture of Lee. In looking exclusively at the disasters of the course, even reasonable men forgot that the goal was reached. When we remember Five Forks, we should not be unmindful that the seed of that victory was planted with our redoubts and intrenchments upon Hatcher's Run. The foundations of that temple of fame which subsequently rose were laid by unostentatious struggles which were never gazetted as triumphs ; and no surer progress towards the reduction of Richmond was made than in those seven months wherein there was no trumpeted renown.

Glance now at the enterprises which were inaugurated to rupture and destroy those sources of supply which were too remote to be reached by our investment. The Lynchburg, South-side, and Danville Railroads are the sole communications of the enemy which remain unclosed. Shall we suffer them to re-enforce, clothe, feed, the Army of Virginia ? or are they of sufficient consequence to justify the risk of

a movable column for their suppression? Burkesville, some forty miles from Petersburg, is at the intersection of these three roads. Shall Grant send a force to occupy it? or shall he sit sucking his fingers at City Point, and impotently asking what shall be done? Shall he remain vacillating between different expedients until inaction is as fatal as defeat? Remember, before you answer these questions, that a movable column is no safe venture, that it may cost lives, that you will forget all the good which was aimed at in your wails over the blood which is spilled and the losses which are incurred. Leaders of armies, unlike deliberating critics, cannot indulge in prolonged debate or exhaustive analysis of measures: an emergency arises, it must be met at once; an occasion presents itself, it must be instantly seized, or lost forever.

In Grant's judgment, the juncture authorized the risk; and the cavalry of Wilson and Kautz, eight thousand strong, are launched on a railroad raid. Wilson strikes the Weldon Road at Reams's Station, beyond where it is held by Warren, and burns the depot, and dismantles a long section of the track; he repeats the experiment upon the Lynchburg Road, not without a sharp encounter with the enemy; he despatches Kautz to Burkesville, and both the Southside and Danville Railroads are stripped for several miles. The two cavalry divisions again reunite, and prosecute their work of havoc to the Roanoke Bridge, where they are smitten by an overmastering force, and driven homeward. On their retreat they are tossed about, surge and resurge, like a vessel pursued

over the ocean by hostile tempests. The foe closes round them, and shows no mercy: a body of rebels at Stony Creek, on the Weldon Road, shivers their rigging and top-gear; betaking themselves to Reams's Station, as to a friendly haven, they are unexpectedly buffeted by remorseless foes. The two divisions of cavalry separate, and flee across the Nottoway; hunted and persecuted, they struggle to their camp by circuitous courses, with the loss of artillery and cavalry, both steeds and riders broken-winded and dishevelled.

Under the same category were the operations of Warren, in December, upon the Weldon Road; for, although this avenue was securely held by us in the neighborhood of Petersburg, the enemy were still enabled to derive advantages from it, by unloading at some of its remote depots their stores, and transporting them in wagons over the Boynton Plank-road, which was still exempt from our control. It was now proposed to completely destroy the road for twenty-five miles to the southward. Warren's division demolished the railroad bridge over the Nottoway, crossed the stream, and tore up the track for twenty miles, to the Meherrin River, where their further progress was arrested by two forts, at Hickford's Station. They returned to camp with but slight loss.

Akin in plan, and subserving the same general design, was the superb sweep of Sheridan, with ten thousand sabres, up the valley of the Shenandoah. He shakes off the broken fragments of Early, which buzz around his flanks; gallops over Middle-Fork Bridge while the enemy are striving to burn it; clat-

ters through the streets of Staunton; wheels sharply for Waynesborough at the east; storms over the demoralized remnants which his old antagonist gathered into Rockfish Gap; strikes Charlottesville; destroys tracks, culverts, bridges of the Lynchburg and Richmond Railroads; dismantles the canal at Columbia; courses over the Pamunkey around the army of Lee; arrives at the White House. You may trace his vast orbit by the wrecks and *débris* of bridges, culverts, canals, tracks, trains, and engines.

Two formidable expeditions were detached from the Petersburg line to develop any advantages which might lie in Foster's post at Deep Bottom, on the north side of the James, and but ten miles from Richmond. Both of these detachments were under Hancock's direction. The first broke the enemy's line in Foster's front, with the capture of prisoners, guns, and colors. It secured and occupied an advanced line, extending from the James to the Long-Bridge and New-Market Roads. The demonstration drew to the north of the James a large part of the army of Lee: three of his corps only were left to guard the Petersburg line. This depletion of the fortifications was improved to explode a mine which Gen. Burnside had excavated under one of the enemy's batteries in his front. There was a discreditable mismanagement in the execution of this enterprise, and Gen. Grant characterizes it for me as "a needlessly miserable affair." The second expedition of Hancock to Deep Bottom, near the middle of August, was also successful in the capture of guns, prisoners, and colors; but its most decisive result was to develop the unassailable strength of

the enemy's fortifications in front of Foster's lines. I have thus briefly indicated the *rationale* and result of the chief operations during the summer and winter after the investment of Petersburg was commenced.

The combined expeditions of the Army of the James and the Army of Western Virginia, upon which Grant greatly relied when the Wilderness campaign commenced, for reasons which it is not the province of this biography to discuss, failed to realize the full measure of advantage which was anticipated from their co-operation. While the influence of Bermuda Hundred was, at the worst, merely negative, the operations of Sigel and Hunter were a source of incessant anxiety to Grant. The weighty contribution which success in the valley of the Shenandoah would have brought to that imperilled march from the Rapidan to the James was not felt, until Sheridan, "by knowing his geography and fighting his men,"¹ closed this avenue of strength and sustenance to Richmond.

The corresponding movement, which was committed to Sherman, was executed with an ability which has filled the world with his fame. No re-enforcements from that direction invigorated the Army of Virginia, while into the Army of the Potomac was incessantly poured the replenishment of Sherman's victories.

¹ An officer of the Army of the Potomac, who was at first inclined to attribute Sheridan's success to luck rather than merit, reversed his opinions after one of the crowning victories of the valley, and with great frankness indicated to Sheridan his former opinion and its recent changes. Sheridan rather disclaimed the complimentary part of the remark, and said, "All that a man wants to do is to know his geography, and to fight his men."

From first to last, it was a decided auxiliary to Grant. When stronghold after stronghold fell before his favorite coadjutor, when vast areas of productive soil were subjugated by that mighty march from Atlanta to the sea, when he constantly narrowed the domain from which Lee drew his supplies, and isolated Richmond by severing intercommunication with the most fruitful of its dependencies, the Confederate capital began to feel the weight of the colossal combination which Grant had organized for its overthrow.

The diversion to Washington, which Lee initiated for the purpose of relieving him from the pressure which was closing round him, failed signally to fulfil his sanguine anticipations. If he had any expectations that the expeditionary force of Early would capture the city, it impugns his military forecast; if he hoped that a menace to our capital would relax the grasp of Grant, it convicts him of the folly of underrating an antagonist: as an attack, or a threat, it was alike fruitless of any valuable results.

The second spasmodic struggle of Lee revealed a still more impoverished magazine of expedients. It was an attempt of the oppressor in the agonies of dissolution to invoke the aid of the oppressed. To recruit the exhausted ranks of Southern armies, freedom was tendered to all fencible slaves. It is hard to say whether the white oligarchy received this proffer with the most mortification, or the abject race with the most contempt. An unqualified liberation at this late period would hardly have averted impending doom; but qualified emancipation on condition of enlistment, while it could not possibly

conciliate the slave, was to the master a manifesto of desperation under the seal of the Confederate Government.

The third expedient of Lee was more sagacious in policy, but equally akin to despair. It was Lee's purpose at this time to abandon the defence of the capital, and, retiring in the direction of Lynchburg or Danville, to impose upon the Union army another expensive and prolonged campaign. Upon his muster-rolls at this period were sixty thousand men;¹ and it was hoped, that, by a junction with Johnston, Sherman might be overwhelmed. The project was so plausible, that, at the close of the winter, Grant was more fearful of the withdrawal of the rebel army than of its prolonged resistance at Petersburg. The capture of Fort Stedman, which proved in the end as miserable an affair to the rebels as the mine *fiasco* had been to us, was the initiative of this measure. Lee was willing to stake the cause upon this final throw. It was commended by every military consideration; but he was driven from its execution, either by the clamor of the Confederate journals, or by the disapproval of its political authorities.

On March 28, 1865, Grant issued from City Point the memorable order which was destined to vanquish

¹ "Had Lee's effective force (by his muster-rolls 64,000 men, but suppose the number available for such a campaign but 50,000), swelled by such re-enforcements as Hardee, Beauregard, Wheeler, and Hoke might have afforded him, been hurled upon Sherman, as he confidently approached Savannah, Columbia, or Fayetteville, it is indeed possible that the blow, so closely resembling that dealt to Cornwallis at Yorktown by Washington and Rochambeau, might have been effectually contested (as theirs was not) by the hurried movement southward, by water, of corps after corps of the Army of the Potomac," &c., &c. — *Greeley's American Conflict*, p. 725.

Rebellion, and destroy the Confederacy. By its authority, in our line of works in front of the enemy, to guard them as long as the emergencies of the proposed movement would require, the Ninth Army Corps was stationed, and constituted the pivot upon which the whole Army of the James and the Potomac, with Sheridan's cavalry, was wheeled upon the vulnerable right of Lee, at the south-west of Petersburg, which had been the aim of so many unsuccessful adventures. It is unnecessary to describe the preliminary marches by which the various divisions of this ponderous flanking mass reached the positions assigned them for the execution of this enterprise. Omitting the various routes of the different corps from Bermuda Hundred, from Deep Bottom, from the stations and forts in front of Petersburg, I will briefly delineate their positions on the morning of the 30th of March.

Sheridan was in possession of Dinwiddie Courthouse, and constituted the extreme left of our wheeling line; then followed, in the order named, Warren with the Fifth Corps, Humphreys now in command of the Second, Ord with the Army of the James, Wright with the famous Sixth, connecting the moving force at Hatcher's Run with the pivot on which it was to swing,—the stationary Ninth, intrenched along the front of Petersburg, even to the old resting-place of our right upon the Appomattox River. It had been Grant's original purpose to leave Sheridan foot-free, to operate upon distant lines of communication; but on the evening of the 29th of April, visited by a premonition that the end was near, he changed

his purpose, and sent to Sheridan the following remarkable despatch: "I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose, and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy, if you can, and get on to his right rear. The movements of the enemy's cavalry may, of course, modify your action. We will act all together, as one army, here until it is seen what can be done with the enemy." The country in front of the wheeling force was covered with such entanglements as forests and swamps, which our army had already encountered in previous movements over this ground. Upon it, also, intrenched positions were established, which Lee had drawn out from Hatcher's Run, covering both the Boydton-Plank and White-Oak Roads, and designed also to protect the South-side Railroad, which was now his main avenue of communication. I should also note, that there were detached works, intended to defend the intersection of five roads, at Five Forks.

The movement of our heavy masses for the last three days had attracted the observation of Lee, and it required but little of his discernment to divine that the vulnerable right was again to be assailed. He was probably unaware how much our own lines had been enfeebled by withdrawing from them this immense detachment. The Confederate commander was torn between two demands equally imperious, — the necessity of protecting his elongated line from a rupture at any point, which would have been an irreparable calamity; and the necessity of guarding

his communications from a demonstration which threatened inevitable destruction to all the interests committed to his charge. From Richmond to Five Forks, he depleted his works down to the extreme minimum required for their defence, and concentrated every available man upon the threatened position. He confronts impending fate with that resolution and fortitude which are the celestial armor of great souls in dire extremities of fortune. He was conscious that but a very few hours of military authority remained: he foresaw the beginning of the end, but he still struggled, hero-like, with accumulating ruin. During this closing scene, he wielded his baton with as much serenity, and held it with as firm a grasp, as if the perpetual command of an irresistible army had been decreed to him by fate.

A drenching rain descended on the night of the 29th, which was prolonged during the following day. Active hostilities were pretermitted by the express order of the lieutenant-general. The weather befriended Lee, enabling him to concentrate his troops and complete his dispositions.

It must be remembered that Sheridan, at Dinwiddie Court-house, was several miles to the left of the infantry which was attempting to execute Grant's order. On the morning of the 31st of March, Warren was posted to the westward of the Boynton Plank-road, with his left flank exposed to one of those sudden swoops which were always expected from the Confederate commander when in an aggressive temper. Humphreys, with the Second Corps, is

upon his right. In order to guard his naked left from Lee's stereotyped manœuvre, Warren had disposed his three divisions *en échelon*, to meet the assault from whatever direction it might come, and had massed them; because, in his judgment, that disposition was preferable in this dilemma to an attenuated line. Ayres, in advance, confronts the White-Oak Road; Crawford's division is to the rear and right of Ayres; Griffin's division to the rear and right of Crawford's; Humphreys, with the Second Army Corps, to the right of Griffin. If I understand the first movement which Warren initiated, it was to advance his skirmishers and a brigade from the woods, in order to occupy the White-Oak Road, to strengthen his position, and command a view of the enemy's whereabouts. While executing this movement, Lee fell upon Warren from two directions, with an impetuous spring. Ayres was hurled back upon Crawford, and both upon Griffin, where, owing to the fortunate formation of the corps, the three divisions readily combined, and presented a solid front, which not only held, but dashed back discomfited, the rebel columns. Lee was foiled in the onslaught; and, with assistance from Gen. Humphreys, a vehement counter-attack was made, which drove back the enemy to the fortifications upon the White-Oak Road, whence he had emerged.

Meanwhile Sheridan by skilful manœuvres had seized Five Forks, four miles to the left of the line which was held by Warren. The military advantage of this position was that it opened an inroad upon the whole fortifications of the enemy as far as Peters-

burg, and threatened consequences which might be fatal in their character. Persisting in the expedients of sudden springs, which was Lee's sole hope of deliverance from his present strait, he gathered his forces in hand, and threw them with tremendous violence upon Sheridan's cavalry at Five Forks. He was more fortunate in this adventure ; for he not only recaptured the strategical position which Sheridan had seized, but drove him back to Dinwiddie Court-house, and held him there by an intrenched battle-line. When Gen. Grant consents to illustrate his own character in a description of military events, I freely surrender to him the pen. I think that he does so in the following description of Sheridan's behavior at this crisis : —

“Here Gen. Sheridan displayed great generalship. Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses. This compelled the enemy to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country, and made his progress slow. At this juncture he despatched to me what had taken place, and that he was dropping back slowly on Dinwiddie Court-house. Gen. McKenzie's cavalry and one division of the Fifth Corps were immediately ordered to his assistance. Soon after, receiving a report from Gen. Meade that Humphreys could hold our position on the Boydton Road, and that the other two divisions of the Fifth Corps could go to Sheridan, they were so ordered at once. Thus the operations of the day necessitated

the sending of Warren, because of his accessibility, instead of Humphreys, as was intended, and precipitated intended movements."

CALENDAR.

APRIL, 1865.		REMARKS.
Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Grand Finale.
First.	Saturday.	Battle of Five Forks.
Second.	Sunday.	Lee evacuates Petersburg.
Third.	Monday.	Pursuit commenced.
Fourth.	Tuesday.	Lee struck at Jetersville.
Fifth.	Wednesday.	Chase changed to a hunt.
Sixth.	Thursday.	Ewell surrenders.
Seventh.	Friday.	Grant and Lee exchange notes.
Eighth.	Saturday.	Lee refuses to surrender.
Ninth.	Sunday.	Lee surrenders.

Re-enforced by the Fifth Corps, Sheridan was enabled to resume the aggressive on Saturday morning, and fight the most brilliant action of the war. With powerful squadrons he crowds the enemy from two temporary lines, and by two o'clock drives Pickett's and Johnson's divisions of Lee's army, into their main defences at Five Forks, on the White-Oak Road. He manipulates cavalry and infantry with the hand of a master. While driving the enemy into their works, he not only uses his cavalry as an assailing force, but as an impenetrable mask, behind which Warren is enabled to array his line and mass his

columns in such a manner that their whole weight may fall, when the curtain is withdrawn, upon the Confederate left. Still enveloping the works with his cavalry, Sheridan directed Gen. Merritt to manœuvre as though he was attempting to turn the enemy's right flank: he notified him that Warren would deliver his blow on the left; he ordered him to sound his bugles for a charge the moment that the volleys of musketry announced that the Fifth Corps was engaged. He despatched McKenzie's sabres up the White-Oak Road, to attack re-enforcements hastening from Petersburg. The subordinate executed the order with the ability of his chief, and counter-marched to Sheridan before Warren was ready to charge. Warren, with formidable columns and lines, now advances to the White-Oak Road, as if he was aiming at the front of the enemy's works; but suddenly, under cover of the cavalry, he changes face to the westward, and instantly expands a battle-line to the left and rear of the astounded enemy, and perpendicular to his position. The line advances with a precision and an *élan* which were equally splendid. To meet it, Pickett and Johnson throw back their left in the form of a crochet, and thus receive the vigorous onslaught of Warren on their flank.

The Fifth Corps charge on impetuously, and, inspired by the example of their officers, double up the enemy's left and centre. Prompt at the preconcerted signal, Gen. Merritt responds at the right of the enemy's works; and his brave cavalymen carry them at the same time that Warren is demolishing the left. By blows thus harmoniously delivered,

fortifications three miles in length are simultaneously captured, and the divisions which held them disastrously routed. Immediately the cavalry squadrons scour the White-Oak Road, seizing the field-batteries of Pickett, and turning them upon the fugitives. So demoralized were the enemy by this overwhelming defeat, that no serious stand was made after their lines were mastered. Upwards of five thousand prisoners fell into our hands: broken and disordered fragments of these divisions were pursued long after dark by Merritt and McKenzie, for a distance of six miles.¹

Darkness had hardly hushed the rattle of musketry at Five Forks before the cannon which had been mute during the day, as if hanging in rapt attention upon the momentous issues of this battle, now opened all their brazen throats from the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run, in one wild, universal, triumphant peal of thunder. The night was hideous with screeching shells, and bombs tracing net-works of lurid fire over the serene azure of patient heaven. It was but the prelude for a general assault by Sunday's dawn on the blackened redoubts which had so long defied the majesty of the Republic. Parke confronted intrenchments which he easily stormed; but he was halted, as by Alpine cliffs, before that grim old cordon of interior earth-works, the most fossilized of the whole series, which had held our army at bay from the beginning. Wright, with feebler defences before him, rushed on with victorious and unimpeded step, sweeping artillery and prisoners from the para-

¹ Sheridan's Report. Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, pp. 507-8.

pets and redans down to the Boydton Road ; where he was joined by a division of Ord, who had scaled the earthen battlements in their front, and now wheeled with Wright towards the final refuge of the hunted foe. The only resistance which Humphreys met was from one redoubt ; and, with its capture, the intrenched lines, but yesterday bristling with cannon and foes, wilted impotently for miles. Naught remained for him to do, but to leave one division to gather up the dissolving columns of the enemy which remained west of Hatcher's Run, and march with the other to concentrate upon Wright and Ord before the most interior defences of the fortress. The combined corps were arrested in their advance by Fort Gregg, which was garrisoned by an intrepid band of Mississippi sharpshooters, who repulsed with great slaughter several fiery charges which Gibbon delivered, and were not overcome until seven-eighths of their battalion lay weltering in their gore. The Union army was now closed upon that circumscribed chain of works from the Appomattox on the east to the Appomattox on the west of Petersburg. In the midst of this wreck and disaster, the spirit of Lee remains undismayed. Encouraged by a small re-enforcement from Longstreet, he falls upon our troops with all his wonted fire. A commanding eminence in the vicinity is held by the Ninth Army Corps. The undaunted soul of the Confederate commander can not brook its threatening presence. He directs Gen. A. P. Hill, of kindred genius, to gather up the broken and fainting columns for a final contest. Hill storms the crest with the daunt-

less heroism of his palmiest hour, determined that a corps with such traditions should expire with a glory worthy of its meridian culmination. The onset was so terrific that re-enforcements were required to resist it, and worthy of the corps leader whose name had been identified from the beginning with the proudest exploits of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was in the last desperate charge for possession of this coveted eminence that Hill was slain. There was something worthy of that discriminating Fate worshipped of yore by classic Argives, that the last dauntless blow should be struck by Hill that the last height which signalized the expiring struggle of the beleaguering army for victory on this field should be stained with the last blood of a chieftain to whom the indomitable defence of Petersburg has assigned an imperishable name.

During this memorable Sunday morning, President Lincoln was at City Point, at Grant's headquarters. Jefferson Davis was attending church at Richmond. While the one was disseminating through the land exhilarating tidings of crowning victory, the seat of the other at St. Paul's was approached by an orderly, who placed in his hands this message of direful import from Gen. Lee: "My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated to-night." Davis walked down the aisle with the weight of an added score of years in his gait. Words were not needed; not more clearly did trembling Belshazzar read impending doom on the graven wall, than the hushed congregation in the haggard countenance of the chief conspirator. The inhabitants of Richmond

were unprepared for this knell of death. Within thirty miles of their doors, the fate both of their city and Government had been decided in battle ; but all information was so vigorously tabooed, that people were hugging to their deluded bosoms on this brilliant sabbath morning a lying rumor which was rife five days ago, that the independence of the Southern Confederacy had been established by a decisive victory of Lee over the beleaguering army in a night attack. The news of misfortune, we are told, travels without aid of newspapers ; but even those who had correctly translated the woe-begone visage of Davis could not induce their incredulous neighbors to believe that the end was near. The morning had been unusually quiet upon the streets, — no movement of troops, no rattling of artillery wheels ; and the idea was scouted, that war with its train of horror could enter this balmy air, alight on this beaming landscape, and disturb the serenity of church-going bells, happy homes, and cloudless skies. But, as the afternoon waned, the unusual clatter of wagons, pale fugitives in retreat, throngs at the Danville depot, boxes and trunks about the departments and military headquarters, disorder and confusion increasing with the minutes, convinced the most sceptical that a crisis was in progress. Systematic individuals of regular habits rushed to the public offices for intelligence : but the owl-like mystery habitual to official personages was redoubled ; every responsible officer was invisible ; there was a flitting from room to room of messengers, too hurried to stop and speak ; and, as usual in such junctures, it was

all question and no answer, all bewilderment and no reliable information. What was still more ominous, the cellars and garrets began to disgorge into the streets the sons and daughters of Belial, scenting prey from afar, and with intuitive perception of approaching misrule and confusion. When a special train, late in the afternoon, bore away Jefferson Davis, never more to return to his capital as president, it needed no proclamation to inform the most incredulous that the sceptre had passed from his grasp, and that Abraham Lincoln was knocking at the gate of Richmond.

In the presence of impending tumult, the wisdom and decorum of Richmond was represented by its city council, convened in an obscure room in the upper part of the silent and deserted capital, where a half-dozen were gathered round a rude table, with an "illiterate grocer" at the head of the Board. He was "making his last exhibition of Southern spirit, and, twenty-four hours thereafter, subscribed himself to some very petty Federal officer, 'most respectfully your *most* obedient servant.'"

This select conclave of the deliberation of an enlightened capital, in a great misfortune, was occasionally adorned by the presence of Mayor Mayo, who hurried up to it with the latest news from the war department, "excited, incoherent, chewing tobacco defiantly, but yet full of pluck, having the mettle of the true Virginian gentleman." The conclusion to which this council of sages arrived was to maintain order in the city by two militia regiments, to destroy the liquor in the stores and warehouses, and to establish a patrol

through the night. But the militia ran through the fingers of their officers; the patrol could not be found after a certain hour; and in a short while the whole city was plunged in mad confusion and indescribable horrors.¹

To Ewell, as commander of the Confederate rear-guard, had been assigned the stern duty of blowing up the iron-clad vessels, burning the few transports at the naked wharves, and the three bridges which spanned the James. The Virginia, the Richmond, and an iron ram exploded with a tremendous concussion, which was the first signal to Sheridan to commence the hunt; the burning bridge blazoned pursuit on the heavens long before it was known at our headquarters that Lee was a fugitive from the Petersburg lines. Ewell had also been commissioned to fire the four principal tobacco depots, near the centre of Richmond, in close proximity to the combustible flour-mills of Gallego, and so situated that the conflagration of the business part of the metropolis was inevitable upon the execution of the order. In spite of the remonstrance of that pattern of Virginia gentlemen, Mr. Mayo, the corps leader carried out his ruthless instructions to the letter. The flames leaped from roof to roof, from warehouse to warehouse around the basin, passing rapidly beyond all control from street to street, continually widening the circle, and spreading the area of destruction, until they had consumed every bank, every auction-store, every insurance-office, nearly every commission-house, and most of the fashionable stores. Hogsheds and pipes

¹ Pollard is responsible for this description of the city council (p. 694).

of liquor are drained into the street, the gutters run with Bourbon, the air is stifling from its burning fumes; and staggering soldiers lap the dirty rivulets, or scoop up delirium with their hands. A universal orgie of drunkenness and theft, of vice and crime, mingled with the shrieks of women and the blasphemies of fiendish men, celebrates the abandonment by military power of a city which had denied the binding obligation of the highest civil law.¹

Weitzel, who was in command of our lines north of the James, and watching Richmond, held high carnival on this eventful Sunday night; for his orders were to make ostentatious demonstrations of strength and purpose. From all his bands, as if an army of musicians were at his disposal, the melodious strains of our national airs, with all their variations, were wafted to the ears of the opposite intrenchments, now held by the corps of Longstreet; who also, having designs of his own to conceal, fairly vied with Weitzel's musical celebration, blowing Confederate airs from all the sonorous metal he could command. It was not until two o'clock that the rival concerts were hushed; but Weitzel, who was under orders to storm the impregnable works in his front, on Monday morning, still kept vigil with Shepley, his chief-of-staff. Suspicions had been aroused by various minute circumstances. Orders had been given to attempt the capture of a picket-guard, and one was finally caught, who said that he belonged to the Thirty-seventh Virginia Artillery, which Shepley knew from other sources of information to be posted in his front; but

¹ Pollard's *Lost Cause*, pp. 695, 696.

the captive was puzzled to tell where his commander and regiment were at this present time. Shepley was convinced by this intimation, that Longstreet, for some purpose not yet apparent, was depleting his line. At half-past three, a deserter was brought in to Shepley, who confessed that he had been stationed on picket-duty, but was not relieved at the appointed hour, and, having returned to his own camp without being able to find his regiment, concluded to betake himself to our lines for society. Shepley immediately inferred that Richmond was being evacuated. The conjecture was made a certainty at four o'clock, by a negro boy, who drove to our camp in a buggy, and announced it as a fact. The deafening roar of the explosions was also heard, and the illuminated heavens were visible from the watch-tower. It was imprudent to move until dawn; for the works of the enemy were intricate, and the ground in their front was planted with torpedoes. Weitzel forthwith despatched a half-company of cavalry, under Major A. H. Stevens of the Fourth Massachusetts, and Major Graves of Weitzel's staff. The forty troopers galloped without molestation into the Confederate capital, and produced some sensation, according to Pollard, who was an eye-witness of their advent. "The sun was an hour or more above the horizon, when suddenly there ran up the whole length of Main Street the cry of 'Yankees! Yankees!' The upper part of this street was choked with crowds of pillagers, — men provided with drays, others rolling barrels up the street or bending under heavy burdens, and, intermixed with them, women and children with

smaller lots of plunder in bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, and tin pans. As the cry of ‘Yankees!’ was raised, this motley crowd tore up the street, cursing, screaming, trampling upon each other, alarmed by an enemy not yet in sight, and madly seeking to extricate themselves from imaginary dangers. Presently, beyond this crowd, following up the tangled mass of plunderers, but not pressing or interfering with them, was seen a small body of Federal cavalry riding steadily along. Forty Massachusetts troopers, despatched by Gen. Weitzel to investigate the condition of affairs, had ridden without let or hindrance into Richmond. At the corner of Eleventh Street they broke into a trot for the public square; and in a few moments their guidons were planted on the Capitol, and fluttered there,—a strange spectacle in the early morning light.”¹

By daylight, Weitzel put his columns in motion, with Draper’s colored brigade on the lead. The rebels, in their haste, had forgotten to remove the red flags, designed to indicate to themselves the site of torpedoes; and our troops rapidly cleared the exterior defences, and marched into Richmond by the Osborn Road. At six o’clock in the morning, Weitzel, with his staff, galloped past the column, and entered the suburbs of the burning capital, amid crumbling walls and the explosion of the ordnance stores, abandoned to the flames by the Confederate rear-guard. The officers were received with vociferous and prolonged shouts from negro throats. Presently appears the leading platoons of the victorious army. The in-

¹ Pollard’s *Lost Cause*, p. 696.

spiriting bursts of national airs strike alike the ears of rejoicing freedmen and sullen traitors. The long array of bayonets, and ensigns spread to the breeze, passed the Exchange Hotel to the eastern slope of Church Hill, down the hill, across the valley, up the next slope, along the line of fire, through the curtains of smoke, amid the roar of the conflagration and the deafening concussion of the shells left by the retreating army. The national standard of the Twelfth Maine Regiment soon supplants the cavalry guidons on the dome of the Capitol, and is saluted with the deafening huzzas of the delivered and the deliverers. There is but brief time for either parade or triumph: the first duty of Weitzel is to counteract the devouring element which the Confederate army, with shocking inhumanity, turned loose upon the devoted city. But with the miserable fire-apparatus which the city authorities placed at his command, the flames cannot be extinguished until the mercantile heart of Richmond is consumed.

On Monday morning, at early dawn, the advance of our skirmishers upon the interior lines of Petersburg disclosed that the defenders had silently withdrawn during the night. Grant organized the chase with prodigious energy, and designated its lines and directions with consummate skill. Now appeared the vast advantage of the investment, which, at such a sacrifice of blood, had been pushed around the right of the enemy's intrenched line; for it cut off the fugitive army from the Danville and South-side Railroad, which was Lee's sole line of retreat. He was now constrained to flee by the north side of the Ap-

pomattox to Chesterfield Court-house, where he halted to gather in the columns of Longstreet from Deep Bottom and Bermuda Hundred, and also the rear-guard of Ewell, to which had been assigned the work of havoc which I have just described. As soon as his army is concentrated, the first objective of Lee is Amelia Court-house ; for here Goode's Bridge spans the Appomattox, and his only safety lies in reaching Burksville, which is at the intersection of the Danville with the South-side and Lynchburg Railroad, and fifty-two miles from Petersburg. If he fails to secure this point, he is forced off from the Danville Road, and can only regain it by a long detour, which will expose him to the toils of the pursuer. During the night of Sunday, he had reached Chesterfield Court-house, having put sixteen miles between himself and Petersburg ; and it is said that on Monday morning, when Longstreet's corps came up, and he was sure of being joined by Ewell, the Confederate commander was in gay and exultant spirits, saying to those around him, " I have got my army safe out of its breastworks ; and, in order to follow me, my enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit either from his railroads or the James River." ¹ He was unquestionably meditating a prolonged campaign against Grant dragged from his base, — the same which would have been prosecuted if Petersburg had yielded to our assault last June ; the same which Lee had projected during the last month of the siege. During Monday, Lee marched to Amelia Court-house, where he was overtaken by a calamity as fatal to his

¹ Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*, p. 606.

plans as defeat in battle. His soldiers had started with but one day's rations in their haversacks; for Lee had sent orders to the chief commissary at Danville to run up to Amelia Court-house subsistence and ordnance stores for the retreating army. The loaded cars had reached Amelia Station on Sunday afternoon; but here an order from Richmond reached the conductor to bring on his train to the capital, where it was needed to transport to safe quarters the personal effects of the members of the Confederate cabinet. The conductor, therefore, without unloading the food and supplies designed for the troops, hurried his cars on to Richmond, thus dashing the hopes of Lee, and abandoning his army to starvation. He had counted upon those tiger-like springs on detachments of Grant's army, when it was broken up for the chase; but, in order to achieve this success fully, he must hold his entire force in hand. But the loss of rations now constrained him to break up his own army into fragments, to scour the country for food. Lee was therefore obliged to remain at Amelia Court-house during Tuesday and Wednesday, which lost him all the advantage of his sixteen-mile start, and gave an opportunity to Sheridan to make up the gap, which he was not slow to improve. On Monday morning, Grant instantly forecast the direction, course, and limitations of Lee's retreat, and made dispositions for its embarrassment and arrest. Sheridan with his cavalry was on Sunday night at Ford's station, on the same South-side Road which Lee was attempting to strike at Burksville; while the Fifth Corps, now under command of Griffin, was at Sutherland's, ten miles from Petersburg on the same route.

Sheridan and Griffin are driven impetuously forward south of the Appomattox, on a line parallel to Lee's retreat along the northern bank, with the design of striking the Danville Road below Amelia Court-house, to cut off the enemy from Burksville. To this force, thus set free for pursuit, Humphreys's Second Corps was added, furnished with pontoons, and directed to follow in the wake of Sheridan and Griffin. On Monday morning, Ord, with the Army of the James, was hurried down the South-side Railroad, aimed also at Burksville. Thus the two armies, in three parallel lines, were wending forth to the south-west, — Lee to strike the South-side Railroad at Amelia Court-house for the purpose of reaching Burksville; Sheridan and Griffin to strike the same road below Amelia Court-house, for the purpose of cutting off Lee from Burksville; Ord, with the Army of the James, to reach Burksville, in case Lee should escape from the gripe of Sheridan and Griffin. I left Lee at Amelia Court-house on Tuesday; but he moved therefrom promptly in the morning, and speedily struck the Danville Railroad. But the delay was fatal. Sheridan, who is perfectly inspired by the rapture of the chase, and animated with the soul of all the mighty hunters from Nimrod down, strikes the rowels deep into the flanks of his charger, and rushes on the wings of the wind to Jetersville, where he intercepts the vanguard of the Army of Virginia. He flings intrenchments across Lee's line of retreat, and challenges an engagement. He was now joined by Meade, with the Second and Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. As the pursuers had thus placed

themselves across the sole path by which the game can fly, it remained for the Confederate general, either to double, or to break through this armed cordon and still pursue his course. The former alternative was adopted; and he marched over the country for Farmville, which is on the South-side Railroad, twenty-eight miles below Jetersville, and eight miles below Burksville, to which point pursuers and pursued were originally aimed. When it was found that Lee had altered the course of his flight, the direction of our army was immediately changed.

The pursuit, which had hitherto assumed the character of a race for Burksville, was now transformed into a hunt, for the purpose not only of heading, but beating up and snaring the prey. The Army of the Potomac, which is nearly all centred at Jetersville, breaks into various directions. I will first follow Sheridan as the most enterprising of the hunters. He drops his infantry supports, for greater celerity of movement; but the Sixth Corps is still directed to follow, and befriend him if he encounters the enemy. He projects Davis with a mounted force to Paine's Cross-roads, five miles to the north-west, where he strikes a train of a hundred and eighty wagons with a cavalry escort. The wagons are destroyed; five pieces of artillery and a number of prisoners are captured. Growing hotter and more furious as the hunt becomes entangled, Sheridan, on Thursday morning, pounces upon another Confederate wagon-train, with a formidable escort both of infantry and cavalry. This is a prize which excites all the fury and genius of the excited leader. He orders Crook's division to assail the train,

and, if the escort proves too strong, to hang to it like grim death, in order to permit another division to pass beyond and assail the train still further on; and this division is, in its turn, instructed to cling with a steady grasp, that another division may pass it, till some vulnerable point is found. The result for which he thus manœuvred was attained at Sailors' Creek, a small tributary to the Appomattox, where Custar's division found the weak spot; and, with the assistance of his comrades, who instantly hurried to his support, four hundred wagons, with sixteen pieces of artillery and many prisoners, were captured. This feat was hardly achieved, before Sheridan discovered that Ewell's entire corps — the Confederate rear-guard which had burned Richmond — was following the train, and was thus cut off from its line of retreat. it was too muscular for Sheridan to handle alone; but he could detain it until the Sixth Corps, which was following him, should bring up its infantry. With this purpose, he charged Ewell, with Stagg's brigade; and, while this was in progress, the bayonets of the Sixth came bristling over a neighboring crest, and the Confederates immediately commenced a retreat. Whereupon one division of the Sixth Corps carried the road, and put Ewell to flight; but he continually turned upon his pursuers, and delivered such destructive volleys that another division of the Sixth Corps was called in, and the advance was renewed, and the Confederates again repulsed, and driven towards Sailors' Creek. The cavalry here environed them; but Ewell's corps was not unmindful of its heritage of glory, and resisted with a determination which staggered for an

instant the veteran line of the Sixth. But now the infantry in front, and the cavalry on flank and rear, simultaneously charged; and the heroic rear-guard, finding themselves surrounded, threw down their arms in token of surrender. The captures included the entire corps, with Lieut-Gen. Ewell and four general officers.

While Sheridan has been engaged in bagging the enemy's rear-guard, Lee, with the main body, has continued his retreat during Thursday night, and recrossed to the north bank of the Appomattox by bridges in the neighborhood of Farmville. His army now suffered from a famine which can only be conceived by those who can recall Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, or, what is perhaps a more vivid representation than this real portraiture, the imaginary description by De Quincey of the dismal flight of the Tartar tribe. Men by the thousand drop their arms because they are too weak to carry them; animals suffer even more than men; the grass has not yet sprouted, and bipeds and quadrupeds are forced to sustain life on the buds and tender branches of the trees, which are just beginning to shoot from the parent stems. It is hard to exaggerate the famished condition of the fugitive army; for the country has already been stripped by war, and the clouds of our cavalry effectually debarred the detours and expeditions of the foraging parties of the foe. It was not until dawn on Friday that the Confederate army had succeeded in again reaching the north bank of the Appomattox.

Here, while a council of officers were deliberating upon the emergencies of their situation, and had

commissioned Gen. Pendleton to recommend Gen. Lee to surrender, the bugles of the hunters upon their track were again heard. I left the Second Corps at Jetersville, when I turned thence in order to follow the sabres of Sheridan. Humphreys was directed to pursue, and advance towards Farmville by way of Deatonsville; and, in prosecuting this march, he had overtaken the Confederate rear-guard at the high bridge over the Appomattox, six miles east of Farmville, and had defeated an attempt of the enemy to burn the wagon-road bridge, and had there secured a crossing over the Appomattox, which at this point was unfordable. He found now the Army of Northern Virginia intrenched with batteries on the crest of a hill, covering the stage and plank road to Lynchburg. It had vigor enough left to repulse an attack upon its flank; and darkness fell upon both belligerents before the assault could be renewed. During the night, Lee continued his flight. The pursuers follow him with the dawn, the Second and Sixth Corps by the north bank of the Appomattox, while Sheridan dashes along by the south bank, followed by Ord with the Army of the James and the Fifth Corps, rallying all his vigor and energy to strike the Southside Railroad at Appomattox Station, for the purpose of inflicting upon Lee the fatal blow of closing his only outlet to Lynchburg; for his line of retreat is the narrow neck of land between the James on the north and the Appomattox on the south. Sheridan is thus swooping round his flank. Meade, with the two army corps, is following his track. On the evening of Saturday,

after a furious ride of thirty miles, Sheridan reaches Appomattox Station. He captures here a third wagon-train, which had been sent from Lynchburg with supplies for Lee. He throws his sabres across the road, five miles below Appomattox Court-house. He resolves to hold his position for the night, with the knowledge that the Army of the James will support him in the morning, while, at the same time, the Army of the Potomac will strike the rear of the Confederates. On Sunday morning, the hunt is so closed in upon the victims that but two alternatives are left to Lee, either to surrender his army, or to cut his way through Sheridan's squadrons. It was congenial to his nature, and worthy of his antecedents, to adopt the bolder expedient. By dawn on Sunday, the skeleton of the Army of Virginia is for the last time drawn up in battle array, with the wrecks of Gordon's battered columns for its inefficient front, with all that remains of Longstreet's once puissant corps for its feeble and attenuated rear; between the two is a debilitated and half-starved mass, too weak and famished to bear their arms, shriek their historic yell, or wave their tattered banners. Gen. Lee issued his last battle-order to Gordon, "Cut your way through at all hazards." The corps-leader attacks with such impetuosity that the cavalymen, who have dismounted to receive the shock, are compelled to yield the ground; but Sheridan directs them to retire slowly, delivering their effectual fire, for he knew that the Army of the James was near. At this critical moment, Gordon abandons hope; for he discerns the serried ranks of the infantry advancing

in powerful battle-line. The cavalry feel the pressure upon them yielding. The foe sullenly retires. Sheridan sounds his bugles to mount, and, at the head of his squadrons, deploys on the enemy's left flank, to charge between the front and rear of Lee's depleted lines. The order "Forward!" is on his lips, when an officer with a white flag is seen advancing from the hostile ranks, bearing a letter from the Confederate commander. The letter to Lieut.-Gen. Grant was delivered to Custar, who was in advance; and it was immediately forwarded to Sheridan, with the information that the enemy wished to surrender. Sheridan rode over to Appomattox Court-house, and met Gordon and Wilcox of the Confederate service. They requested a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations for surrender between the two commanders-in-chief. "I notified them," says Sheridan, "that I desired to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood; but as there was nothing definitely settled in the correspondence, and as an attack had been made on my lines with the view to escape, under the impression that our force was only cavalry, I must have some assurance of an intended surrender. This Gen. Gordon gave, by saying that there was no doubt of the surrender of Gen. Lee's army. I then separated from him, with an agreement to meet these officers again in half an hour at Appomattox Court-house. At the specified time, in company with Gen. Ord, who commanded the infantry, I again met this officer, also Lieut.-Gen. Longstreet, and received from them the same assurance; and hostilities ceased until the arrival of Lieut.-Gen. Grant." It was hardly an hour

since the order was given to Gordon, "Cut your way through at all hazards;" and there can be no reasonable doubt that the sudden change in the purpose of Gen. Lee was entirely due to the appearance of Ord in his front.

I have been unwilling to interrupt the narrative of the chase, by giving an account of the correspondence which has been passing between the two generals-in-chief since Friday last. "Feeling," says Gen. Grant, "that Lee's chance of escape was utterly hopeless, I addressed him the following communication from Farmville:" —

APRIL 7, 1865.

GENERAL, — The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance, on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate-States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Gen. R. E. LEE.

Early on Saturday morning, before leaving Farmville, Grant received the following reply: —

APRIL 7, 1865.

GENERAL, — I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT.

In answer to this communication, Grant wrote Gen. Lee as follows: —

APRIL 8, 1865.

GENERAL, — Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say, that, *peace* being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon ; namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States, until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Gen. R. E. LEE.

After the reception of this letter, Gen. Lee's prospects had improved : he had beaten off Humphreys's attempt to carry his intrenched lines, he had left the Army of the Potomac behind him by a night's march, he knew nothing of Sheridan's detour round his front, and the vision in which he had long indulged, of a campaign waged at a distance from the James, began to assume the semblance of reality. Though fleeing every night, and harassed by pursuit and famine, his spirits had recovered their elasticity : when he indicted the following epistle he was as sanguine and determined as when he gave his final order to Gordon : —

APRIL 8, 1865.

GENERAL, — I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army ; but, as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you

with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia ; but, as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate-States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at ten, A.M., to-morrow, on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT.

To this Gen. Grant replied, —

APRIL 9, 1865.

GENERAL, — Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for ten, A.M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, general, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself ; and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, &c.,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Gen. R. E. LEE.

After transmitting this letter, Gen. Grant immediately started to join Sheridan's column south of Appomattox Court-house ; for he had received a despatch from that officer inciting him to press on with all speed, that there was now no means of escape, for the enemy had finally reached the "last ditch." While spurring on to assume direction of affairs in front of Lee, Grant received this letter from the Confederate commander, which had been delivered to Custar by the flag of truce : —

APRIL 9, 1865.

GENERAL, — I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference

to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT.

Grant forthwith penned on his saddle, upon a leaf torn from his tablets, the following reply : —

APRIL 9, 1865.

Gen. R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A. : —

Your note of this date is but this moment, 11.59, A.M., received. In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg Road to the Farmville and Lynchburg Road, I am, at this writing, about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

These notes produced the memorable interview between the two commanders at the dwelling of Mr. Wilmer McLean, near Appomattox Court-house. Expect nothing dramatic or theatrical in this momentous scene. I have already iterated and reiterated, that there is nothing sensational in Grant's utterance, manners, address : he uniformly despises show and parade, and dispenses with all superfluous ceremony. In addition to these plain and straightforward habits, which of themselves would have precluded all histrionic and pictorial effects, he was influenced by the generous motive of avoiding any thing which would wound the feelings, or add to the humiliation, of an accomplished and honorable foe. No parade could have added to the import of this thrilling interview between great antagonists who had won each other's

respect in protracted warfare, and who had now met to sheathe the swords of more than a million warriors, and pacify contending nations.

Melodramatic display, and sentimental harangues and utterances, were as foreign to Gen. Lee's nature as to Grant's; and the addresses and oratorical efforts of the one are hardly shorter or more sententious than those of the other. One of our officers who was present on this occasion says of Gen. Lee, "His demeanor was that of a thoroughly possessed gentleman who had a very disagreeable duty to perform, but was determined to get through it as well and as soon as he could." Col. Marshall, one of his aides, was the only officer who accompanied him.

In describing the interview between Grant and Pemberton at Vicksburg, I gave an extract from a letter which I had written to my family, after hearing from Gen. Grant's own lips a description of the scene. On the same occasion, he sketched the meeting between Gen. Lee and himself at the house of Mr. McLean. It was owing to the courtesy of my friend Mr. Paul S. Forbes of New York, that this pleasure was afforded me. After the passage of the bill creating the grade of general by the House of Representatives, Mr. Forbes honored me with an invitation to meet Gen. Grant at dinner. The party consisted of Gen. Grant, Gen. Parke, Gen. Ingals, and the Hon. Henry J. Raymond, Hon. John A. Griswold, Mr. James Tisdale, librarian of the House, Mr. Forbes, and myself. With the letter before me, I transcribe Gen. Grant's language, as I committed it to paper after my return to my room: "I felt some

embarrassment in the prospect of meeting Gen. Lee. I had not seen him since he was Gen. Scott's chief-of-staff in Mexico ; and, in addition to the respect I entertained for him, the duty which I had to perform was a disagreeable one, and I wished to get through it as soon as possible. When I reached Appomattox Courthouse, I had ridden that morning thirty-seven miles. I was in my campaign clothes, covered with dust and mud ; I had no sword ; I was not even well mounted, for I rode (turning to Gen. Ingals, who was present) one of Ingals's horses. I found Gen. Lee in a fresh suit of Confederate gray, with all the insignia of his rank, and at his side the splendid dress-sword which had been given to him by the State of Virginia. We shook hands. He was exceedingly courteous in his address, and we seated ourselves at a deal table in Mr. McLean's front room. We talked of two of the conditions of surrender, which had been left open by our previous correspondence, one of which related to the ceremonies which were to be observed on the occasion ; and when I disclaimed any desire to have any parade, but said I should be contented with the delivery of arms to my officers, and with the proper signature and authentication of paroles, he seemed to be greatly pleased. When I yielded the other point, that the officers should retain their side-arms and private baggage and horses, his emotions of satisfaction were plainly visible. We soon reduced the terms to writing. We parted with the same courtesies with which we had met. It seemed to me that Gen. Lee evinced a feeling of satisfaction and relief when the business was finished.

I immediately mounted Ingals's horse, returned to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, and did not again present myself to the Confederate commander."

The documents signed at Mr. McLean's house were as follows: —

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

GENERAL, — In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms; to wit, rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United-States authority so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Gen. R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865.

GENERAL, — I received your letter of this date, containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. GRANT.

Thus was the act engrossed which disbanded and disarmed the Army of Northern Virginia, relegated

its veteran officers and soldiers to the ranks of peaceful citizens, and virtually ended hostilities, and destroyed the Confederacy. The command of Griffin, and McKenzie's cavalry, were designated to remain at Appomattox Court-house until the paroles of the surrendered army were complete. On the 12th of April the Army of Northern Virginia marched by divisions to a spot designated by the commissioners, where they stacked their arms, and laid their standards on the earth.¹

The critics of Grant's military methods cannot erase from the record this grand result, while they call upon us to admire the exact accordance with military theories of the operations of other leaders, which resulted only in discomfiture and the prolongation of the war. If we are compelled to choose between scientific defeat and unscientific triumph, there can be no doubt to which the preference should be given in this utilitarian era. After every deduction is allowed from the merits of Grant which criticism claims, there still remains a tremendous balance in his favor, for having subdued armed resistance to the national authority.

According to the maxims of Jomini, the war of an invader against a people making means of resistance out of every thing, with each individual combatant and non-combatant conspiring against the common foe, "is so disastrous to the invader that he must inevitably yield after a time;" and he adds, that "his difficulties become insurmountable, when the country is difficult." Grant encounters both of the conditions

¹ The commissioners of prisoners report that 27,805 were paroled.

which this accomplished theorist pronounces incompatible with triumph; and his final success can, therefore, be only regarded as a marvellous achievement, unwarranted by military principles. No country ever presented greater natural obstacles than the region through which the Wilderness campaign was conducted; no people were ever more universally united against an invader than the population of Virginia. There is not an instance, up to the final overthrow of Lee, where any advantage was derived from the sympathy, either of the white or the colored residents of the country.

Superior odds in numbers and the sacrifice of life were indispensable prerequisites of victory on such a field and in such a warfare. It cannot be successfully claimed that the greatest warriors of the race could have accomplished it with a smaller army, or with a less slaughter of men, considering the unsurpassed *prestige* of the enemy at the outset, the physical entanglements of the *terrain*, and the improvised ramparts of earth and logs behind which the Confederates waged every battle in this remarkable campaign. The march from the Rapidan to the James was a continuous assault upon these rude but strong breastworks, where veteran infantry was posted, equipped with repeating arms, and rifled artillery of immense range sweeping their front; and where the defender could lie in security, without real or chimerical cause for alarm, awaiting the approach of the assailants predestined to overthrow. If against such advantages a temporary success was gained, it only threw the enemy back a few hundred

yards, behind other defences of similar character, where the assailants were again constrained to repeat the same disheartening experiment. The records of warfare furnish no parallel for such a campaign : we can only infer the odds which would be required by military rules to overcome such disadvantage of position from the three-fold numerical preponderance which the most adventurous masters of the art have always demanded as an element of success in storming operations. The husbandry of troops in such circumstances, against an enemy prodigal of the lives of his own soldiers, would have been at once submission to defeat. The losses which a general was justified in incurring can only be measured by a calculation based upon the maximum of casualties which are allotted to a storming party, multiplied by the number of days in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged in this most terrible business of their profession. It should also be taken into the account, that the losses which Grant inflicted upon the foe, in delivering these expensive assaults, put an end to offensive operations upon Lee's part, and reduced the suppression of the Rebellion to a mere question of time.

Even those who withhold approval from Grant's method of attack concede to him surpassing skill as a manœuvrer, in his various flanking movements. His change of base to the south of the James was a brilliant execution of the most difficult feat known to the military art. No officer on record, it is universally admitted, ever exhibited greater persistency of purpose or tenacity of will ; while both friend and foe

concede that his pursuit of Lee was conducted with prodigious energy and masterly skill.

It should not be forgotten, that, while Grant was bearing on his shoulders the tremendous load of the military operations I have just described, he was supervising and directing, in addition, the movement of eight hundred thousand soldiers, scattered over the remainder of the immense theatre of war. While handling the three armies immediately concerned in the combined movement against Richmond, he must take the responsibility of determining whether Sherman shall essay that unparalleled march to the sea, finally advising him, after a protracted interchange of telegrams, "If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee firmly, you can make it." The weight of Hood's raid against Thomas oppresses him as much as those protracted and painful expeditions by which he was prolonging to the left the investment of Petersburg. The entanglements of the Fort Fisher expedition, the panic at Washington caused by Early's raid; the disaster of Banks at the Red River; Forrest's guerilla warfare in East Tennessee; Canby's adventure against Mobile; Schofield's advance into North Carolina; Steele, Rosecrans, and Curtis in the wilds of Arkansas and Kansas, — constantly demand his wise and comprehensive oversight. The greatest campaign, either of Napoleon or Frederick, never imposed upon either of those foremost men in war greater care or anxiety than Gen. Grant endured, while an excited nation was holding him responsible for the momentous interests of his own particular line of operation.

“What did he do in the Civil War?” is summarily answered by the headings which I have appended to the chapters devoted to this part of my theme. The methods which he adopted for the performance of these mighty tasks are detailed in my narrative of wonderful sieges, marches, and engagements: their result, and contribution to the gradual overthrow of the Rebellion, are succinctly summed up at the close of each chapter. I do not find upon reflection, that I have any thing to add to the views already expressed upon each of the leading exploits of Grant’s military career; and, so far as I am concerned, I must submit his capacity as a general to the verdict of his countrymen, upon the record I have already presented. Whatever mistakes of omission or commission he might have made during the progress of the most complicated and difficult martial labors, he was in no instance finally baffled, but, with a spirit invincible, persisted in their prosecution until all were at length crowned with overwhelming triumph. No one asserts that he is a military paragon. I claim for him no infallibility: he himself concedes serious errors both in plan and execution. No man certainly can dissent from his own modest avowal, in his own simple language, “All I can say is, that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country.”

CHAPTER XV.

ADMINISTRATIVE EXPERIENCE.

[APRIL, 1865 – DECEMBER, 1867.]

MR. ROEBUCK, in his history of the Whig administration of England in 1830, observes, in reference to the Duke of Wellington, "No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent; and this talent is more likely to be brought forth and fostered by the business of war than by the management of cases at *nisi prius*; yet, because of the habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing; while the soldier, whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of state."

It has always seemed to me that this remark rested on sound reason. There is but little difference, theoretically, between the qualities required for the successful administration of civil government and the successful management of an army. Both governments are chiefly concerned with the execution of law and the control of men, not by arbitrary will, but by rule and regulation; and the distinction between the two is rather of form than of essence. To wisely rule a state or an empire, and to triumphantly conduct a campaign, the same comprehen-

siveness of view, firmness, industry, knowledge of men, mastery of details, and devotion to the great interests in hand, are imperatively required.

The lesson thus derived from the identity of qualities which enter into the composition of a successful ruler and a successful general is confirmed by the experience of mankind from the days of Joshua and David to those of Napoleon and Wellington; from which it appears that the men valiant in battle, the mighty captains, the redeemers of the captivity of a people, have been the renowned emperors, magistrates, ministers, and presidents in peace. No more signal illustration can be found than the examples of Washington and Jackson, who illustrated in civil administration the same qualities which delivered the country in war. The two great parties which have hitherto divided the nation, have both affected to be jealous of intrusting civil authority to men habituated to war; but both have cheerfully accepted military candidates, and always disarmed their apprehensions, upon the demand of party expediency. A bad man, although a good general, may make a bad ruler, — as a bad man, though a good lawyer, may make a bad ruler; but it will be hard to find an instance of a man with the public good at heart, and with genuine love of country, who has not been improved in qualifications to rule an empire or govern a state by experience in conducting large military operations. From the time, when, as a colonel, he clears his guard-house in the morning to the time when, a general-in-chief, he is final arbiter on questions of military justice, he is continually trained

in the government of men. From the time he becomes the father of the regiment till the time he conducts the most important campaign, he is engaged in themes and activities which are closely analogous to those which test the capacity of civil rulers. If you follow a general through protracted and complicated operations, you cannot fail to discern that he is as much tried by army administration as by sieges and engagements.

If from successful military administration in general we are authorized to presume executive ability in civil affairs, the presumption is much stronger when such success was won in a war so unique and peculiar as our civil war. The administration of our great military districts or departments was far from being purely military, — civil and military functions were blended in the general at their head; the qualities which equipped a civil ruler were as imperiously demanded as the qualities which constitute a warrior; the authority exercised was partly under municipal, partly under martial law: the experience acquired was as serviceable for a statesman as for a general. The district of South-eastern Missouri, to which Grant was first assigned, embraced loyal, semi-loyal, and neutral territory, — citizens who had never wavered in their allegiance, armed neutrals, and full-blooded rebels. To each division under his jurisdiction he must apply a different code; and his authority over the mixed population within it was of every degree, from perfect nullity to absolute dominion. In the part embraced within the State of Illinois, he neither claimed nor exercised control of

the citizen, but confined himself entirely to the government of his own troops. In Kentucky, part rebel, and part loyal, he was obliged to use the nicest discrimination ; and the rule which he adopted in this debatable land exemplified his wisdom as a magistrate, for he enforced State laws when they were not incompatible with the constitution of the United States, the laws of Congress, or general orders. He avoided all unnecessary interference with local courts. He reserved military support until it was invoked by the State magistrates. When an offence was not against martial law, or committed by a soldier, he uniformly remanded the criminal to the civil tribunal.

The parts of Tennessee which were held by Confederate troops, or were in manifest alliance with Rebellion, he was obliged to rule by that law which has been correctly defined as "the will of the conqueror;" but, even when governing by its mandates, he was controlled by such equitable principles, and exercised power with so much justice and leniency, that the inhabitants themselves accepted his administration as a grateful relief from the reign of anarchy and violence which it effectually subverted. As a military governor, he is not only above fault, but above suspicion. No one has accused him of any unconscionable or wanton acts of malversation and rapine ; no one has even intimated that ill-gotten gain has clung to his spotless palm. Extortion, embezzlement, bribes, are not connected with the name of Grant. While so many who served in similar positions have been made the butt of warranted or

unwarranted accusation, his singular immunity from such charges is conclusive proof that his hands were clean, his proconsular career honorable, and his integrity unimpeached. His voluminous order-books, extending through three years of military rule, furnish abundant evidence of the consideration with which he treats non-combatant rebels, and of the severity with which he punishes the marauding or unjustifiable acts of his own soldiers. I also find from the same record, that trial and conviction immediately follow offences against these wise and humane regulations. History presents no example of a commander, in an enemy's country, who administers martial law with more generosity towards the conquered, or with more justice, gentleness, and forbearance. Can any better criterion of administrative wisdom be found than this control of rebellious and anarchical communities, without cruel and sanguinary punishments? Can there be any reasonable apprehension, that, as a civil ruler, he will transcend any constitutional limitation, when, with no restraint upon his authority but his own will, and wielding in full plenitude absolute dominion, he has uniformly governed public enemies with moderation and forbearance?

A general-in-chief, in hostile territories, is pre-eminently the executive officer of that great code which is known as Public Law, or the Law of Nations. A civil war, as absolutely as a war *inter gentes*, confers upon the party claiming to be sovereign full belligerent rights, and entails upon the opposite party all the liabilities of a perfect war. It was for the interest of the Confederates to secure from the national

Government, through its constituted authorities, some recognition of their rights as belligerents, that they might command the respect of foreign nations, and entitle themselves to all the ameliorating provisions of the international code. Now, one step towards creating a state of public war is for the insurgent to obtain from the sovereign a cartel for the exchange of prisoners; for this is an acknowledgment of a belligerent right. In the operations which preceded the battle of Belmont, the Confederate generals at Columbus had inveigled Col. W. H. L. Wallace into an agreement for an exchange of prisoners; but, as this officer was merely in subordinate command, the concession carried with it no implied sanction by the Government. After this battle, Gen. Polk deliberately plotted to trepan Grant into an authoritative admission of this belligerent right. He sent to him a flag of truce, offering an exchange of prisoners in the name of the Confederate Government. Grant forthwith replied, "I can make no exchange. I recognize no Southern Confederacy, but will communicate with higher authorities for their views."

By the international code, captives from the enemy are entitled to be treated as prisoners of war. When, in process of time, the national Government had so far acknowledged the rebels as belligerents that an exchange of prisoners was authorized, the Confederate officers were required by general orders from Richmond, to turn over to the civil courts, to be dealt with according to the black code of the slave States, all negroes captured in arms. Grant was not unmindful in this emergency that he was chief executive of

international law; for he immediately informed the Confederate commander in Louisiana that he should require its strict observance. He wrote to him in these terms, when he heard that a white captain and some negro soldiers, captured at Milliken's Bend, had been hung: "I feel no inclination to retaliate for the offences of irresponsible persons; but, if it is the policy of any general intrusted with the command of troops, to show no quarter, or to punish with death prisoners taken in battle, I will accept the issue. It may be, you propose a different line of policy towards black troops and officers commanding them to that practised towards white troops. If so, I can assure you that these colored troops are regularly mustered into the service of the United States. The Government, and all officers under the Government, are bound to give the same protection to these troops that they do to any other troops."

It was as early as August, 1862, nearly one month before the proclamation of emancipation, that Gen. Grant announced, with the foresight of a genuine statesman, and in terms equally fearless and distinct, that slavery must be destroyed before liberty could be saved. He was at Vicksburg in this summer, upon a reconnoissance, after the detachment from Gen. Butler's army had abandoned the siege. The following remarkable communication bears date, "Vicksburg, Aug. 30, 1862," and is addressed to Hon. E. B. Washburne: "The people of the North need not quarrel over the institution of slavery. What Vice-President Stephens acknowledges the corner-stone of the Confederacy is already knocked out. Slavery is

already dead, and cannot be resurrected. It would take a standing army to maintain slavery in the South if we were to make peace to-day, guaranteeing to the South all their former constitutional privileges. I never was an Abolitionist, not even what could be called anti-slavery: but I try to judge fairly and honestly; and it became patent to my mind early in the Rebellion that the North and South could never live at peace with each other except as one nation, and that without slavery. As anxious as I am to see peace established, I would not, therefore, be willing to see any settlement until this question is forever settled."

When Grant entered upon the administration of affairs at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, he found a population of five or six thousand souls, exempt from all the control of law, without courts, without magistrates, no protection to property, no security to industry, no encouragement to trade, with none of those wise provisions by which the "state's collected will," in ten thousand ways, subordinates the interests of the individual to the general welfare of society. If there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again and found a community, they would, however loth, soon find themselves obliged to make that justice under which they fell the fundamental law of the state. They would discern that it was for their own interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to, the obligations of good faith.¹ To this city, handed over to crime and misrule,

¹ Fisher Ames's Works.

Grant instantly recalled long-banished justice. From this chaos, he evoked law and order. He protected all the employments and pursuits of the peaceful citizen. He administered law between man and man, and maintained the rights of property and of personal security by his provost courts. Life and limb were for once safe in Vicksburg. The extortion of pilots had almost closed the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries; and he issued in general orders a code for the regulation of this monopoly, which was of inestimable benefit both to the government and the governed. He extended, in a word, over this insubordinate city the ægis of a deliverer, rather than the sword of a conqueror.

While engaged in recalling the habits and institutions of civilization to a neighborhood which had long been the chosen haunt of vice and crime, he was invited by the secretary of the treasury to give his views upon the intricate question of reopening trade with the rebellious States which had been partially subjugated. "I find," says Mr. Chase, in a letter addressed to Grant at this period, "that a rigorous line within districts occupied by our military forces, beyond which no cotton or other produce can be brought, and within which no trade can be carried on, gives rise to serious, and to some apparently well-founded, complaints." The secretary consulted Grant upon the propriety "of substituting bonds, to be given by all persons receiving trade-permits, for the rigorous lines which were the boundaries of trade and traffic." Grant was decidedly opposed to the policy of opening trade in the manner indicated, and

responded to the project of Mr. Chase in the following terms: "No matter what the restrictions thrown around trade, if any whatever is allowed, it will be made the means of supplying the enemy with all they want. Restrictions, if lived up to, make trade unprofitable; and hence none but dishonest men go into it. I will venture that no honest man has made money in West Tennessee in the last year, whilst many fortunes have been made there during that time. The people in the Mississippi Valley are now nearly subjugated. Keep trade out but for a few months, and I doubt not but what the work of subjugation will be so complete, that trade can be opened freely with the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. *No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing in good faith any order I may receive from those in authority over me;* but my position has given me an opportunity of seeing what could not be known by persons away from the scene of war, and I venture, therefore, great caution in opening trade with rebels." He adds upon the same theme, in a letter to the secretary of war, "If trade is opened under any general rule, all sorts of dishonest men will engage in it, taking any oath or obligation necessary to secure the privilege. Smuggling will all at once commence, as it did at Memphis, Helena, and every other place where trade has been allowed within the disloyal States; and the armed enemy will be enabled to procure from Northern markets every article they require."

In the foregoing sentence (which I have italicised) in the letter to Secretary Chase, the "mere warrior,"

from the instincts of common sense and fidelity to duty, enunciates the true rule for an executive officer, whether civil or military. It is a rule which Andrew Johnson never learned in all his varied experience in civil life, from village alderman to president. If he had but known and heeded Grant's simple maxim, he would have saved himself from the obloquy of impeachment, and his country from the immeasurable calamity of a chief magistrate who arrogated the right of determining for himself what laws he would execute, and what he would refuse either to obey or enforce. In the assumption by a State of the right to nullify a law of Congress was the germ of secession, rebellion, and war: if we have wrested from the president a similar usurpation by the peaceful processes provided in the Constitution, we owe renewed thanks to the framers of that instrument, who provided a mode for the deposition of faithless rulers without destroying the framework and foundations of government. In a crisis like that which is now pending, it is a consolation to know that the general of the army will be warped by "no theory of my own" in the discharge of his appointed duties.

The generous terms which Grant magnanimously offered to Lee are now conceded to have been dictated by the forecast of a statesman; for they virtually disarmed the Confederacy, and were accepted by all its organized forces from the Appomattox to the Rio Grande. Nor was there less administrative wisdom in his unostentatious mode of conducting a ceremony sufficiently humiliating to a worthy foe, when unat-

tended with those open proffers of homage, and abject tokens of subjugation, which but slightly alleviate to a sensitive enemy the barbarous custom of passing under the yoke. It contributed vastly to the pacification of the country; and Pollard is a truthful exponent of Southern ideas when he thus speaks of the behavior of Grant at this closing scene, "The Federal commander behaved with a magnanimity and decorum that must ever be remembered to his credit, even by those who disputed his reputation in other respects, and denied his claims to great generalship. He had with remarkable facility accorded honorable and liberal terms to the vanquished army. He did nothing to dramatize the surrender; he made no triumphal entry into Richmond; he avoided all those displays of triumph so dear to the Northern heart; he spared every thing that might wound the feelings or imply the humiliation of a vanquished foe. There were no indecent exultations, no 'sensation,' no shows: he received the surrender of his adversary with every courteous recognition due an honorable enemy, and conducted the closing scenes with as much simplicity as possible."¹

The surrender of Lee was universally regarded as deliverance from war, and Grant as the deliverer. Peace jubilees and solemn thanksgivings were immediately celebrated throughout the loyal North, and the name of Grant unconsciously blended in the oblations which grateful hearts offered to Heaven. The secretary of war forthwith issued an order to the headquarters of every army and department,

¹ Pollard's *Lost Cause*, p. 712.

and to every fort and arsenal in the Union, to fire a salute of two hundred guns. He instantly despatched to the lieutenant-general the following telegram: "Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which he has this day crowned you and the gallant armies under your command! The thanks of this department, and of the Government, and of the people of the United States, — their reverence and honor have been deserved, — will be rendered to you, and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army, for all time."

Seldom was such an opportunity offered to a "mere warrior" for the gratification of unhallowed ambition. When we consider that an aspiring commander-in-chief might have deified himself, on an occasion which elicited the unbounded enthusiasm of his countrymen and attracted the gaze of the civilized world, and by monopolizing the nation's gratitude, and humoring the antipathies of hostile sections, might have indefinitely prolonged the dominion of the sword, the self-abnegation of Grant at this crisis rises to the full height of that exalted patriotism which has been exhibited only by the most illustrious of the race. So upright, by universal consent, was Grant's character, that, amid all the unnatural suspicion and distrust bred by the feverish condition of the public mind, not a man was found who could suspect him of base and sinister motives. The merit of "putting aside the kingly crown," for which even the Father of his Country has been eulogized, was never lisped as one of Grant's claims to the homage of mankind; because the idea was never harbored, that a temptation to

assume it could possibly enter his modest and unambitious soul. It seems to me, that not the least conspicuous merit of the man is, that he never was imagined to be guilty of the thought of selfish aggrandizement. If it is not a qualification, rare as it is admirable, for eminent civil position, then the moral drawn from the unconscionable ambition of "mere warriors" should be erased from our political homilies.

Instead, however, of fortifying his power, enjoying his triumph, or soliciting an ovation from his exultant countrymen, he neither enters Richmond, nor looks at the works which had so long withstood his combinations; but hastens to Washington, and immures himself with the secretary of war, for the purpose of relieving the nation of the burden of supporting the army. On the 9th, Lee surrendered; on the 11th, Grant had recommended the administrative measure of great significance which was promulged by Mr. Stanton on the morning of the 12th. It terminated drafting and recruiting for our army, as well as the purchase of arms and provisions; it announced that the number of our general and staff officers would be speedily reduced, and all military restriction on commerce and trade removed forthwith. Never in conducting a campaign, or pursuing an enemy, was the "mere warrior" more prompt than in razeeing his own importance, disbanding the army, and relieving the taxation of the groaning country.

While Grant was engaged in this noble work of remanding the armed million to peaceful life, and

tranquillizing an ensanguined land, he was arrested by the most frightful episode in our history. He was himself marked for slaughter, and assigned to the dagger of one of that band of Thugs who aimed to arrest the operation of the Government by the slaughter of all the functionaries upon whom its perpetuity depended. He himself escaped from death, or from a murderous assault, by being called from Washington upon the business of his command. He would cheerfully have given his own life in exchange for that of the guileless chief-magistrate, who had befriended him from the outset of his military career, and warded off many a venomous shaft from malignant calumniators; but such was not the decree of Heaven. ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S work was finished when, unheralded and almost unattended, leading his little son by the hand, he walked into the streets of humiliated Richmond, tendering to the unrepentant prodigals almost unconditional restoration to their fathers' homes. If upon that auspicious morn the crowning benediction of peace had descended upon him, he might have well wished to die. What more could he ask for on earth? Assailed by the strongest conspiracy that ever threatened a nation's life, after a four years' struggle, his triumph over it was complete and overwhelming, conquering liberty for a class, and national existence for a people. Was not this honor enough for one man? He had survived ridicule; he had outlived detraction and abuse; he had secured the commendation of the world for purity of purpose, constancy in disaster, clemency in triumph, and the praise even of his armed foes for

gentleness and mercy. In times more troubled, he had administered government with more ability than Cavour, and war with more success than Napoleon III. He had paled the glory of Hastings in preserving an empire, and had earned comparison with Hampden for self-command, and rectitude of intention; while as the emancipator of a race he stood alone in solitary glory, without a rival and without a parallel. If Fame had approached him with the laurels of a conqueror, if Power had offered him a sceptre, and Ambition a crown, he would have scorned them all. He asked^d from man, he asked from God, but one culminating boon,—peace,—peace on the bloody waters and the blighted shore.

Alas! such an enviable consummation to his career was denied. There are mysterious conferences of suspicious and guilt-laden men, ominous flittings of a bat-like flock from Washington to Richmond and from Richmond to Canada, midnight interviews, lurking spies, correspondence in cipher. A conspiracy against his life has long been maturing in minds capable of such things; and, finally, the day is named, the place is appointed, and the parts of the bloody drama all distributed. On the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, at Ford's theatre in the city of Washington, the trigger of a pistol is pulled by a sneaking murderer who had crept up behind him all unwarned, and the report resounds through the startled assembly. From the private box which the president was known to occupy, an excited wretch, with a swart visage torn and convulsed by every passion, leaps upon the stage where he had

last played the bloodthirsty apostate, and brandishing a dagger in his outstretched hand, and exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," vanished into night and darkness, leaving behind him horror, terror, and woe. The nation stands aghast. The crime of the Dark Ages has entered our history. Stealthy assassination has broken the sacred succession of the people's anointed,—the life of the best beloved of presidents is oozing from a murderous wound,—the soul of Abraham Lincoln is transferred from earth to heaven.

At the identical moment that Booth entered the theatre, the assassin Payne presented himself at the door of Mr. Seward; and, under pretence of an errand from his medical adviser, forced his way to the chamber entrance, where the maimed and suffering secretary lay confined to his couch. He was confronted here by the son of Mr. Seward, who vainly endeavored to shield his father from death, and was felled by the butt of a pistol, which fractured his skull. Filial piety, in the person of the secretary's daughter, now interposed a brave but fragile form in front of the implacable murderer; but, steeled against all pity or compunction, he threw himself upon the crippled victim, and inflicted three frightful stabs near the already shattered jaw of Mr. Seward. Payne was now grasped by an invalid soldier, Robinson by name, whom he also savagely assaulted and wounded with his blood-stained weapon; but the faithful man clung to him with supernatural strength. In this interval of respite, Mr. Seward succeeded in throwing himself off the side of the bed

farthest from the struggling pair ; while his daughter opened the window, and shrieked "Murder !" with a frenzied voice. The porter rushed into the street with the same appalling cry. The assassin, perceiving that a moment's delay would seal his doom, now broke from the determined gripe of the heroic soldier, and fled for his life. He was met on the first flight of stairs by another son of Mr. Seward, whom he cleared from his path by a blow of his dagger, but was again encountered in the hall by Mr. Haskell, who was in attendance on the secretary, whom he also stabbed, and thus opened his path to the street, where he mounted his horse, and rode unheeded into the congenial blackness of night.

Within a few days the successor of Mr. Lincoln, under his own sign-manual, with the counter-signature of the acting secretary of state, proclaimed to the frantic nation that the infernal crimes of these assassins had been "incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada."

We are concerned chiefly in this part of our theme with the burst of immeasurable wrath, with the implacable indignation, which this awful arraignment excited against the whole of the defunct Confederacy, in the breast of the loyal millions. A yell of retaliation broke from the outraged nation, which no pacificator could brave without drawing upon himself the frenzy of that maddened hour. Assassination bore

such a family likeness to the crimes in which that ruffian society had indulged previous to the war, and was so akin in turpitude with those which it had encouraged and applauded during its continuance, that, even without President Johnson's indictment, it would have been difficult to allay suspicions and presumptions of criminal complicity on the part of the Confederate Government. The vengeance which it excited fell partly upon those who had at any time manifested either generosity or forbearance towards these public enemies. The humane and magnanimous terms of surrender which Grant had offered to the Army of Northern Virginia were assailed, as having encouraged the still defiant Rebellion to gather up its expiring strength, and strike an assassin's blow. Shall magnanimity be displayed, it was fiercely asked, to this remorseless race, who follow up the midnight conflagration of a crowded metropolis, the introduction of pestilence into healthy Northern breezes, the slow starvation of Andersonville, with the foul and unnatural murder of a president who was the impersonation of gentleness even to these implacable foes?

At this most inopportune epoch, Gen. Sherman negotiated with Gen. Johnston the basis of a general peace. It was merely a skeleton memorandum, to be submitted for approval to the respective Governments which these military diplomatists professed to represent. It impliedly conceded full belligerent rights to the "organized rebellions" which constituted the Confederacy, and placed arms and munitions of war at their capitals, and virtually acknowledged the legality of their governments. It practically

abolished confiscation laws, and relieved rebels of every degree, who had slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crimes. It put in dispute the existence of the new State of West Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United-States Government. It subjected loyal citizens in the insurrectionary States to debts contracted for the purpose of carrying on the war. It was undoubtedly inspired by the adroit politician at the head of the fugitive Government, and was skilfully contrived to commit our authorities to a universal amnesty and act of oblivion. But, as it was merely a basis, without validity until it was ratified by the cabinet, and was forthwith transmitted to Washington by Gen. Sherman, it hardly deserved the importance into which it was magnified, and the grave charges it incited against the distinguished officer, who, with heroism unsurpassed, had sealed his own devotion to the national cause by achievements which were the wonder and admiration of the world. In the inflamed condition of the public mind, it seemed an intolerable outrage, that immunity should be promised to assassins reeking with a martyr's blood. The renewal of war to the knife would have been more agreeable to the popular temper than any pacification, however acceptable in its terms or sound in its principles. Gen. Grant was forthwith despatched to the headquarters of Sherman, armed with the discretionary power of relieving from command the favorite lieutenant, to whom he was bound by hooks of steel. It was a most delicate mission: there never was a period in the career of this much enduring man when he was torn by such conflicting

emotions. He immediately telegraphed to Sherman that the basis was rejected, and instructed him to terminate the truce which had been agreed upon while the submission of these propositions to the Government was pending. An imbroglio seemed imminent, which might have marred the happiness for life of two officers who entertained for each other unqualified affection and esteem. Fortunately, Johnston was in no condition to be overscrupulous respecting the terms of surrender; and the exacerbation of the Northern mind warned him that this was no time for a general pacification. On receiving Sherman's despatch, which renewed hostilities, he solicited another parley.

The cool discretion and loyal friendship of Grant were now equal to the occasion. He required nothing but this overture to open a clear pathway for conducting his mission to a satisfactory issue, without sacrificing the noble friend and eminent officer whose deserts were pleading trumpet-tongued in his behalf, and whose unmerited obloquy would have been an indelible stigma to the country, and an affront to humanity. It required great firmness to withstand the merciless exactions of the people's will in this temporary aberration of their reason. Grant was able, however, to be true to his comrade, without infidelity to the country. He said nothing of the popular clamor, nothing of the unworthy suspicions of the cabinet, nothing of its cruel imputations,¹ nothing of relieving

¹ The nature and implications of only a *part* of these suspicions will be manifest in the following extract from Gen. Sherman's report:—

“Gen. Halleck had been chief of staff of the army at Washington, in

him from command; but urged him to meet Johnston, and renew the negotiations for surrender without entangling the future policy of the administration. The meeting which he had advised was auspicious; and it led to the capitulation of Johnston's army upon terms in substantial accord with those granted to Lee. Although they were too generous to be palatable to the feverish taste of the nation, they met with a sullen acquiescence, as a relief from "the basis" which had

which capacity he must have received my official letter of April 18, wherein I wrote clearly, that, if Johnston's army about Greensboro' were 'pushed,' it would 'disperse,'—an event I wished to prevent. About that time he seems to have been sent from Washington to Richmond to command the new military division of the James, in assuming charge of which, on the 22d, he defines the limits of his authority to be the 'Department of Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, and such part of North Carolina *as may not be occupied by the command of Major-Gen. Sherman.*' (See his General Orders, No. 1.) Four days later, April 26, he reports to the secretary that he has ordered Gens. Meade, Sheridan, and Wright to invade that part of North Carolina which *was* occupied by my command, and pay 'no regard to any truce or orders of' mine. They were ordered to '*push* forward, regardless of any orders save those of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, and cut off Johnston's retreat.' He knew at the time he penned that despatch, and made those orders, that Johnston was not retreating, but was halted under a forty-eight hours' truce with me, and was laboring to surrender his command, and prevent its dispersion into guerilla bands; and that I had on the spot a magnificent army at my command, amply sufficient for all purposes required by the occasion.

"The plan of cutting off a retreat from the direction of Burksville and Danville is hardly worthy one of his military education and genius. When he contemplated an act so questionable as the violation of a 'truce,' made by competent authority, within his sphere of command, he should have gone himself, and not have sent subordinates; for he knew I was bound in honor to *defend* and *maintain* my own truce and pledge of faith, even at the cost of many lives. The last and most obnoxious feature of Gen. Halleck's despatch is wherein he goes out of his way and advises that my subordinates, Gens. Thomas, Stoneman, and Wilson, should be instructed not to obey 'Sherman's' commands.

"This is too much; and I turn from the subject with feelings too strong for words, and merely record my belief that so much mischief was never before embraced in so small a space as in the newspaper paragraph headed 'Sherman's Truce Disregarded,' authenticated as 'official' by Mr. Secretary Stanton, and published in the New-York papers of April 28."

been pronounced disgraceful. In recurring to this interview with Grant, Gen. Sherman says, "I glory in the fact, that, during his three days' stay with me, I did not detect in his language or manner one particle of abatement in the confidence, respect, and affection that have existed between us throughout all the varied events of the past war; and, though we have honestly differed in opinion in other cases as well as this, still we respected each other's honest convictions."

The attention of Gen. Grant was now preoccupied in organizing Gen. Sheridan's expedition to the Rio Grande. Its ostensible object was to quell disturbances in Texas, where protracted war was menaced by an inflammatory proclamation of E. Kirby Smith; but it was understood that the tricolor which domineered the soil of a sister republic was there, in defiance of international law, and as part of a programme which was thus boldly published in an imperial manifesto: "We have an interest in the Republic of the United States being powerful and prosperous, but not that she should take possession of the whole Gulf of Mexico, thence command the Antilles as well as South America, and be the sole disburser of the products of the New World."¹ French dominion in Mexico was considered as a mere corollary of rebellion in this country. It was thought by military officers high in authority, that there could be no more flagrant provocation of war than a bold avowal by a foreign potentate that he had planted a monarchy on our borders for the purpose of curtailing our growth and crippling our

¹ Napoleon's letter of instructions to Marshal Forey.

commerce; and many of them believed that Gen. Sheridan's army was aimed at French usurpation in Mexico. I feel assured that this was Gen. Grant's own conviction; and that he was prepared at this time, as he will always be in the future, to defend the Republic against foreign as well as domestic enemies. Mr. Seward, however, protested against any armed intervention, with his protracted diplomacy; and Sheridan's expedition suddenly dissolved, like an apparition, and no one is able to explain to this day why it was organized or why it was abandoned.

It was the rare felicity of Gen. Grant to issue to the armies which were now returning to their homes, the following valedictory order on the 2d day of June, 1865:—

“SOLDIERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,—
By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and the proclamations forever abolishing slavery,—the cause and pretext of the Rebellion,—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order, and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and right in all time to come. In obedience to your

country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in her defence. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and, with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, fellow-countrymen, and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their blood. The graves of these, a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

One month prior to this final order, there were under his command 1,034,064 soldiers. If military history presents any thing so wonderful as the sudden absorption, without disquietude or public tumult, of this immense armed mass into the peaceful pursuits of society, my historical reading has not been comprehensive enough to discover it. If any instance of superior rapidity in disbanding an army was ever exhibited than was displayed by Gen. Grant in the burdensome half-year between May and December, my knowledge of the annals of administrative labor has not informed me of the paramount exploit. It is a part of Grant's career which may not command the attention of those fond of thrilling adventure; but it will hardly fail to be appreciated by those who read biography for the purpose of discovering how the life of a man contributes to the welfare of his coun-

try. By untiring industry, Gen. Grant succeeded in mustering out 640,806 by Aug. 7, 719,338 by Aug. 22, 741,107 by Sept. 14, 785,205 by Oct. 15, 800,963 by Nov. 15, 1865. The work was continued with equal industry after this date: and on Jan. 20, 1866, 918,722 volunteers had been mustered out; Feb. 15, 952,452; March 10, 967,887; May 1, 986,782; June 30, 1,010,670; Nov. 1, 1,023,021,—leaving in service but 11,043 white and colored volunteers. Grant commenced in May, 1865, the work of discharging and returning to their homes 1,034,064 volunteers; and it is averred that it would have been completed within three months, but for the necessity of retaining in service a part of that force.¹

¹ “The reduction of the army has been attended by a corresponding reduction of material and retrenchment of expenditures. The advanced depots of the quartermaster’s department, which had been established as bases of operations, have been broken up, the greater part of the material sold at advantageous rates, or concentrated in five principal depots and arsenals, and all unnecessary employees discharged. From May 1, 1865, to Aug. 2, 1866, over 207,000 horses and mules were sold for \$15,269,075.54. About 4,400 barracks, hospitals, and other buildings have been sold during the year, for \$447,873.14. The sale of irregular and damaged clothing in store produced during the fiscal year the sum of \$902,770.45. The fleet of 590 ocean transports in service on July 1, 1865, at a daily expense of \$82,400, was reduced before June 30, 1866, to 53 vessels, costing \$3,000 per diem, and most of these have since been discharged, — ocean transportation being now almost entirely conducted by established commercial lines of steamers. Of 262 vessels which had been employed in inland transportation, at an expense of \$3,193,533.28 none were remaining in service on June 30, 1866; sales of river transports, steamers, and barges, during the year, are reported as amounting to \$1,152,895.92. The rates of wagon transportation in the Indian country have also been reduced by favorable contracts. The military railroads, which were operated during the war at a total expenditure of \$45,422,719.15, and which are officially reported to have reached an extent of 2,630½ miles, and to have possessed 433 engines and 6,605 cars, have all been transferred to companies or boards of public works, upon condition of the adoption of loyal organizations of directors. Cash sales of railroad equipment to the amount of \$3,466,739.33 are reported, and credit sales of \$7,444,073.22; upon the latter there have

In December, 1865, Grant made a tour of inspection throughout the Southern States as far as Atlanta, Ga. He found upon his return that the disagreement between the Thirty-ninth Congress, which had then just convened, and the president was apparently irreconcilable. Mr. Johnson forthwith commenced that system of machination by which he has continuously endeavored to commit Grant to his peculiar policy, and to fill his sails with the popularity of the general-in-chief. Grant had throughout life avoided all political entanglements: he had no political system; he had but in a solitary instance expressed by the ballot his political preferences for the presidency. Since the conclusion of the war, he had meditated upon no scheme of reconstruction. Like many eminent statesmen who had made this great problem the subject of speculation and study, his views of the anomalous relation of the insurgent States to the Constitution which they had waged war to destroy were exceedingly immature. The complicated nature of this question was not at this time apparent to the most prescient mind. Grant had the vague idea which was common at this period, that these rebellious States should be restored to their pristine condition as speedily as possible; but what part the emancipated

been paid, principal and interest, \$1,200,085.18, leaving due to the United States, on June 30, 1866, principal and interest, \$6,570,074.05. The military telegraph, which attained an extent of 15,389 miles of lines constructed during the period of hostilities, with a total expenditure of \$3,219,400 during the war, and \$567,637 during the last fiscal year, has been discontinued, the material sold and disposed of, and the employees discharged, — only a few confidential operators being still retained for cipher correspondence with commanders of important districts.” — *Secretary of War's Report, Second Session of the Thirty-ninth Congress.*

race were to play in reorganization, what change in the ratio of representation was required by the virtual abrogation of the slave basis, whether civil and political rights should be granted to the freedmen in communities which were to be regenerated, what irreversible guaranties were to be exacted from those who were to return to participation in government councils, were inquiries which had never engaged his attention for an hour.

The actual condition of the Southern temper and *animus* towards the national Government was one essential element in the great problem of rehabilitation, to which special attention was now addressed. Gen. Carl Schurz had been commissioned by the president to visit these insurgent communities, and investigate this intricate theme. The conclusions which he had reached were not in harmony with the administrative programme of unconditional restoration; and the president made a request of Gen. Grant, which was equivalent to a command, to express in writing the results of his observations on this tour of inspection. Grant drew up a report, which covers precisely two pages in the Senate publication of executive documents. He commences by saying that he has no information to impart respecting the State of Virginia, because he hastened through it without conversing or meeting with any of its citizens. That he spent one day in Raleigh, one in Savannah, one in Augusta, and two days in Charleston. He then frankly declares the result of his mere surface examination of this vast and entangled inquiry: "I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men of the South

accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have heretofore divided the sentiment of the people of the two sections, — slavery and State rights, or the right of a State to secede from the Union, — they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal (arms) that man can resort to. I was pleased to learn, from the leading men whom I met, that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as final, but now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the whole country; they receiving like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and in council. Four years of war, during which law was executed only at the point of the bayonet throughout the States in rebellion, have left the people, possibly, in a condition not to yield that ready obedience to civil authority the American people have generally been in the habit of yielding. This would render the presence of small garrisons throughout those States necessary, until such time as labor returns to its proper channel, and civil authority is fully established. I did not meet any one, either those holding places under the Government or citizens of the Southern States, who thinks it practicable to withdraw the military from the South at present. The white and the black mutually require the protection of the general Government. There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the general Government, throughout the portions of country visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order.

The good of the country, and economy, require that the force kept in the interior, where there are many freedmen (elsewhere in the Southern States than at forts upon the seacoast, no force is necessary), should all be white troops. The reasons for this are obvious without mentioning many of them. The presence of black troops, lately slaves, demoralizes labor, both by their advice, and by furnishing in their camps a resort for the freedmen for long distances around. White troops generally excite no opposition, and therefore a small number of them can maintain order in a given district. Colored troops must be kept in bodies sufficient to defend themselves. It is not the thinking men who would use violence towards any class of troops sent among them by the general Government, but the ignorant in some places might; and the late slave seems to be imbued with the idea that the property of his late master should by right belong to him, or at least should have no protection from the colored soldier. There is danger of collisions being brought on by such causes.

“My observations lead me to the conclusion, that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible; that, whilst reconstructing, they want and require protection from the Government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens, and that if such a course were pointed out they would pursue it in good faith. It is to be regretted that there cannot be a greater commingling at this time between the citizens of the two sections,

and particularly of those intrusted with the law-making power."

On the second day of the first session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, a bill was introduced by the Hon. E. B. Washburne of Illinois, reviving the grade of general in the army of the United States. It was forthwith referred to the committee on military affairs. When the bill reached our table, it was committed to me by the chairman, "to examine and report." In the discharge of this duty, I first formed the personal acquaintance of Gen. Grant.

It was understood from the outset, that the object of the bill was to recognize and reward the extraordinary services of the Republic's most illustrious and successful defender; that this was its sole merit; that its advocacy must rest on this ground alone. Previous to reporting the bill to the House, I consulted Gen. Grant upon every objection which was raised or suggested in committee, and received from him satisfactory explanations of the *rationale* and purpose of the most important military movements in his career. I have been guided in many of the foregoing details by information which I gathered from himself in the course of this investigation. I also had the aid and benefit of the knowledge possessed by the staff-officers who had been with him in his campaigns; and, with the assistance of maps and reports, all the battles were "fought o'er again," upon which any controversy had arisen.

In the second session of the Fifth Congress, the first under the presidency of John Adams, in consequence of our dissensions with the French Republic, a provis-

ional army was authorized; and the grade of lieutenant-general was, for the first time in our history, created, and conferred upon George Washington. It was accepted by him, with the express reservation that he should "not be called into the field until the army was in a situation to require his services, or until it became necessary by the urgency of circumstances."¹ During the recess which followed the adjournment, it was understood that Gen. Washington was not entirely satisfied with his new rank; because it was inferior to that which he had held in the Revolutionary War, when he was general and commander-in-chief. In deference to these scruples, the Fifth Congress, when it was holding its third session, authorized the president to appoint and commission an officer who should be styled "General of the Armies of the United States."

I have not been able to discover that the grade contemplated by this act was ever filled; and a presumption is raised that it was not, by a return from the war department in 1800, where Gen. Washington is still registered as lieutenant-general, with the mournful affix, "dead," — a mere formal entry, but vividly suggesting, in connection with a name so illustrious, that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

I find, however, in the annals of Congress for 1801, that in the resolutions passed by both Houses on the death of Washington, which occurred on the 14th of

¹ Washington's letter to John Adams, accepting the office of lieutenant-general, dated July 13, 1798.

December, 1799, and after the approval of the bill creating the highest grade, that he is hailed as "General of the Armies of the United States," which is the precise language of the statute to which I have referred; but it may also be explained by the title which he bore in the Revolutionary War. Whether it was ever conferred upon him or not, it is unquestionably true, that, unless his death had intervened or the preparations for a war with France had been suspended, he would have been General of the Armies of the United States.

When I reported the bill to the House reviving the grade of general, gentlemen of both political parties participated in the debate, — if that may be called a debate, which, from the commencement to the close of the afternoon devoted to the subject, was an uninterrupted eulogy of the officer for whom the rank was created. It was passed by the decided vote of a hundred and sixteen to eleven;¹ and, in the Sen-

¹ YEAS — Messrs. Alley, Allison, Ames, Anderson, Baldwin, Banks, Baxter, Beaman, Bidwell, Bingham, Blow, Boutwell, Boyer, Brandegee, Bromwell, Broomall, Buckland, Chanler, Reader W. Clarke, Sidney Clarke, Cobb, Conkling, Cook, Cullom, Dawson, Defrees, Delano, Deming, Dixon, Dodge, Donnelly, Driggs, Eckley, Eldridge, Eliot, Farquhar, Ferry, Finck, Glossbrenner, Grinnell, Griswold, Abner C. Harding, Hart, Henderson, Holmes, Hotchkiss, Asahel W. Hubbard, Chester D. Hubbard, James R. Hubbell, Halburd, James Humphrey, Ingersoll, Julian, Kasson, Kelley, Kelso, Ketcham, Knykendall, Laffin, Latham, George V. Lawrence, William Lawrence, Le Blond, Longvear, Lynch, Marshall, Marston, McRuer, Miller, Morris, Myers, Niblack, Noell, O'Neill, Orth, Paine, Patterson, Perham, Phelps, Pike, Plants, Samuel J. Randall, William H. Randall, Raymond, Alexander H. Rice, John H. Rice, Rogers, Rollins, Ross, Rousseau, Sawyer, Schenck, Scofield, Shellabarger, Sitgreaves, Smith, Spalding, Stevens, Strouse, Taylor, Francis Thomas, Thornton, Trowbridge, Upson, Van Aernam, Burt Van Horn, Robert T. Van Horn, Warner, Elihu B. Washburne, Henry D. Washburne, Welker, Whaley, James F. Wilson, Windom, Winfield, and Wright — 116.

NAYS — Messrs. Baker, Coffroth, Denison, Farnsworth, Harris, Higby, Loan, McKee, Mereur, Morrill, and Stephen F. Wilson — 11.

ate, the opinion in its favor was so nearly unanimous that the yeas and nays were not demanded. Grant was speedily nominated, confirmed, and commissioned to the new grade, and enjoys the unrivalled distinction of a pre-eminent rank in his profession, which no other officer had attained since the Constitution was adopted.

I select a few paragraphs from these eulogies. Among the prominent Democrats who advocated the measure were Mr. Finck and Mr. Le Blond of Ohio, and Mr. Rogers of New Jersey.

Mr. Finck said, —

“Mr. Speaker, I had hoped that there would be no discordant voice in this House upon the passage of this bill. I had trusted, that, at least in reference to this testimonial of our regard to so distinguished a character as Lieut.-Gen. Grant, there would be but one voice here among the people’s representatives.

“I do not rise for the purpose of detaining the House, or saying any thing in regard to the history of Gen. Grant; for this has been done fully and ably by those who have preceded me. I desire, however, to state that I shall vote for the passage of this bill, because I believe it due as a testimonial of the nation’s gratitude to Gen. Grant. I honor him, sir, not only for his brilliant services in the field, but because of his magnanimity in the hour of triumph, and his genuine modesty. He has conducted himself throughout this war independent of party considerations or party intrigues, devoting himself to the vindication of the true honor of the country in maintaining the Constitution and preserving the Union. I trust, sir, that, when the vote shall be taken on the passage of the bill, it will be unanimous.”

Mr. Le Blond said, —

“Trusting that the vote on the passage of the bill will be unanimous, or nearly so, I call for the yeas and nays.”

Mr. Rogers said, —

“ Sir, there is no man more willing than I to extend that gratitude to Gen. Grant, because his heroism, his bravery, his patriotism, his fortitude, and his determination, through this war, have been unequalled in the history of the civilized world. But, while he has shown this heroism and bravery, let us not forget the thousands and hundreds of thousands of men whom he led, — of the men who faced the battlements of the enemy, — of the men whose blood, whose valor, and whose patriotism equally consecrated the glorious victories which the American army achieved during the bloody revolution through which we have just passed. It is a tribute which we owe, not only to Gen. Grant, but to the men who followed him, to those whom he commanded, that, while we extend to this brave and illustrious general the undying gratitude of the nation, we should at the same time extend to those brave and faithful soldiers the sentiment of respect and esteem which we cherish for every man who has engaged in this war for the suppression of the Rebellion.

“ But, sir, Gen. Grant has that which commends him to my respect much more than many others who were engaged in the war, — I mean his Christian charity, his meekness, and his honorable manhood in granting to those whom he had subdued the rights which civilization demands shall be extended to an enemy that is at your feet.

“ When Gen. Lee, whose ability I suppose will not be denied, as it never has been denied by any gentleman on this floor, surrendered his sword to Gen. Grant, it was handed back to him, as a manifestation of that Christian charity and goodness of heart which should characterize a true-hearted hero when his enemy is at his feet. Gen. Grant was ready to extend to his conquered adversary those principles of civilized warfare which our fathers extended to their enemies in the bloody days of the Revolution.

“ But, sir, this is no new office that is proposed to be given, if I understand it. If my recollection serves me right, in reading the history of this country, Gen. Washington occupied the same position that we now expect to be given to Gen. Grant, or to such other general as the president of the United States in his wisdom

may see fit. I believe that the mantle of the illustrious Washington may well fall upon the shoulders of Gen. Grant. I believe that he has walked in the footsteps of the Father of his Country, and has shown an amiability of character and a tenderness of heart toward his foes that Washington did to those who had given aid and comfort to the followers and adherents of King George during the seven years of the Revolutionary War."

Mr. Raymond of New York said, —

"When we plunged into this great contest, it was without experience, without knowledge of the means and resources that we could command to carry it through, without knowledge of our own temper and courage to face the crisis, without compactness, or solidity, or any of the elements of strength so essential to success. Gen. Grant, it is not too much to say, has shown us that we possess them all. He has organized, disciplined, and welded them all, and carried the nation successfully through its great struggle. That, sir, is a service for which he will be remembered, not in this land alone, but in all lands where military prowess stands foremost, as it does in every civilized nation of the world.

"For that we cannot give him too much of recognition or of honor. Nor will this nation ever forget that it owes to him, in all human probability, the perpetuity of the great system of government which this nation was ordained to establish among the nations of the earth, and make perpetual and paramount over them all. And no words will sound his fitting eulogy. No words less gifted than those used by the distinguished gentleman from Connecticut can properly and sufficiently describe the long career of his services, the long catalogue of victories he has won, and the honors he has heaped upon his native land.

"Ay, sir, unless gratitude shall fail, in coming generations nothing shall remind us of his name that does not remind us of his services; and when he shall die, and mingle his dust with the dust of our common earth, he shall descend to an honored grave covered with benedictions, — covered with the glorious recollections of the services he has rendered, — covered with every thing that a grateful people can accumulate around his memory so as to perpetuate it to successive generations. This is his reward, — if there can be any

reward of national gratitude. This would suit, certainly, the quiet, the self-depreciating modesty of his noble and heroic character. And nothing more than this will be needed to satisfy him with what he has done ; for he never sought any thing but the consciousness that he was doing his duty, with all his energy and all his power."

Mr. Delano of Ohio said, —

"Let the minds of members here to-day recur to the year 1864. Let them remember how then the fate of this nation quivered, as it were, in uncertainty and in doubt. Let them remember how this man of iron will, of modest deportment, and of lion heart, took these gallant soldiers, the volunteers of a free people, and marched through the Wilderness with them, against the most compact and powerful army that the Confederacy had. See him leading those brave men through the continuous battles of the Wilderness to Richmond, before it and round it, until, as he himself said, the shell of the Rebellion was crushed, and its hollowness exposed to the world. And then behold this man, when Richmond had surrendered, modestly refusing to go into the city with display, to be there first to take possession of the citadel that had so long resisted our conquest. Behold him, sir, allowing others to march in in triumph ; because he saw that there was more work to be done, and that work he was determined to pursue to its final accomplishment.

"Leaving then the empty show and the place of honor, you see him giving up to subalterns the taking possession of the city of Richmond, while he goes on steadfastly in pursuit of his high purpose of making his work successful, and compelling the leader of the armies of the Rebellion to lay down his sword before him. That is one of the instances that evince the characteristics of the man, and that raised him so high in the world's estimation.

"And now what do we offer him by this bill? We offer him — what I will not allude to, but what we have heard so well described, and what has been so happily depicted by the gentleman from Connecticut — we offer him a small boon. Is it in imitation of aristocratic or monarchical governments that it is proposed to do

this ? No : it is in imitation of the great Ruler of all, who bestows blessings and rewards upon the just and righteous, and punishments upon the others. I am not here to-day to imitate what other nations have done for their high chieftains and great military men. But I desire to show my gratitude, with the gratitude of this nation, in behalf of a great and a good man. Let us do it in imitation of divine authority, and not in imitation of man. Because other nations who have preceded us may have acted in the right way, that affords no reason for refusing to pursue a just path."

Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania said, —

"I believe that the moral and physical courage, the patience and skill, the operations in every way, which we have witnessed, indicate General Grant as one of the fittest men to command a great army and lead it to great results. I agree with the gentleman from New York in being willing, not only to promote him to this office, but, as I understood him, and I hope I do not misunderstand him, to a higher office, whenever the happy moment shall arrive."¹

¹ An Act to revive the grade of General in the United-States Army.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the grade of "General of the Army of the United States" be, and the same is, hereby revived; and that the President is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a general of the army of the United States, to be selected from among those officers in the military service of the United States most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability, who, being commissioned as general, may be authorized, under the direction and during the pleasure of the President, to command the armies of the United States.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the pay proper of the general shall be four hundred dollars per month; and his allowance for fuel and quarters, when his headquarters are in Washington, shall be at the rate of three hundred dollars per month, and his other allowances in all respects the same as are allowed to the lieutenant-general by the second section of the act approved February twenty-nine, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, entitled "An Act reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General in the United-States Army;" and the chief of staff to the lieutenant-general shall be transferred, and be the chief of staff to the general, with the rank, pay, and emoluments of a brigadier-general

During the year 1866, Gen. Grant was chiefly employed in supervising the military force which was stationed in the rebellious States, "to secure the execution of law, and to protect life and property against the acts of those who as yet will acknowledge no law but force," as he expresses it in his report. He describes in this sentence a condition of affairs which publicists term, "*bellum non cessans*." Tumultuous whites, still inimical to the Government which they had vainly essayed to destroy, lawless soldiers remanded from the standards of Lee and Johnston, indignant masters disgusted with the loss of man-servant and maid-servant, slaves just liberated from hereditary bondage, were all mingled together in a seething mass, with no law, or institutions of justice, powerful enough to control the license and crime of such a reckless and turbulent horde. No reconstruction laws were yet passed. The States were undergoing Mr. Johnson's empirical process of reorganization, and were in transition between the old State constitutions and the new; which he had assumed the right of dictating, in order to harmonize their governments with the amended Constitution.

in the army of the United States; and the act approved March third, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, entitled "An Act to provide for a chief of staff to the Lieutenant-General commanding the Armies of the United States," is hereby repealed; and the said general may select from the regular army for service upon his staff such number of aides, not exceeding six, as he may judge proper, who during the term of such staff service shall each have the rank, pay, and emoluments of a colonel of cavalry. And it is hereby provided, that, in lieu of the staff now allowed by law to the lieutenant-general, he shall be entitled to two aides and one military secretary, each to have the rank, pay, and emoluments of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, during the term of such staff service.

Approved July 25, 1866.

This vast territory of lawlessness and insubordination was chiefly ruled by the commanders of the military districts, who received their instructions from the general-in-chief. More intricate problems of administration are presented every month to his decision than a president of the United States ordinarily encounters in a four years' term. It is hard to conceive of a government more difficult, or which would more fully test the ability of a chief executive. The condition of the society which he ruled during this anarchical year can be seen in epitome by a few extracts from the reports of his subordinates. I select but three out of an indefinite number, which alone would swell this chapter to a wearisome length: "The condition of civil affairs in Texas," says Gen. Sheridan, "was anomalous, singular, and unsatisfactory. I found the provisional governor, backed by a small portion of the population, had for his standard of loyalty, 'abhorrence for the Rebellion, and glory in its defeat;' while his successor, as actual governor, had for his standard of loyalty, 'pride in Rebellion, — that it was a righteous but lost cause, being overpowered by the Federal forces.' Both of these representatives of the civil law, entertaining opposite standards for the loyalty of their subjects, I was required to support, and did it to the best of my ability; but it has been embarrassing in the extreme. Gov. Hamilton, the provisional governor, was clamorous for more troops, and, in several communications to me, asserted, that the civil law could not be carried out, that freedmen would be killed, and Union men driven from the State, without military

support; which I gave whenever it was possible. Gov. Throckmorton, the present governor, wants all the troops moved from the settled portions of the State; asserting that the civil law was all right, that justice would be done to freedmen, Union men, and our soldiers in the courts. But justice is not done. To give you an instance of this: two soldiers were shot at Brenham, Tex., about two months ago; they were unarmed, and offered no provocation. The grand jury could find no bill against their would-be assassins, but found a bill against Brevet-Major Smith, Seventeenth Infantry, for burglary, because he broke into the house of some citizen in his attempt to arrest these men. My own opinion is, that the trial of a white man for the murder of a freedman, in Texas, would be a farce; and, in making this statement, I make it because truth compels me, and for no other reason."

"Bands of guerillas," says Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, reporting from the military district of Kentucky, "and 'negro regulators' soon increased in numbers and audacity; and many lawless acts have been perpetrated by them upon the defenceless and unoffending citizens, both white and black. The increase of robbery and lawlessness, and the ineffectual measures taken by the civil authorities to suppress these bands, rendered it my duty to offer to the citizens more protection from the military than I had before found necessary.

"In Gallatin and surrounding counties, these bands became so formidable and bold in committing their robberies that I was compelled to send, about the 1st

September last, a company of troops to Warsaw, also Bowling Green and Paducah, for the protection of the people. These troops still occupy their camps at these places; and, judging from the present state of affairs, it will be necessary to continue their presence there."

"Two or three weeks ago," writes Gen. D. E. Sickles, from the military department of the South, "a party of men, disguised as blacks, went to the residence of Mr. Biglow, a teacher of a school for colored children in the town of Aiken, in Barnwell District, displaying weapons and threatening his life. They compelled him to leave the place, never to return, under pain of death. Mr. Biglow was requested to return by the post-commander, and was assured of protection, but declined to do so, fearing he could not, without more hazard than he was willing to incur, resume his avocation in Aiken. This place has long been a favorite summer resort for invalids, and for people of wealth and refinement in the South. It is the headquarters of a military post, garrisoned by Company H, Fifth United-States Cavalry. Brevet-Major Walker, United-States Army, the post-commander, has exerted himself with zeal and diligence to obtain sufficient testimony to justify the arrest of the perpetrators of this outrage; and although, as he reports to me, they are well known to the neighborhood, and suspected by himself, it has been as yet impossible to obtain reliable testimony on the subject. The civil authorities have taken no action in the case, so far as I am informed."

Now, how did Gen. Grant address such enormities

in these communities, when he was chiefly responsible for the maintenance of the law, and the preservation of the peace? I can but just glance at his voluminous code of edicts. By his general orders, he requires all civil officers in each of these districts to obey all laws for its government emanating from competent authority, the proclamations of the president, and the laws of Congress. He disqualifies from civil office all who belong to the classes excepted from amnesty, or who refuse to take and subscribe the amnesty oath. He continues in operation the provost courts, but confines their jurisdiction to cases which concern persons of color, and abrogates them altogether when such persons become legally competent to sue and testify in the State courts with the same rights and remedies which are accorded to other persons. He issues a general order which directs military officers to arrest offenders, and detain them in custody, in cases where the civil authorities fail, neglect, or are unable, to arrest and bring offenders to trial. He issues another, which commands military officers to pursue, and summarily punish as guerillas, all armed bands and "regulators." He approves, moreover, of an order issued by one of his subordinates, which prohibits associations or assemblages composed of persons who served in the rebel armies, and having for their object the perpetuation of any military or other organization engaged in the Rebellion.

With the close of the second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, a still more onerous burden was laid on the Atlantean shoulders which had borne the weight

of "*bellum flagrans et bellum non cessans.*" No one denies that he has faithfully executed the responsible duties imposed upon him by the reconstruction acts of Congress. To the extent of his power he has carried them out, not merely perfunctorily, but with a zealous endeavor that all their provisions shall be obeyed in every particular, and that all their intermediate purposes, as well as the grand object to which they are addressed, shall be speedily and successfully achieved. Whatever may have been his own private views, he has rigidly adhered to that maxim which disclaims the right of an executive officer to be warped by his own personal theories in the execution of law. Against the frowns of power, he has uniformly firmly sustained the commanders of districts who are faithfully engaged in administering these laws. He has, in my judgment, clearly proved by numerous recorded acts that he is in thorough accord with those great principles of equality and justice which it is the design of these wise enactments to guarantee by the inviolable sanctions of organic law. He has practically co-operated with Congress in launching the enfranchised Republic on a dazzling orbit of probity, justice, and freedom. He has shown by a long series of orders, which are more conclusive proofs of sincerity than all the speeches which can be placed between the covers of "*The Congressional Globe,*" that it is his firm conviction that civil rights and immunities are the logical sequence of emancipation.

But if mere words are required in confirmation of deeds, they may be found in his emphatic protest against the removal of an officer whose sympathy

with Congressional reconstruction is beyond all dispute and cavil: "I earnestly urge, in the name of a patriotic people, who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives, and thousands of millions of treasure, to preserve the integrity and union of this country, that this order be not insisted on. It is, unmistakably, the expressed wish of the country, that Gen Sheridan should not be removed from his command. This is a republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. Gen. Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unconstructed element of the South — those who did all they could to break up this government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order — as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

He was appointed secretary of war, in pursuance of a purpose which began when his observations upon the political status of the insurgent States were exacted by the "request" of a commander-in-chief, which was continued when he was impressed as chief satellite to attend the sun in its revolution round the circle; and which had for its ultimate aim the undermining of his popularity, by entangling him in the meshes of a policy distasteful to the loyal nation. When he showed that he could faithfully and economically administer the War Department, and, by his business dexterity, was increasing rather than forfeit-

ing the esteem of his countrymen, an attempt was made to inveigle him into a violation of law, by one who was afraid to assume the responsibility himself. When he proved too shrewd to be made the cat's-paw of an unscrupulous superior, a question of veracity was raised, which only proved that his life-long reputation for truth was too well established to be demolished by discredited testimony.

Of the unsurpassed value of the services of Ulysses S. Grant to the nation in its extremity of peril, of his qualities as a general, of his genuine devotion to the national welfare, of his unsullied patriotism, of his unambitious, unaspiring, self-depreciating nature, I can add nothing which will corroborate the foregoing record of his life. Nor need I repeat again, that his utter want of what is called style, or dramatic presentation of himself in speech or action, his freedom from affectation, his undemonstrative manner and deportment, frequently hide his sterling characteristics from the superficial observer. Judged by his mere words, Grant is nothing; judged by his actions, he can make no pretensions to brilliant genius, to profundity of acquirement, to erudition in any department of human thought. Nature endowed him with strength of will, an equable temper, a sound, practical, well-balanced understanding; and nurture has contributed to develop and foster these natural endowments. From his West-Point education, he derived substantial and useful knowledge, and the edge and discipline which scientific and mathematical study imparted to an intellect whose native temper was for hard service rather than glittering display. His ex-

perience in the Mexican War, in frontier life, and in rough civil employment, invigorated his practical resources, familiarized him with the various phases of American character, and trained him in the homely task of American life. His hard labor in the civil war strengthened and nerved the sturdy vigor of his understanding and will, and endowed him with that self-reliance which can only be acquired in its plenitude by the habitual mastery of those difficulties which are pronounced insurmountable. His varied commerce with the world, and the vicissitudes of his career, have made him thoroughly acquainted with men; and he is not easily beguiled or deceived. He has that stout independence of purpose which is not pliant to the purposes of others. There is in him naught of that vacillation or oscillation which is fatal to all earnest decision; but he makes up his mind rapidly, and forthwith bends every energy to the execution of its irreversible behests. This combination of endowments, accomplishments, experience, have invested him with that rare force and volume of power which conquers and commands success. He has strength of conviction, combined with deference for the popular will, and none of that inflexible self-sufficiency which discards the advice and scorns the opinion of others. Justice is with him a predominating attribute. He is devoted to the right, without professing any supercilious contempt for the expedient. He is faithful in his friendships; sincere in his professions; superior to all envy; generous in his appreciation and commendation of others; truthful, honorable, upright, in all his dealings and converse

with his fellow-men; and ardent and tender in his domestic affections.

I have aimed to present a record of the achievements of Grant, that his countrymen may thereby form an estimate of his character and capacity in the only practicable mode. Before he can be appreciated, you must be disabused of the value of words as any criterion of attributes, and our American habit must be reversed, of judging men by what they say, and not by what they do. No public man who ever lived has illustrated himself less by language, either oral or written. Grant must be estimated by his actions alone; for what he says will never aid your comprehension of the man. He talks, and talks well, but his conversation reveals merely the surface of his mind; and what of genuine resource is in its depths, you must investigate by the process I have indicated. No one doubts that he has tenacity of will; but I defy you to find satisfactory proof of it in any of his sayings. No one disputes his patriotism; but what ardent harangue has he ever uttered? No one fails to recognize his manly friendship for Sherman; but it is not demonstrated by word or manner. No one disbelieves in his courage; but you will search in vain to discover it from his utterances. What there is in him as a warrior, you must study from the way in which he translated his thoughts into deeds; for you will never learn it by his speeches. What of administrative power there is in him, you must learn from the record; for you will be deceived by his professions. Meeting every emergency in the

varied control he has exercised over turbulent States and disorganized societies by the most appropriate measure of redress, he yet disclaims ability to govern. He is, in short, a man of action, and not of words. He believes in the essential equality of all mankind, and that the time is now for its embodiment into government; but we must learn this from the zealous discharge of duties which contribute to that end, instead of from any pledges which he has given, or political platform which he has indorsed. He believes that what is called the "policy of the nation" should receive its direction and guidance from the legislative, rather than the executive branch of the Government; but this is taught by his deeds, and not by his declarations, unless it may be inferred from the avowal, "No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of executing any order I may receive from those in authority over me." A comparison of action with words, as a test of executive ability, recalls a quaint specimen of Lord Bacon's wisdom: "The speech of Themistocles the Athenian, which was haughty and arrogant in taking so much to himself, had been a grave and wise observation and censure applied at large to others. Desired at a feast to touch a lute, he said 'he could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city.' These words (hopen a little with a metaphor) may express two differing abilities in those that deal in business of estate: for, if a true survey be taken of counsellors and statesmen, there may be found (though rarely) those which can make a small state great, and yet cannot fiddle; as, on the other side, there can be found a great many

that can fiddle very cunningly, but yet are so far from being able to make a small state great, as their gift lieth the other way, — to bring a great and flourishing estate to ruin and decay. And certainly those degenerate arts and shifts, whereby many counsellors and governors gain both favor with their masters and estimation with the vulgar, deserve no better name than fiddling; being things rather pleasing for the time, and graceful to themselves only, than tending to the weal and advancement of the state which they serve.”

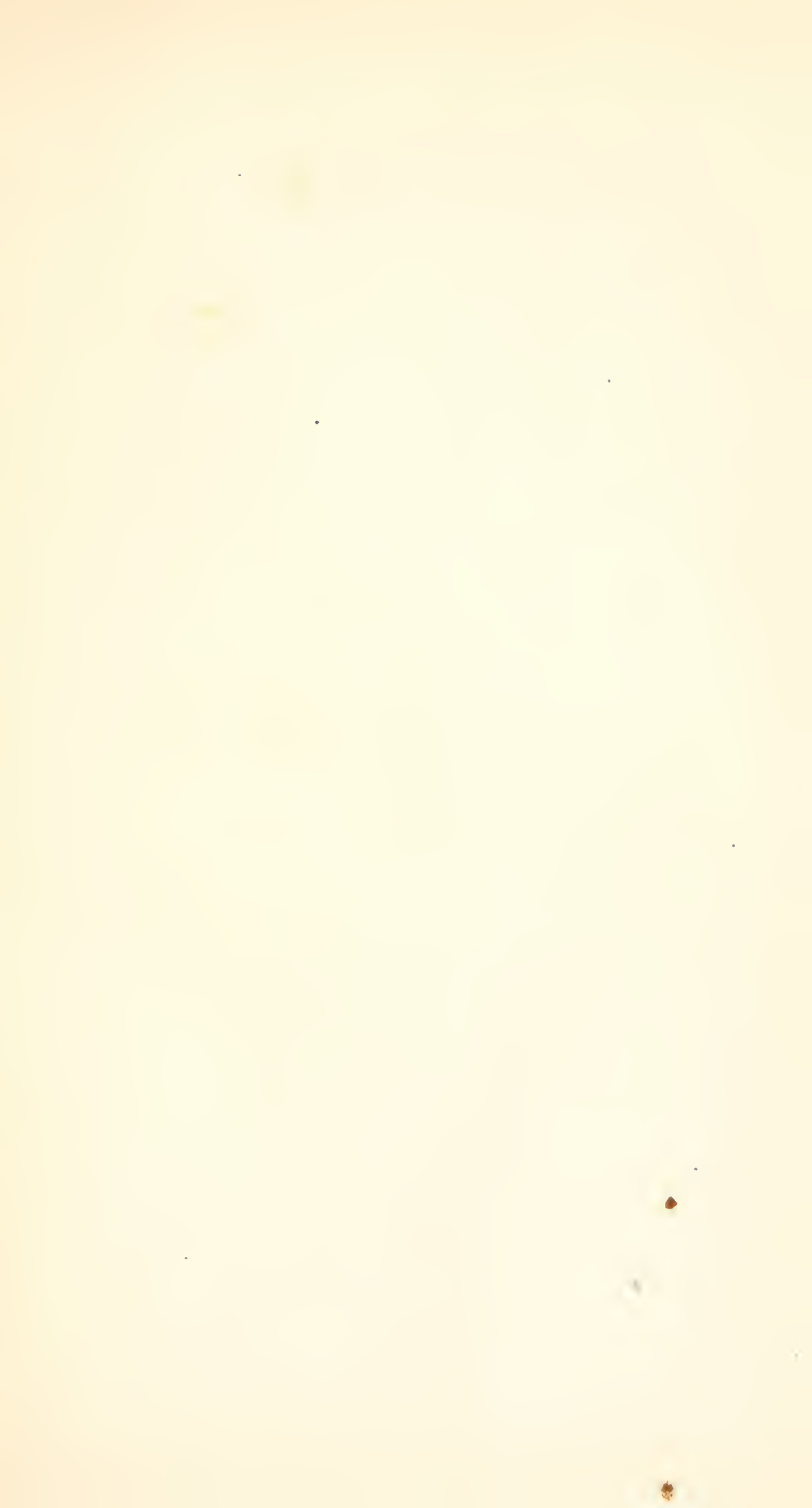
It should be remembered, in this great national crisis, that the present generation is not only the heir of all the past, but the guardian of all the future. The time to mould the rising eras and ages of a continent is the time in which we are permitted to live, — the time to ingraft upon imperishable laws and institutions the essential equality of all races and colors is the present time. It is a fortunate law of human progress, that the living inhabitants of every era and period, surrounded by no Chinese wall of exclusiveness, can live no isolated or separate existence by themselves. As the past is in us and of us, like our own infancy and childhood, so shall it and we be in and of the future, — an essential part of its body as well as of its spirit, — of its useful arts, handicraft, and daily life, as well as of its religion, philosophy, literature, and civil institutions. It is a weighty aphorism of Pascal, “that not only each man increases daily his store of knowledge, but all men united make an increasing progress in it, as the universe grows older; so that the whole succession of human beings, during the entire course of the

ages, ought to be considered as one man, always living and incessantly learning." To the abstract eye there are no such divisions as past, present, and future. The whole human family everywhere and "everywhen" is but one great consolidated man, "always living, incessantly learning." Each generation toils for all its successors; and we should struggle to add stores of knowledge, reforms, inventions, discoveries, to our inheritance from the past, that the patrimony of the race may go on accumulating, like a mighty river, until it reaches the last generation, — the final heir of the perfected civilization of all mankind.

Government is the corporation established to give the character of identity and individuality to the *political* progression of each successive man, and successive generations of men, in accordance with this beneficent provision which supplements the limited faculties of the individual by the infinite faculties of the race. The existence of such a government here, which is the heritor of all the political reforms and benefactions of the past, enforces upon every generation the duty of seeing that it shall incessantly rise and exalt itself as it descends the ages; that it shall gather in the liberal convictions, the ameliorating spirit, of statesman after statesman, generation after generation, keeping step with the progress of mankind, marching to the music of enfranchisement, — the vanguard always of public opinion, — "mewing its mighty youth," and regenerating itself, as the race climbs to loftier ideals of government, and craves their embodiment. Let our

republic be the perpetual reflex of man's most exalted theories, the perpetual register of his highest aspirations, the perpetual exemplar of the degree of political happiness which man attains at every step of his progress to complete political fruition !

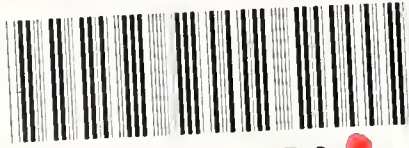
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